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The Alan Wake Official Survival Guide

Compiled by:
David SJ Hodgson

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Survival in a Hostile Climate

Author's Foreword

Imagine, if you will, a beautiful landscape of pine barrens, tumbling rock waterfalls, and the ever-present fresh dampness in the air. Then coat the atmosphere in a faint shroud of menace. This is the setting that established thriller writer Alan Wake witnessed during his fateful stay last September. Ostensibly a story of finding oneself away from the pressures of city life and writer's block, Wake's journey becomes tinged with grim sadness before plunging into all-out terror.

Wake's progress needed to be annotated, his activities scrutinized, and his journey retold. With access to copious background notes, historical documents, and interviews with those Wake touched, we are able to piece together the man's actions during that fateful few weeks. Additional source material gathered in the field, including information from other investigations—we are particularly indebted to Clay Steward, Barry Wheeler, Sheriff Sarah Breaker, Pat Maine, Jorg Neumann, Shane White, Tony Elias, Brandon Morris, Chris Lassen, Tim Duzmal, Katie Cochran, and Crystal Edwards; as well as Shaida Boroumand, Mario DeGovia, Jody Seltzer, Bryan Neff, and Asha Johnson—helped to create perhaps the most comprehensive guide to what went on mentally, physically, and metaphysically during Alan Wake's vacation to Bright Falls, Washington State.

Those seeking horror must plunge into the darkness before they can see the light. It is hoped this book bears the torch you need.

—David S. J. Hodgson, Watery, WA. May 13th, 2010.

Lost File. #15

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Prelude to the Falls

Wake watched his life unravel. Others had overstayed their welcome, rubber-necking their way into his private life. True, he'd had his fair share of run-ins with the paparazzi. But no one needed this kind of stress.
He needed a change.
Alice told him she'd arrange everything: the plane tickets, the rental car, and a cabin with views of Mirror Peak.
This was to be an unforgettable vacation.

Welcome to Bright Falls, WA

Before you continue, open and read the Instructions Manual which contains perfect documentation of Alan Wake's fundamentals, and gives a glance at the activities the writer attempted during his wild and ultimately shocking adventure. Return once you've digested the manual, and read about the Bright Falls region, the Basic Tenets of an adventurer's life, oddness about "The Taken," and other pertinent information for those preparing to walk in Wake's footsteps.

Bright Falls Township



First formed as a nameless trading post, Bright Falls' origin is unknown, but it was incorporated in 1878 after the formation of Bright Falls Mining Company by noted industrialist Hubert Biltmore and pioneer Amos Gunderson. The building containing the post office, saloon, and hotel still stands. The town has flourished and now rivals the nearby town of Watery for its spectacular views and friendly locals. Stay a while, won't you?

Bird Leg Cabin



This photo, reprinted by permission of Cynthia Weaver, shows the cabin out on Cauldron Lake. The cabin takes its name from the topography of the island itself, shaped like the imprint of a bird's leg, and provided some of the most spectacular lakeside views ever put to photographic paper. Like a place lost in the mists of time, Bird Leg Cabin has been home to many an artist over the years. Alas, the island was destroyed during a volcanic eruption in 1970.

Cauldron Lake



One of the most impressive deep caldera lakes in world, this collapsed (and still dormant) volcano is steeped in mystery. According to Native American legend, it was the gate to the underworld. A magnet for those seeking solace, or access to its cool, dark waters, this is a great place to unwind, relax, and watch time pass you by. With views of the spectacular mountain peaks, and the impressive Cauldron Lake Lodge, this is one place you're sure to be drawn to.

Biltmore Logging Camps



Once part of Hubert Biltmore's original land claim, this is now part of Biltmore Industry's responsible logging program. Three linked camps provide timber around the United States, and guided tours show a variety of the milling processes. Due to the inherent dangers, it is advisable to arrange a tour by appointment. Sustainable logging, with two trees planted for every one felled, is part of Bright Falls' commitment to the land, and Mother Nature.

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Stucky's Gas Station



"The Only one in Bright Falls!" Whether you require Puma oils, a new pair of sunglasses, maps, or even the delicious apples from the Breaker farm, this one-stop shop allows you to fill up your tank while gazing at the wonder of the Black River and surrounding pine forests. Owned and operated by the Stucky family for generations. Always expect a friendly face when you pull in here!

Elderwood Visitor Center



The center of the Elderwood National Park is the visitor center and ranger office. Close to a number of rental cabins offering unmatched views, the visitor center is home to Buck-Toothed Charlie, a fine example of a 14,000 year old Columbian Mammoth. Shop at the store, and be sure to meet Rusty the park ranger and his dog, Max. Rusty is happy to introduce you to the finer points of his work.

Elderwood National Park

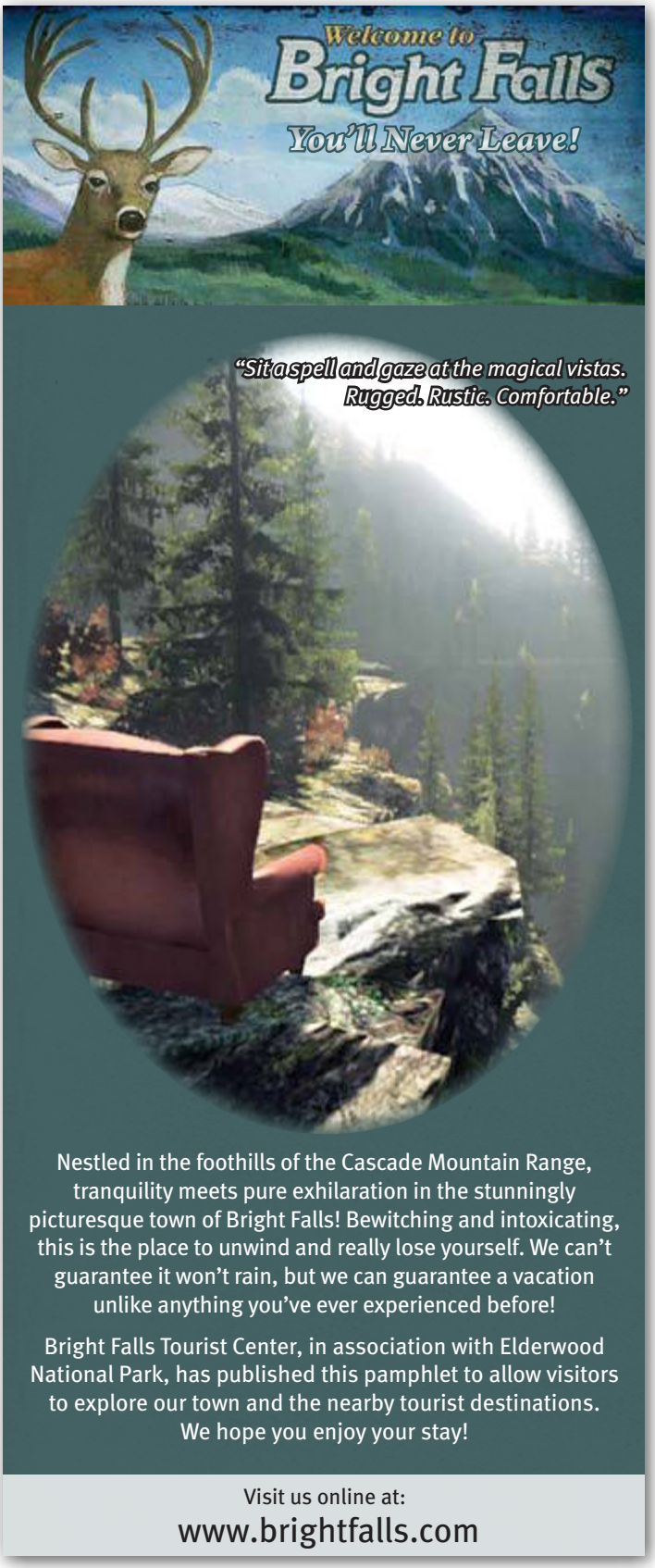


Have you met our park mascot? Then set out with a picnic, and enjoy the dappled sunlight and spectacular forest canopies throughout the Park. With numerous stops along the way to view Moonshine Cave, The Great Old One, the Old Mill (currently not open to the public), or the campgrounds, this is a magical place for hikers and day-trippers alike. Watch your step at Lovers' Peak!

Sparkling River Estates



If you're thinking about an extended stay, or even employment in the Bright Falls area, this delightful cluster of movable housing is a wonderful community to be part of. Run by Mr. Randolph, purveyor of a variety of hot food-stuffs on the premises, everyone is welcomed here. Residents have been truly touched by visitors to the place, and you are most welcome to sit a spell, rent a trailer, and wander the dry creek in the nearby woods.



Photolog: The front cover of the Bright Falls tourist pamphlet, extolling the virtues of clean air and spectacular views, but minimizing the undercurrent of odd activties witnessed for decades.

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KBF-FM Radio Station



Attention all insomniacs! KBF-FM's Night Owl show with Pat Maine is a local favorite, and the man himself is happy to give guided tours of the premises, in the remote cliffs overlooking the train depot. Maine's homespun mixture of talk, light rock, and reports on the local flavor have won him fans across the globe. As he likes to say; "When it comes to my listeners, I certainly give a hoot!" After a hard day's slog, it's refreshing to escape with Pat Maine.

Bright Falls Coal Mine



The checkered history of the Bright Falls Coal Mine is yours to discover! From the discovery of coal seams in the late 19th century to the mine's heyday and final mothballing after the 1970 earthquake, this is a fascinating place to explore. Although many of the buildings are in the process of being restored, the vistas are truly sensational, and the atmosphere—especially in the train yard—is electric.

Gray Gorge Peak Ghost Town



Bright Falls territory boasts not one but two ghost towns, and the first is nestled along the bluffs overlooking the coal mine museum. Parents with small children should be careful, as some of the structures on this site are liable to subsidence. But the flavor of yesteryear is captured fully, complete with barns, carriages, and even a miner's shack next to an old, rusting train. Don't worry; we're sure there's life in that iron horse yet!

Old Silver Mine



Farther along the cliffs, which are currently out-of-bounds to the general public, are the workings of an old silver mine, abandoned after being recently stripped of all its ore, as well as the extended closure due to earthquakes. The mine's seams run deep; some say they lead to hidden grottoes close to Cauldron Lake. Ask about the guided tour if you want to truly experience the claustrophobia. You're often reminded of a plunge into the deep.

Cauldron Lake Lodge



Also known as The Sleep Clinic, this magnificent structure, constructed in the craftsman style by owner and world-renowned psychologist Doctor Emil Hartman, dominates the upper ridge of Cauldron Lake. Not open to the general public except for tours on Saturdays, this place helps creative types get back on track. Don't let the dark clouds get you down either; escape to the hedge maze, and formal gardens where a particularly hardy Birch grows.

The Anderson Farmstead



Are you ready to rock, and till the land? Then come down and experience the birthplace of the Gods of Asgard; the amazing Anderson farmstead. Acres of gently rolling terrain surrounded by cliffs give way to hayfields, the infamous "Dragon Stage," and the deep blue waters of Cauldron Lake. Be sure to visit "Little Valhalla," and the amazing Viking longship. Fans of Tor and Odin? This is the place that answers all your questions! Tours are by appointment only.

Bright Falls Light & Power



This power plant provides all the light in the region. With recent developments in hydroelectric energy, and the recent earthquake activities, the power plant, along with the nearby warehouses, transformer yard, and swing bridge, are open for local visitors only. We appreciate your respect for the privacy of the occupants in this neighborhood, and ask you not to disturb them.

Bright Falls Dam



Holding back the mighty waters of the reservoir behind it, the dam has recently been mothballed due to increased earthquake activity and hydroelectric power plants in other parts of the state. This area is strictly off-limits to visitors, and the dangerous cliff path has no proper safety rails. The dam road itself is open, but to local traffic only. Recent seismic tests have resulted in a whirlwind of activity. Expect heavy delays.

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Majestic Motel



Are you looking for a quaint but comfortable room in a locally owned motel, offering cheap rates and fantastic views? Then why not stay at the Majestic Motel? There's always a room available! It has laundry facilities, wireless internet, cable TV, and a kitchenette in every room! Surrounded by the dry gorge and fields where there are always activities to engage in, the Majestic is your home away from home. Call the motel at 555-8923.

Larsen's Auto Salvage



If you're after a bargain used automobile, or you want a piece of finely-crafted junk sculpture, head up along the highway to Larsen's. This local business is at the forefront of recycling. Employing the latest machinery so up-to-date they're almost automated, Larsen's recycles with the best of them. Be sure to check in at the front gate, as trespassers will be prosecuted. Need to get the better of a machine? Come to Larsen's Auto Salvage, and crush the opposition!

Southeast Cliffs Ghost Town



A favorite haunt of hikers heading to Cauldron Lake via the finger promontory, this ghost town, built on a scar amid the southeast cliffs, is a true throwback to the times of prospectors. Featuring original structures and currently undergoing a thorough proposed renovation, the place looks deserted, but there's a hive of activity, especially at the upper end of the ancient thoroughfare, near the chapel. Head here if you can; you'll have a blast!

Basic Tenets to Live By

The following basic plans of survival seem to have been written for the author's own benefit, as if he's listing the ways in which he's already experienced life in the wilderness, and wants to share it with others.

Walking and Sprinting



Wandering about is the name of the game; it keeps you from becoming a target. Sprinting is even better, although you can't shoot, and you're soon tired. Sprint when combat becomes overwhelming.

Looking and Focusing



Peering around your environment, especially at vista points, allows you to view areas and paths you've yet to explore. When prompted, Focusing on a location grants you even more pertinent knowledge.

Jumping and Climbing



Jump obstacles and climb ladders to reach otherwise inaccessible areas. Be wary when dropping down to subsequent areas without means of retreating, if you haven't collected everything, or if you're wounded.

Dodging



Succeed, and time slows to bear witness to your prowess. Fail, and you're usually struck by a foe or their weapon. Use Dodging as the name suggests; both Taken and thrown objects can be ducked around.

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Interacting



If you spot an object, chances are good that you might be able to Interact with it, which is almost always beneficial, whether you're reading a sign, opening a box, or grabbing handfuls of ammunition.

Driving



When you first get into a vehicle, spend some time learning to accelerate, brake (and reverse), steer, and skid. Change your driving controls if you're having problems. Then use your high-beams and hood just like a flashlight and revolver.

Choosing Weapons and Firing



Manage your inventory easily, but make sure to choose the correct weapon (revolver, shotgun/rifle, or flare gun), as well as a thrown item (flare or flashbang). Reload before you change weapons to minimize risks.

Fighting with Light & Boosting



The four types of flashlight are used to light your way, but also to boost, which is bad news for your battery charge, but even worse news for enemies afraid of the light. Don't shoot a foe until you've removed its protective darkness, or you just stagger him for a moment. Fire on unprotected Taken if you want to kill them. Remember! The smaller the corona of light stabbing through the darkness around your foe, the closer you are to removing it.

Safe Havens



You're a hardy soul, and you slowly heal from all wounds, as long as you're not attacked again. Heal faster by stepping into the light, specifically Safe Havens, which are cones of brightness from a trail light, possibly generator-powered. Look along the path ahead; the haze of light in the distance is your next port in this storm. Run there if you're out-matched or swarmed by Taken, especially if you're having a particularly difficult Nightmare.

Emergency Boxes



Pry these open at any opportunity you get, because they usually contain helpful items. Or use up ammunition from a certain weapon you know you can grab more ammunition from, then return to one of these boxes, thus adding to the total amount of ammunition you can access.

Bullets and Batteries



The mainstay in keeping you alive, ammunition boxes and batteries for your flashlight are found on scenery or in emergency boxes. Always take everything you can. It is always in the same place. Always take a new gun when you find it. Beware of leaving an area without grabbing all the items you need.

Switches and Generators



Green blinking lights are everywhere. They are attached to switches, radios, and generators. Switches and radios require a simple press, but generators need a series of accurate cord pulls. Practice, and fend off attackers if you can, beforehand.

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Heavy Objects

Certain objects, such as rolling logs, crash into you and can crush you. Others rise from the ground, possessed by poltergeists. Learn the objects to fear, and attack them with light.



Light-Sensitive Text

Seen only by those who are "Touched," text markings point you in the direction of caches, clues, or the way onward. Phrases daubed on walls also warn you of how the darkness reacts. Read everything you can. If you see the sign of the torch, you've found a hidden cache Chest—a type of collectible.



Manuscript Pages and Collectibles

There are eight types of collectibles to find: Manuscript Pages, Coffee Thermoses, Can Pyramids, Chests, Radio Shows, TV Shows, Signs, and Songs. All are awarded when they are found, or when certain criteria are met. The criteria and specific information are revealed in much greater detail throughout this guide.



A Huntsman's Guide to Weaponry

Conventional Firearms

Scaring off varmints with a flashlight only works for the more timid woodland beasties. When you've got something succulent in your sights, or you need to ward off a troublesome critter, break out one of these following firearms, which seem to be scattered in specific points throughout the trails and pathways around these here parts.

Revolver & Ammo

This is your common pistol, and most basic, bullet-based weapon. It holds six bullets, with a quick firing time and a reasonably fast reload. Like most firearms, it's a laborious process for bagging birds, but it's a great way to knock a critter away while you back up for a better shot. Great fun to use when shooting at beer cans, too. Find ammunition in boxes, or in massive, limitless crates. Good times.



This introduction to the available weapons, used mainly by huntsmen in the Bright Falls area, is taken from the September issue of *Track, Kill, Then Eat Magazine*, and reprinted by kind permission of Nugent Enterprises, Watery, WA.



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Shotgun, Pump-Action Shotgun, & Ammo





There's nothing like the booming sound of a shotgun to down even the most quarrelsome wildlife. We've used two models to good effect during our hunts. The break-action shotgun inflicts impressive damage compared to the revolver and is quick-firing, but needs reloading every two shots, which can be dangerous if you're engaging troublesome vermin.

The real prize is the pump-action stock shotgun. You can only hold one of the shotguns or the hunting rifle, giving you a choice of three powerful weapons. The pump-action is one of the best. It isn't quite as fast as the break-action, and not quite as damaging as the hunting rifle, but it holds eight shells, leaving you far less time for reloading.

Why choose a shotgun, when there's the finesse of the rifle to enjoy? Simple; at closer ranges, a single shot can take down up to two human-sized beasts with a single shot. It's an impressive feat, and one that conserves ammunition if you aren't devoured while you line up the blast.

Hunting Rifle & Ammo





The favored weapon of huntsmen throughout the Cascade Mountains, this is the most powerful firearm in general use in these parts. Trackers have spent months shooting a variety of wildlife, and most are tagged with a single shot of this piercing weapon. Slightly slow reloading isn't enough to worry the huntsman; with five rounds of ammunition, you'd need to be attacked by six or more axe-wielding psychotics to be in any real danger. When in doubt, break out the rifle!

Light-Based Inventory

Light sources become essential gear for anyone wandering the woods in Bright Falls. If you're an outdoorsman with a wild side, planning a trek into the unknown, you're wise to learn the merits of all these items. They'll do more than light your way.

Batteries



There's no use swinging a flashlight or lantern around if you don't have enough juice. Pick up batteries whenever you can; they're scattered around as well as appearing in emergency boxes. You can carry up to 20 batteries, and each one is used up when your flashlight or lantern demands are exceeded. Through normal use, however, batteries slowly recharge.

Flashlights and lanterns use up batteries quickly only when they are boosting. What is boosting? It is the act of increasing the beam brightness to knock back a particularly ferocious critter. Time for the tinfoil hat advice now: Certain hunters, who have stumbled across oddities in the woods, have recalled a boosted light has "saved them from the Taken." Apparently, when aimed, it burns off the "Taken's" outer body of dark protection, which looks like smoke. Crazy stories, to be sure.

Flashlight & Heavy-Duty Flashlight



A basic component for anyone brave or foolhardy to risk a broken ankle wandering the woods in the dark. With a greater battery capacity, the heavy-duty variant enables you to "boost" for longer. Flashlights have long, thin beams for targeting single enemies, and a slightly longer range than lanterns.

Lantern & Heavy-Duty Lantern



For the mountain man who craves more lumens, may we present the lantern. It's the next step up from the heavy-duty flashlight, although its boosting power is shorter. Upgrade to the heavy-duty lantern if you can. It's the most powerful hand-held light around, with a much longer boost, and an almost-blinding light. Lanterns are better at catching and pushing back one or two foes, but are still primarily used to knock back a single animal.

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Searchlight



Whether it's for military purposes or the UFO watchers are out in force, there are a few searchlights out on the trails. Immovable, but offering the most powerful light of all, these are so powerful they can damage adversaries when boosted light hits them. Use these immediately, but be sure the bulb doesn't overheat. Certain searchlights may require portable generators to be activated before they work. Avoid an ambush as you use the light by dropping a flare or two around you, stopping inquisitive creatures from stepping to you as you point the beam.

Worklight



A smaller, more common variant of the Searchlight is the Worklight. This provides a bright cone of light as powerful as a flashlight for around 20 seconds before flickering out. Switch it on as often as you wish, to help tear off protection from certain foes, along with your flashlight, but don't risk attacks by running and fiddling with these optional light sources.

Flare



A recent visitor to the Bright Falls area complained that objects were moving in his rented cabin of their own accord. Although our editorial stance is that this is "a crock," he mentioned that flares are extremely effective against "poltergeists." Otherwise, they are great for stopping critters surrounding you; drop one as defensive protection while you're boosting or firing. Remember flares can be held in the hand (be sure to grab the correct end!) and carried—creating a moving line of defense—or dropped, creating a stationary one.

Flare Gun



Although flare guns feature a laborious "one shot, one reload" capability problem, there's nothing quite like their potent power. Certain huntsmen describe this as a "rocket launcher" when shot forward instead of vertically. It shines incredible light on multiple entities within its trail. The crazy "poltergeists" are also affected, with the advantage that you can be at a distance, although a clear line of sight is necessary. Those hunters with a particular hatred of birds will surely appreciate the "fire and forget" philosophy: scare or singe a flock of ravens with a single shot, as long as it's aimed accurately.

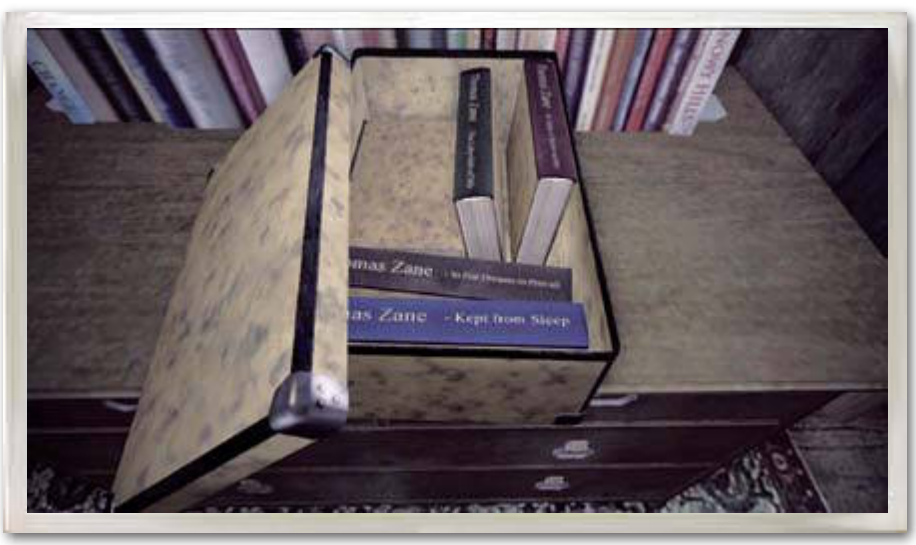
Flashbang



Tactical flashbangs are for when you positively must blind everything within a 10-foot radius. Crazy local folk talking about "Taken" inform this reporter that this is the key to instantly "shredding" anything humanoid and afraid of the light. Furthermore, the more "Taken" you can coax close by, the more you'll take down. Obviously, some of our field specialists have been at the moonshine.

Taken by the Dark Presence

If you are reading this, then you have seen into the abyss most dark. You are Touched. You will never be the same again. But you can fight to the bitter end. Fight with the light, and with weapons that tear through gray, lifeless flesh. Beware the puppets, the floating foes, and the deviant birds. Beware!



The following information was found in an old shoebox, and appears to be notes written sometime during the late 1960s. The author of "Taken by the Dark Presence" is never identified, although the initials J.Z. or T.Z. were found on some of the pages. Attributed to an unknown author, they make interesting, if slightly horrific reading.

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Highway 509, near Junction 91A. Foot of the Southeast Cliffs Ghost Town.

Call us now: 555-1234.

Bright Falls Light & Power Pickup



Great general-purpose vehicles, these pickups are part of a recently released fleet from the disused Bright Falls Power Plant, north of town. They're fast enough, with good steering and durability.

The Jupiter Summit



A modern SUV in every sense of the word. Featuring, as all our vehicles do, high-beam lights that dazzle and then cut through dark protection, and a hood to withstand at least six human-sized bodies!

Military-Style Off-roader



Do you crave a more boxy ride, with tighter cornering and a rapid skid you can easily drive out of? Then test-drive this classic off-roader today. Arguably the best!

Tan Sedan



A classic vehicle, this 1970 model is available in one color, and features decent acceleration, and some wild, fishtail-prone turns. If you want to hit Taken using luck rather than skill, try this out!

The Hillscrambler SUV



An oldie, but a goodie! Although it may not accelerate with the best of them, this crawls up hills with a dogged determination! It's a little unwieldy, but it gets the job done!

Walter's Pickup



One careful owner. Full service records. Used primarily to drive to and from the Anderson farm. Local commuter! Very similar to the Bright Falls Light & Power pickup, but with a few more dents.

*Terms and Conditions: Guarantee not guaranteed. Finance offer is subject to normal lending criteria. All deals are final. No returns. The vehicle models shown here are not necessarily the ones for sale. Alterations may have been made. Vehicles not guaranteed to be road-worthy. Most vehicles have radiator and/or hood damage, scuff marks, matted pieces of gray hair, shreds of clothing, and other marks, hereinafter known as "improvements." Vehicle registration not included. Mileage subject to change. We cannot guarantee accuracy, completeness, reliability, or timeliness in any part of these sales. Searchers after horror haunt strange, far places. Todd Bennington does not actually work for this company. ia, ia, Great Old One. Any information collected may be used and sold to our agents and partners. APR of 5.5% rises to 70.5% after three days. You are liable for any "improvements" to the vehicle. Your assets, not limited to but including other vehicles, house, significant other, and soul, are forfeit if payments are not kept up. Customer service department is open from 9:00 a.m.-9:30 a.m. Tuesday thru Wednesday, every third week of May.

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Ford F150 Extended Cab. Park Ranger Package (Tuxedo Black Metallic)



Pride of the Elderwood Forest Service, this big boy is a true monster! One left! It's not just a pickup truck! Built Ford tough! It slams through strange, gray woodsman with ease! Impressive power!

Photolog: Two advertisements for automobiles, revealing the slight handling differences between available vehicles.

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Inhuman Fiends

An Impending Gloom



The sign of a large-scale attack by the dark's minions is usually preceded by strange, atmospheric anomalies. The wind whips up, or a thick blanket of fog descends. The bird and insect calls stop, replaced by wailing and shrieking in the breeze. Trees begin their branch-dancing; turning their limbs in a flicking pattern both unnatural and alarming. And in the most horrific examples, the ground is mottled with black undulating shadows. Prepare for the worst, and hope to cling to what life you have left, should you be faced with this wrath.

Bear Trap



Bear traps are technically illegal and definitely painful. Washington State has banned these cruel and dangerous vice traps, and they aren't employed by real hunters. However, older traps may still be in use in the wilder areas of forest where poachers roam. The best policy is to use the flashlight to detect the metallic glint the traps give off, and avoid them, along with using the undergrowth and skirting around clusters of these. If you're caught in a bear trap, you'll feel a searing pain and must immediately tap furiously to extricate your foot. Follow this with a rest, and ideally, a tetanus shot.

Dark Matter



Disgusting, black oozing pustules signal that the Dark Presence has left her mark. Plug your ears from the screaming, and focus all your flashlight's power on these puddles of filth. Boost your light and wipe them quickly, or simply point the light and elongate the suffering and wailing. Expect a terrible pain if you touch the Dark Matter. Cleanse it quickly, but concentrate on other foes first.

An Unkindness of Ravens



Perched birds are an omen, a cursed warning of a dark flock to come. Arriving from the skies to swoop, shriek, and peck you to pieces, they are possessed by darkness. They attack in numbers—in an unkindness numbering a dozen or more birds—and are a havoc difficult to overcome. They are dispersed and individually damned with a flashlight. But with swift and accurate aim, and a shot from your flare gun, they are dismissed as quickly as they came. No flare gun, or an inaccurate arm? Then flee!

Poltergeist Objects



An unspeakable power has turned even the most common and mundane items of bric-a-brac, crates, barrels, refrigerators, wheelbarrows, jalopies, and spools against me. Every wheelbarrow, mine cart, cog, or bear statue now needs to be looked at and second-guessed to prove it is inanimate and harmless. Even immobile gates shudder and cackle, preventing progress. Simply burn the objects with your boosted flashlight, or a more powerful searchlight if the situation allows. Otherwise, "thrown" objects must be dodged; retreat behind cover—such as a tree trunk, building, or columned structure—and bring focused light into play, along with flares dropped at their impact point, until they are burned into the ether world.

Poltergeist Machinery



Where the Dark Presence is particularly potent, it infects machinery both small and large. In certain cases, complex mechanical machinery becomes possessed. I narrowly missed a beheading after being struck in the neck by a rampaging bulldozer. The only option is to use the heft of this opponent against them; circling behind them, targeting them with light from both flashlight and flare, opting for more powerful, flashbang attacks if possible, and using cover as protection and a respite.

Dark Tornado



The omnipotent Dark Presence in its corporal form is my Barbara. My dear, sweet love. But the monstrosity that lays waste to tracts of wilderness land is the Dark Tornado; a writhing and frightening maelstrom with a central, inky-black void. Usually, it watches from a distance while demonstrating its awesome power: trees are felled like snapped matchsticks and vehicles are thrown hither and yon. And when riled, this black whirlwind scoops up anything in its path, and aims it at you, including piercing steel girders. This chaos cannot be reasoned with. If it approaches, the only option is to run.

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Human Degradation into Darkness: The Taken

The force of darkness is out. I cannot hope to contain it. Friends have perished. But recently, they have returned as something worse: a waking corpse clad in a corporeal shimmer of wispy protection, beneath which is a flesh-bag, a walking corpse of their former selves. This nightmare is all-too real. They take the form of loggers, joggers, and workman, law enforcement officers and lumberjacks. They appear from the shadows cloaked in sulfur smoke. And they do not rest. They are the Taken. When you see the grays of their eyes, it is too late!

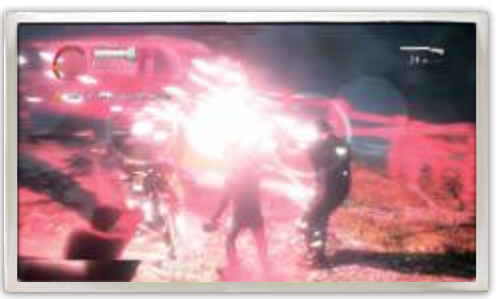
Culling Taken is not to be undertaken lightly, but the following hypothesis has now been proven to work in a variety of hostile environments:



When encountering smaller Taken in clusters of between one and three, singe off their outer protection with a boosted flashlight, until you see the flash. Then finish with bullets or blasts. Attack the one closest to you. It matters not where your bullets strike; just hit them!



When encountering groups with Assault Taken, focus on the less-hardy, flanking enemies first, as they can be dispatched in moments, whereas the Assault Taken are foes with a high constitution, taking considerable time to fall. In addition, once the flanking foes are downed, keep all remaining Taken on the same side, as you'll only be attacked from one direction. The same cannot be said if flanking foes are still active; prepare to be backstabbed if these lesser entities aren't focused on first.



If you're swarmed or surrounded, drop a flare and stand on it while you boost, gaining valuable protection from the red, smoky light. This helps shave off their outer protection too. Taken can also be killed by indirect means, such as hitting an electrical cable.



One sure-fire way to run out of bullets is to watch them bounce harmlessly off a Taken protected by dark armor. Remove the armor first, so the Taken become susceptible to bullets. Otherwise, your firearm shots act as a minor deterrent to the Taken's inevitable march forward.



With multiple Assault Taken, chainsaw-wielders, or more than four deviants attacking, your life may be over before you reach for your rifle. Prevent this by using flares, but also employing a flare gun to burn multiple Flankers and Ranged with a single shot, and keeping Tele-flankers and Assault Taken at bay.



Coax numerous enemies around you, and then drop a flashbang. This incredibly potent weapon allows you to save ammunition, but requires an adept and dexterous individual to dodge the incoming flailing from the foes. Incidentally, although they're armed differently, each Taken inflicts the same amount of pain.

Flanker



Shorter, twisted once-humans with curved knives move rapidly—always attempting to outflank you—and are usually the closest and easiest to dispatch.

Ranged



The infantry troop of this cursed army, the Ranged attacks with thrown implements before closing to engage in melee strikes. Troublesome, but weak.

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Tele-flanker



A dash of blurred ripples, vanishing and flitting across your vision faster than you can train. Wait for the foe to slow before peeling back its armor. Then pounce.

Assault



The shock troops in the service of Darkness, these man-mountains are huge, and are shrouded in more layers of armor. Focus and fire, or use projectiles and retreat. When they charge, circle them quickly, or face a heavy, wounding shove.

Assault (Chainsaw)



When the roar of the chainsaw echoes through the woods, be afraid. These beasts are immensely strong. Weaken them with flashbangs or your flare gun. Relentlessly attack them before they do the same to you.

Damage Chart

Difficulty	Entity	Revolver	Shotgun	Pump Shotgun	Hunting Rifle
Normal:	Flanker	1	1	1	1
Hard:	Flanker	2	1	1	1
Nightmare:	Flanker	2	1	1	1
Normal:	Ranged	2	1	1	1
Hard:	Ranged	3	1	1	1
Nightmare:	Ranged	4	2	2	2
Normal:	Tele-flanker	4	2	2	1
Hard:	Tele-flanker	6	4	4	2
Nightmare:	Tele-flanker	8	4	4	2
Normal:	Assault	4	2	2	1
Hard:	Assault	6	3	3	2
Nightmare:	Assault	8	4	4	2
Normal:	Assault (Chainsaw)	6	3	4	2
Hard:	Assault (Chainsaw)	7	4	4	2
Nightmare:	Assault (Chainsaw)	13	5	7	3

Hints for Hikers

Roundabout Press, in conjunction with the Elderwood National Park Service, is providing the following common-sense guidelines to hikers determined to visit rural or dangerous locations after sunset. We accept no responsibility for accidents arising from following these tips, although veteran fell-walkers swear by them.

1. Flashlights are equipped with a boost function. This allows you to shine a much more intense beam at any wildlife you encounter, or dark denizens you may wish to dismiss more quickly.
2. Wake refers to an "internal tomtom," an indicator that always tells you the right way to head. Some adventurers describe it as a yellow dot within a circle, prompting them in the correct direction.
3. It is illegal to steal Park Service vehicles, or those of the general public. However, in special circumstances, cars and trucks with their interior lights on can be commandeered in an emergency.
4. Combining a flashlight boost with gun firing allows precise aiming. Do this without boosting your flashlight and losing battery power by tapping your boost power lightly, to begin to aim.
5. Always insert batteries when prompted, and be sure to reload your firearms by tapping instead of pressing. Be ever-vigilant of the ammunition in your weapon's chamber, as reloading in combat is extremely dangerous (retreat as you do so).
6. Dodging is only deemed a success if time slows for you. You can dodge all enemies, and make sure you maneuver in the direction of your choosing to vary where you move to. Desperate, overwhelming combat situations are solved by Dodging and Sprinting.

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7. Venturing off the already-overgrown trails is sometimes encouraged, as hidden caches and other items are stashed there. Consult this guide for their exact locations, and be warned; move too far forward, and you may not be able to return to an area with something you missed.

8. Look to the light, and follow the trails to a haze of brighter light farther ahead. This, and your internal tomtom, are the best methods of not getting lost. And if you miss an item, you can always revisit the episode to continue your collecting.

9. Adventuring in the Pacific Northwest wilderness can be fraught with danger, and running from attackers is encouraged if you are wounded or low on ammunition. Run to the light; this is the only way to finish a particularly difficult Nightmare.

10. If you can avoid being struck about the head and body for a few seconds, your wounds begin to heal. This is most unnatural, and perhaps the result of psychotropic drugs or a heightened mental state. This can happen, even when an enemy is near; hide above them or behind a wide barricade.

11. Certain explorers have written that their vision becomes strangely black and white, and darkness sweeps over them. Continuous enemy pummelling soon results in a quick death. Sprint and flee to avoid these circumstances, and reach a Safe Haven, where wounds heal much more quickly.

12. Achievements are an indication of your impressive survival abilities, and it is worth consulting the Appendices of this guide to learn how to obtain each one before you start your adventure, and not afterward, as certain Achievements require planning and forethought.

13. Fiends that attack you in the dark are strengthened by the shadows, and you must continuously target them with light, or their protective sheath of black smoke regenerates! Wait for your flashlight to recharge between combat fracases.

14. Learn to use the light against the darkness, from removing protection on foes to lighting a flare and backing up swarming enemies. Multiple kills are possible when using the area-of-effect flashbang, or ranged flare gun.

15. It is natural to attempt to conserve your weapons and ammunition, but unfortunately, there are many points where you lose the inventory you have built up. If you can learn when this happens, you can use your more powerful weapons more intelligently. Don't hoard your best attacks!

16. Bright Falls and the surrounding area is steeped in history and other pertinent information. It is imperative that you look for and read each sign to help in your understanding of local history and culture, as well as obtaining a real Achievement.

17. Sometimes, Taken can be defeated by indirect means, saving you ammunition. Push them back and off a cliff with your flashlight. Cause them to step in front of an attacking poltergeist object. Or better still, electrocute a fully protected foe by coaxing them into a dangling electrical cable or transformer current.

18. There are 106 Manuscript Pages to find, but don't pocket them immediately. Read the pages to gain a deeper understanding of characters you are interacting with and upcoming situations you might be facing. Be prepared, and use this strange form of prediction to help you.

19. The same is true of Radio and TV Shows. Listen and watch, and find every media device you can. Aside from the Achievements, you gain insight into Bright Falls and your current predicament, and unlock music tracks that are otherwise only available on Pat Maine's Zune (and not in this adventure).

20. The plan for tackling Taken is to burn the darkness away, and then slay them. If a foe's outer protection is still functional, bullets will only knock it back. Don't waste bullets hitting a bulletproof foe! And be warned; some locations have a limitless number of Taken appearing. Keep moving!

21. How can you tell when a human Taken is protected by darkness? It has a faint, shimmering overcoat of ethereal armor that throws off sparks when exposed to light. An unprotected Taken looks simply like a gray human, suffering in silent torment.

22. Those trained to kill usually aim for the head. This is unnecessary, although foes twist and spin in a different pirouette death spasm depending on where you shoot them. Normally, the body—the largest surface area—is the preferred aiming spot.

23. See a shotgun? Take it. See a pump-action shotgun? Take that. Found a hunting rifle? Grab it! A better weapon is always preferred. Try using up your current powerful firearm (shotgun) in the immediate vicinity before switching to a rifle, to maximize bullet efficiency.

24. Flares are versatile. Aside from warding off foes surrounding you for a few moments, they can be carried. Cornered by a foe? Drop a flare. Using a searchlight or have foes attacking from different directions? Block the area you can't attack from with a flare. Flare can also occasionally adhere to larger poltergeist objects.

25. When attacked by larger poltergeist objects, always place yourself behind cover, so airborne attacks are thwarted. If the poltergeist possesses a machine, sidestep early, circle around, and throw down as many flares, flashbangs, or fired flare gun shots as you can muster.

Lost File. #2/5

Manuscript by Alan Wake

A Seasoned Sherpa

The man beckoned him over,
ready to impart the local flavor,
with a knowing glint in his eye.
This was a path tracked before,
both recently and decades ago.
The guide was a dishevelled fellow,
with a scruffy beard and an
overly elaborate flourish to his
narration. But he was the best
the visitor could manage.
And he knew Alan Wake's secrets.

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Psychological Evaluations

Publisher's Note

The history, biographical information, and evaluations present in this chapter reflect the most accurate aspects of those living and visiting the Bright Falls area of Washington State. While every effort has been made to ensure authenticity—including first and second-person interviews, confirmation of historical records, and police logs—the publishers cannot be held responsible for any misstatements, intended or implied, in the following information.

Special Tag Note: Any information in this chapter flagged with this note has evidence deemed to be most secret. You are advised to refrain from reading such matter unless you have been properly briefed and are intimately familiar with all aspects of this adventure.



Part 1. The Main Protagonists

BRIGHT FALLS SHERIFF DEPT.

SUSPECT EVALUATION

NARRATIVE

CONFIDENTIAL

__OFFICER'S REPORT ONLY

ARR/JUV CON.

__CRIME

CF S#2007-666

Page 1 of 2 SUS 01-00001AW

NAME/AGE OF SUSPECT	DATE	TIME
Alan Wake (31)	9/09	9:19
REPORTING OFFICER	**APPROVED BY**	**PROPERTY TAG**
Breaker	Breaker	AW2-DED



A bestselling writer of horror and crime thrillers. For the last few years, however, he hasn't been able to write a thing. His writer's block has led to depression and drink, and it has put his marriage in jeopardy. The success of his books has made him a minor celebrity, and when stressed, he loses his temper and lashes out. Most recently, he was on trial for hitting a paparazzo. Wake never knew his father, and his mother, Linda Wake, had a psychiatric illness, which meant that she spent a lot of time in various institutions while Wake was growing up. In a way, Wake has searched for a father figure all his life.

Since birth, Wake has suffered from a rare condition that makes him overly sensitive to light. He is blinded by bright light and prone to migraines. Because of this, he often wears sunglasses. Wake is married to Alice. Though still in love, they have had happier times together. Before he made it as a writer, Wake worked on numerous odd jobs. He even took temporary employment as a night watchman, carrying a flashlight and a gun, in hopes of getting inspiration for his stories. It was a boring gig, but he did run into Alice while working there.

In many ways, Wake isn't a particularly pleasant man. He does have positive attributes that make him likable: he is sharp, fast, and alert, driven almost to the point of being manic, he knows how to make fun of himself, and he is charismatic, and a bit of a scoundrel. At the same time, he has many flaws. He can be arrogant and witty in a spiteful way, and downright cruel and nasty when the mood strikes him. He is rarely satisfied with his writing, and rarely thinks of himself as an artist. He thinks that commercial success and true talent rarely meet. Because of this, he doesn't think much of his readers. Wake can be somewhat of a womanizer. And as already noted, he has a volatile temper that has gotten him into trouble more than once.

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CONTINUED_

Lost File. #3/5

Manuscript by Alan Wake

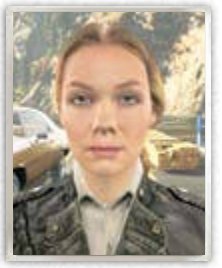
Master of the Marionettes

Deerfest was in full swing, and Harbor Street was awash in red, white, and blue confetti. He stared out from the window of the Oh Deer Diner, and saw life pass him by.
These people were the salt of the earth, ready to help both friend or stranger.
These people were cruel, uncaring, and mischievous. Out for themselves, and fearful of failure.
These people were mad.
And he was the master of these mad marionettes.

Photolog: Information on the inhabitants of (and visitors to) Bright Falls is compiled from a variety of sources, from official Police documents (such as the example to the left), to library, historical, or even death records. Researchers were not above interviewing questionable individuals to obtain more shocking revelations.

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Alice Wake (30)



The wife of Alan Wake, Alice is worried about her husband. She can see that not being able to write is causing him serious problems, and she tries to do something about it. Behind Wake's back, she contacts Dr. Hartman and arranges a vacation for Wake and her in Bright Falls, where Wake could see Hartman and get help. Her plan is to get Wake writing again. Alice is a photographer and artist herself, and she understands the problems that can come from an active imagination. She suffers from an almost phobic fear of the dark. Early on in their relationship, Alice and Alan talked about her fear, and to comfort her, Wake gave her his childhood toy, called The Clicker.

Barry Wheeler (29)



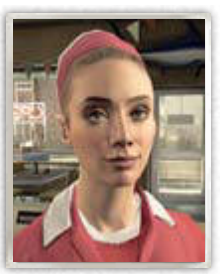
Wake's childhood friend is also his literary agent. While Barry is always wheeling and dealing, he has bailed Wake out of trouble many times. Barry is more than a bit neurotic and is often seen as nothing more than an impetuous buffoon. This however, is certainly not the case, as Wheeler is extremely adept at handling himself, both physically and mentally. He grew up in New York City, and he isn't about to let these yokels get one over on him. He is also a diligent researcher, usually on the questions interviewers are going to ask his client. Although he often infuriates Wake, he is a lovable clown and Wake finds it hard to stay mad at him for long. Despite his greed and questionable ethics, Barry is a true friend to Wake. Barry is genuinely worried about his friend's health and ready to go to great lengths to help him, in his own way. He has an appalling taste in colorful shirts.

Mott (40)



A gaunt, thin, and wiry ex-con, Mott is a mentally unstable man with an outlaw's past, having done a stretch for the possession of illegal firearms. He is coarse, violent, and nasty. Mott isn't particularly intelligent, but he often manages to be cunning. He suffers from low self-esteem and compensates for it with the nasty disposition he's been cultivating. He tends to divide people into two groups: those he despises and attempts to bully, and those he respects and desperately attempts to please. He's easily manipulated by the latter, and with them Mott is a dangerous, wild-eyed fanatic. If he wasn't so dull-wittedly malicious, he'd be pitiful and pathetic.

Rose Marigold (21)



Miss Marigold, as she used to be called as a small child, is a waitress in the local eatery called the Oh Deer Diner. She is obsessed with Wake's fiction and regards herself, unsurprisingly, as Wake's biggest fan. She follows all the news about him and keeps an enthusiastic, if not well-designed online fan site. She has a life-sized cardboard cutout of Wake (an ad for his previous book) in the diner, which she talks to when she's feeling lonely. Back in her trailer, she keeps a shrine to Alan above the headboard of her bed, complete with cut-outs from magazines, photographs, and a complete collection of his work. Her only other real friend is Rusty, who shares coffee with her at the diner. It's a brew of some renown. She lives a life of longing and quiet desperation in a quiet corner of the Sparkling River Estates Trailer Park, managed by Randolph, who always looks out for her.

Cynthia Weaver (64)



Miss Weaver, a spinster of advancing years, is known by the locals of Bright Falls as "the lamp lady." She was a local reporter and special correspondent for the *Bright Falls Record*, and she witnessed a number of strange activities and personal tragedies she refuses to talk about, starting at around 1970. She had been in love with a man called Thomas Zane, and the events of this period seem to have driven her slightly mad. She suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder, and most of her symptoms are related to light and dark. She carries an oil lantern with her and has to keep checking that she has remembered to fill it up. She also tends to flick lights on and off multiple times when she enters a room, and she can never step on shadows. She has been preparing for "the time the darkness will rise again." She has hidden lamps and batteries and weapons all around Bright Falls and marked those places with a special light-sensitive paint, although these have yet to be discovered by anyone. She has also written secret messages and warnings with the paint everywhere. She signs the messages with a symbol of a torch. She hasn't told anybody this, but she has hidden something that Thomas Zane gave her in a chamber under the Bright Falls dam, and installed a battery of high-powered lamps, making sure that they keep burning for all these years. She calls the place "The Well-Lit Room."

Barbara Jagger (68)



Newspaper reports indicate that a woman fitting the description of Barbara Jagger drowned in a large caldera known locally as Cauldron Lake, back in the early seventies, after which her lover, Thomas Zane, attempted to use certain dark arts, and his own abilities, to harness some kind of creative and destructive power of the lake to bring her back. Naturally, this story is a well-told myth designed to attract visitors and scare naughty children. But the legend goes that the resurrection worked, but at a tremendous cost. Barbara Jagger was a sweet and well-liked member of society in her lifetime, but according to the story, she came back changed. Zane then wrote her and himself out of existence. Over the years she has become a local spook story and is often referred to as "The Scratching Hag" or "Granny Claws." Those (usually drunk) individuals who have seen Jagger and lived to tell their tales say she's aged normally from the time she drowned, and now looks to be in her late sixties. Tor and Odin Anderson are convinced she is Baba Yaga, the legendary witch of Slavic folklore. None of this is true, and much of this is not only ludicrous, but libelous.

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Sheriff Sarah Breaker (28)



The sheriff of Bright Falls has an even temperament, dedication to duty, and extreme aptitude that belies her young looks. Breaker is a fairly easygoing and nice person, but she's also well aware of her responsibilities. She's competent, confident, and in charge, and despite her relative youth, she doesn't feel the need to prove anything to anyone: she's relaxed in her authority. Despite the conflicting circumstances surrounding Wake, she finds herself liking him. She is an able helicopter pilot and her father was an NYPD detective before he retired. She knows everyone in the community, and has earned their respect.

FBI Special Agent Robert Nightingale (43)



Nightingale arrives in Bright Falls to investigate the disappearance of a visiting woman, and other missing persons that Bright Falls has had an unusually high number of. He soon forms a theory that Wake is a mad serial killer behind all the disappearance around the town. Unfortunately, Nightingale is also a bit of a loudmouth and he likes his liquor. Outwardly he is shameless, obstructive, overbearing, and loud; inwardly he is desperate, uncertain, and a bit of a loser. He pursues his goals ruthlessly. He uses his badge as a license to do anything, and he tells conflicting tales about his previous cases.

Thomas Zane



Almost nothing is known about a man called Thomas Zane, except for those who knew him around town. He is said to be a writer, moving in the mid-1960s to a cabin that sat on the island out in Cauldron Lake, until an underground volcanic eruption in 1970. Zane was an enthusiastic diver and the island took its name after his hobby, coming to be known as Diver's Island. According to uncorroborated myth, Zane had been having strange experiences, in which his writing "had come true" so that when his lover, Barbara Jagger, drowned in the lake, Zane tried to bring her back with his writing. He soon realized his mistake, when she came back "changed." Finally, it is said (mainly by Cynthia Weaver, to anyone she trusts implicitly) that Zane wrote himself and all his writings out of the world. Zane left only one item, in case the same fate should befall someone else. He gave it to Cynthia Weaver for safekeeping.

Part 2.
Residents of the Cauldron Lake Lodge

Dr. Emil Hartman (55)



A psychiatrist of some renown, Hartman is intelligent, cultured, educated, cunning, and—according to his detractors—armed with a malicious disregard for anything except power. Certain individuals have described him as odd, and a bit creepy. But others, especially those in his care, hold him in the highest regard, and this cannot be stressed enough. However, others see Hartman as a dangerous man with a huge ego: his smooth and cultured exterior hides a ruthless and completely amoral nature. He is prone to making speeches, and he likes to be dramatic. Physically, he's no threat, but he has made a career out of manipulating and taking advantage of others. He's aware of certain oddities in this particular part of the world, and has even witnessed it at work, "shaping reality" as he calls it. He knows that those who mess with "the power" eventually get damaged or consumed by it, so he gets others to command it while he directs things behind the scenes. He is also the author of a critically acclaimed book on the psychology of the mind, called *The Creator's Dilemma*. He resides, along with his artist patients, at the Cauldron Lake Lodge. The clinic overlooks the body of water from a spectacular vantage point.

Tor and Odin Anderson (72 & 70)





Tor, along with his brother Odin, are both former heavy rockers. They used to be in a band called The Old Gods of Asgard, and changed their first names to fully embrace the theme. But that was in the 1970s: now they are both old, and years of the wild rock'n'roll lifestyle have taken their toll on mind and body. Delving deeper still, some say a strange, almost supernatural force has also sapped their will. They appear to be suffering from brain decay, and were recently moved from their farm on the shore of Cauldron Lake up to Doctor Hartman's clinic, where they reside when they're not periodically trying to escape.

Never a very positive person to begin with, Tor tends to be surly and aggressive, angry, nasty; he hates everything. He's senile to the point of being institutionalized, and this frustrates him to no end. He sounds as if he's always slightly drunk. Still, Tor isn't entirely gone: he possesses an animal cunning and surprising strength, and during his brighter moments, he's still a force to be reckoned with. Odin, meanwhile, is hard of hearing, and he shouts a lot. Despite being borderline demented, Odin still manages to be pretty easygoing, and on his better days, he's a lot of fun to be around...and a devious bastard, to boot.

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Birch (42)



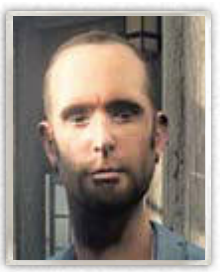
Birch is a psychiatric nurse, and seen as an orderly by some, and a "henchman" or "gorilla" by others. He's big and strong; if it wasn't for the nurse's uniform, he'd look like a bouncer, and he has the disposition to match, although he puts on his professional face at work—particularly when his superiors are watching. Sometimes he's asked to do things—ugly things—that aren't in a nurse's normal job description, but Birch doesn't really mind getting his hands a little dirty.

Nurse Sinclair (32)



A matronly figure, Sinclair is also a psychiatric nurse. She maintains a fairly friendly professional appearance, but she enjoys her authority over the patients a little too much, and when her employer asks her to attend to matters that would clearly violate the ethics of her profession, she's quite willing to do it—after all, she's only following orders. She is becoming increasingly infuriated with the Anderson brothers, and their inability to be bent to her will—unlike the others.

Emerson (31)



This small deranged man worked as game designer before his mental problems began. He suffers from powerful delusions: most of the time, he's convinced that everything, including himself, is a dream. He's vaguely malicious and dependably paranoid, and he doesn't do well in social situations. He has little self-esteem and he's scared of everything, so he overcompensates by insisting that he's a nightmare and everyone must fear him.

Rudolf Lane (55)



Lane is a painter. He's spent a long time with "painter's block"; not being able to come up with anything that meets with his approval, which has plunged him into a deep depression. However, just recently inspiration has finally arrived, and he's been producing work with a manic intensity. He's a classic—or stereotypical, depending on how you look at it—artist in that he suffers from a certain degree of tunnel vision: when he's working, that's all he can think about, and when he isn't, he talks about the work. Hartman is particularly happy with some of his recent pieces.

Ms. Wendy Desole (47)



Very little is known about Ms. Wendy, as the note pinned to her summer dress indicated she liked to be called. Desole came to the clinic five years ago, and her stay is being paid for by mysterious benefactors that Hartman himself doesn't know the true names of. Desole spends her days sitting, and talking in odd, chirrupy sentences, before breaking out into ear-splitting renditions of classic music. Her favorites include Johann Strauss II's *The Blue Danube Waltz*, and Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*.

Part 3.
Other Residents of Bright Falls, WA

Carl Stucky (52)



A jolly man with a slightly nervous disposition, Carl Stucky is the quirky caretaker of the town's logging camps, owned by the powerful Biltmore family, one of the founders of Bright Falls. He also owns a couple of cabins in the area. In fact, it was one of his cabins that Alice actually rented, but Stucky couldn't be at the meeting to hand over the keys, so another one of Bright Falls' residents—with an intimate knowledge of a fine cabin—filled in while he was incapacitated.

Clay Steward (33)



Clay Steward lived in Madison, Wisconsin, where he worked as a Library Assistant. Troubled by a series of nightmares that featured a lighthouse and an encroaching, enveloping terror, Steward was drawn to Bright Falls after researching and finding the lighthouse in question matched the one in his dreams. Slender with a receding hair-line, a thin man who doesn't eat much, but thinks a lot. Steward set down his thoughts in a book also published by Roundabout Press, called The Alan Wake Files. Much of his trail-blazing research was the impetus for this guide.

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Doc Nelson (65)



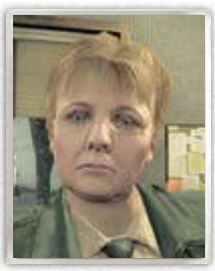
Simply known as "Doc," Nelson is the town doctor. He's a nice old country practitioner, the kind of a guy who was probably there when most of the locals were born. He's a little crusty, a little folksy, filled with common sense and plenty of old-fashioned caring. He's an avid fisherman and generally enjoys life to its fullest. Despite his advanced age, he's not retired, and probably never will be: he's good at his job and loves it almost as much as his fishing. Many a wary visitor has been waylaid by tall tales of salmon and sturgeon, but there's evidence (especially in the Oh Deer Diner) to back up many of these claims. He regards Hartman as a quack and is suspicious of the Cauldron Lake Lodge clinic.

Mr. Randolph (41)



Mr. Randolph, who has no other name that he uses—even in official forms—is the manager at a local trailer park. He's not a sophisticated man—or even a particularly nice one. Still, despite his gruff exterior, he does have a healthy helping of concern for his fellow human beings and a functioning moral compass. Mr. Randolph is generally suspicious of strangers. In his job, he hears a lot of stories, and he has the memory of an elephant. He knows all the local urban legends. He sustained a leg injury, telling inquisitive folks it was a bear trap. In reality, he has a case of gout.

Deputy Grant (45)



Grant is the first person people see when they enter the Sheriff Station, and accordingly she considers herself the public face of the sheriff's department. Grant has a somewhat motherly disposition, which means that she tends to be either very understanding or very judgmental. She often thinks of things in terms of black and white: her world view doesn't contain a lot of shades of gray. She has a rather high-pitched, cutsy voice, and is trying to curtail her bad habit of gossiping.

Deputy Mulligan (45)



Mulligan is the classic big bored cop—a former athlete going to fat, ravaged by an unhealthy diet and middle age, and equally far removed from the genius and the moron alike. Well-schooled in the arts of sarcasm and knowing just how far to go, he lacks patience with too-eager partners. He's an expert on napping in the squad car and leaving the running around to others when he can.

Deputy Thornton (31)



Thornton is a fairly small man with a nervous, hyperactive disposition, full of petty insecurities and doubts that drive his more experienced partner crazy. Still, Thornton makes a decent cop: he does his job with conviction and tries to serve and protect to the best of his ability. He doesn't consider that naïve. He's a big fan of Steve Buscemi.

Pat Maine (68)



A local radio host. When he's not visiting Watery, he spends most of his time holed up in the remote radio station, where he broadcasts his *Night Owl* show; a mixture of home-spun yarns, local talk, and easy-listening tunes, with a smattering of rock for the younger (under 50) audience. He can be heard on the numerous radios about town. He introduces songs, conducts interviews, and advertises the upcoming Deerfest. He's been the voice of a generation...although many of his contemporaries have met their maker. He has recently completed, and is extremely proud of his autobiography: *What a Hoot: Midnight Musings from the Night Owl: Volume 1.*

Ranger Rusty (36)



Rusty is part of Washington State's Park Ranger service, with a local office across from the visitor center in Elderwood National Park. He spends his time renting out the local cabins, running the visitor center with a lovable labrador retriever named Max, investigating poaching in the forests, tending and patrolling the campgrounds, and counting the hours to the next time he can see Rose Marigold, who he is secretly besotted with, but lacks the courage to ask out on a date. He treasures the coffee she brings him in thermoses, takes every opportunity to drive to the diner, and tells his relationship problems to the Columbian Mammoth skeleton exhibit in the visitor center: Buck-Toothed Charlie.

Walter Snyder (42)



Snyder is the caretaker of the Anderson Farm, living in a remote cabin at the top of the trail with his friend Danny. Lately, he's been having a terrible time with alcohol. He's a rough man, and he's been in all sorts of stupid trouble over the years, but then he quit drinking. He's been trying to get his life back together, but has recently slipped, after witnessing something truly unspeakable, although these could be paranoid tendencies, which were diagnosed by Doctor Hartman. Sheriff Breaker isn't surprised to see him cooling off in the cells.

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Episodic Evidence

Unlocking Information: An Introduction

Publisher's Note

The following represents the most comprehensive field notes yet found regarding the whereabouts, tasks, violent encounters, dangers, and general well-being of author Alan Wake. It combines thousands of hours of meticulous research, access to FBI and other law-enforcement documents, and a strange, almost preternatural ability on the part of the author to know Wake's thought processes and actions. Eastern philosophers have called it "psychic stalking." Western law enforcement has called it simply "stalking." In any case, Wake's movements are categorized in a variety of different evidential ways:

Lost File. # 4/5

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Shadowed by Another

Wake watched with interest
from his new study, as the
long-haired man left a psychic
strand—an almost invisible
impression—in his own wake.
Alan was being followed.
A fellow traveler, naive enough
to plunge into the unexplored deep?
Or a figment of Wake's own
imagination, created by the author
to weave layer upon meticulous
layer so others could watch Wake's
own predicament play out?

Proper Digestion: Main Facts

The bulk of Wake's journey takes the form of a third-person narration. Perhaps overly elaborate, and certainly extremely detailed, it is presented as an entire story, segmented into six separate Episodes. Each Episode is further subdivided into Chapters and Parts, allowing readers to dip into a certain section they are interested in. Pertinent and extremely important information is highlighted. **Conversations known to have occurred are bolded. Should Wake have succeeded in a particular impressive Achievement, it is also highlighted. Finally, certain Manuscript Pages are found within Wake's story during a particularly difficult Nightmare. They too, are flagged accordingly.**

Reader Digestion: Other Evidence

It seems the author Alan Wake encountered more than just an eldritch Dark Presence during his stay at Bright Falls. Throughout his adventures, he appears to have attempted a particularly elongated and eventful scavenger hunt. The items found during these hunts are of particular interest to the reader, and indeed, to other residents of Bright Falls, as well as law enforcement authorities. Various hand-written notes, lists, and other helpful data from a variety of sources serves to further cement the location of these—for want of a better title—"collectibles."

Please note: A list of all the Statistical Evidence is presented at the beginning of each Episode.

Additional: Also listed throughout the following pages are satellite photographs of every area Wake visited, along with approximate locations of the various, important gathered evidence, as listed below:

Type A: Manuscript Page

Wake appears to have been led around by another entity, and—assuming this isn't some kind of elaborate game—finds pages from a manuscript he himself is writing, entitled *Departure*.

The location of each is described, along with a visual representation. The number of the Manuscript Page, when sorted into chronological order, is also given (although pages are not found in the order they are to be read; **an important point to remember**).

Certain pages (15 to be precise, out of a total of 106), are found during a particularly difficult Nightmare; and those are appropriately branded using the symbol:

Then the typed prose that Wake wrote is shown, from a scan of the original pages, found by the author.

Departure. # 13/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Rose Is a Fan

Barry took another sip of the heavenly coffee. He grinned at Rose. Surely, this was love. Rose gushed on, breathlessly: "The new one will be a masterpiece, I know it! You must tell him not to listen to the trolls in the forums saying *Departure* will never get finished. He should take his time and make it perfect. I can wait."

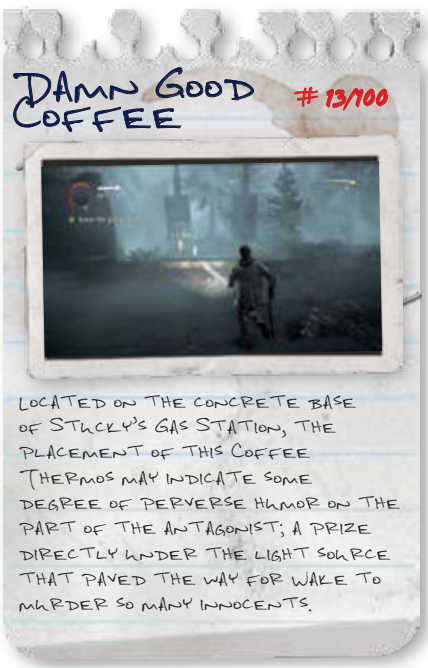


ON A DEAD LOG, JUST OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER OF THE FIRST BILTMORE LOGGING CAMP.

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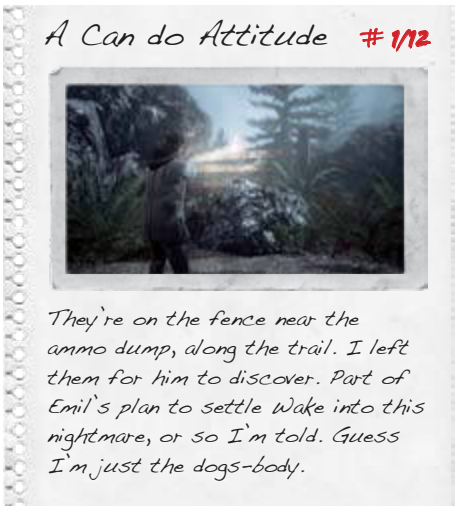
Type B: Coffee Thermos

Hand-written notes from an unknown law enforcement officer, possibly from the FBI, were uncovered soon after the arrival of Agent Nightingale. This individual, working independently, notes the locations of all 100 Coffee thermoses. Progressively more fanciful hypotheses on why these thermoses were found are further detailed in the notes, which take a particularly alarming tone as time passes and situations become muddled and unresolved.



Type C: Can Pyramids

Wake is known to have tested out his weapons on these randomly placed "Can Pyramids"; a stack of six beer cans carefully placed on various ledges and walls. Random musing by the man responsible have been found after a search of the Cauldron Lake Lodge. The writer is unknown but is suspected to be a man named Mott. As his whereabouts are currently unknown, this cannot be confirmed.



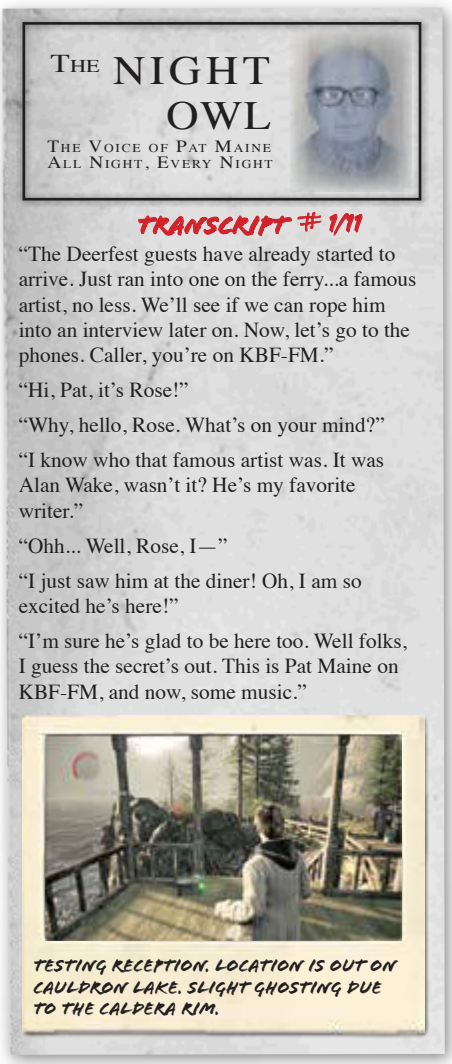
Type D: Hidden Cache Chests

Judging by the insignia on the header of these notes, somebody associated with the Bright Falls Light & Power Company was involved in the positioning of 30 hidden caches, and the daubing of special paint that apparently only Alan Wake can see (the local sheriff found no trace of the various symbols, arrows, phrases, or the "sign of the torch" described in the author's texts). Although not confirmed, she may have written a collection of these notes, with an "uplifting" quote, and the location of each cache.



Type E: Radio Shows

Pat Maine is a fixture of Bright Falls local radio, and his "Night Owl" show has a sizable and loyal audience. Recently, Maine published transcripts from his show in a book entitled "*What a Hoot: Midnight Musings from the Night Owl: Volume 1.*" Wake chanced upon listeners' radios throughout his progress, and the particular conversations are recorded in these page excerpts. Also noted are the locations of each radio, after notes from two KBF-FM radio engineers—Sam McDonald and David Roberts—who tested the signal strength from the various locations, were found at the radio station.



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Type F: TV Shows

Perhaps the strangest of the extraneous evidence gathered by the author, these carefully cut-out photocopies of a British television listings guide, called *Telly Times*, were sent to the publishers some time after the main manuscript arrived. They show a brief numbering and plot synopsis of the 14 different shows Wake watched during his "away time." There were two separate programs too; a pulpy, weird drama called *Night Springs* (which, incidentally, Alan Wake wrote for early in his career), and an altogether more troubling series known as *Writer in the Cabin*, which appears to be Wake ranting to himself, through the medium of television. Transcripts of the latter show are also presented.

TELLY TIMES

6 MARCH, 1994 # 6/14



Episode 4: Barbara Jagger's Hut. Another seeks editorial control of a complex incantation. Now showing in Rose Marigold's bedroom, inside her trailer.

8:10 pm
Writer in the Cabin

"I can't tell reality from dream anymore. But it seems I have an imaginary editor to help me. She's an old woman in a funeral dress. I call her Barbara Jagger. She's very strict. I'm writing faster and faster. My manuscript is being heavily revised. The edits are getting very aggressive and each day there's less of me and more of her. I hate it, but I know she's right. She promises me I can save Alice this way. She knows more of this than I do. About the complex incantation I'm attempting, about this place. She has worked with another writer under similar circumstances: Thomas Zane. The genre of the story seems to be shifting. It's turning into a horror story. I'm getting close. I can feel it."

9.0 Nine O'Clock News
with **Tom Rivers; Weatherman**

Type G: Signs

Wake took copious notes and read voraciously, and this extended to his strange adventure. Apparently, he stopped and absorbed the historical or pertinent information from a total of 25 separate signs, or groups of signs in the example shown above. The locations of each, and what he read, are duly noted.



While there were some earlier residents in the area, the true genesis of the town of Bright Falls came with the founding of the Bright Falls Mining Company and the opening of the Bright Falls coal mine in 1878. Although the work was hard and dangerous, many immigrants—Germans, Poles, Italians, Finns, and Swedes, among others—worked the mines.

Type H: Songs

Pat Maine's musical tastes were eclectic to say the least, and he provided authorities with a list of his most-requested tunes, stored on his Zune. The first time Wake heard the tune in question (and the time the Zune appears), the tune is -- to use a certain vernacular -- "unlocked."



Final note: The tag, shown adjacent, is placed at points throughout this story to warn those of a nervous or excitable disposition that a major plot development or other shocking revelation occurs in the immediate area. Those wishing to bide their time should avoid these sections.

Bright Falls Icon Legend

- Start
- Finish
- Manuscript Page
- Manuscript Page (Nightmare)
- Coffee Thermos
- Can Pyramid
- Hidden Cache Chest
- Radio Show
- TV Show
- Sign
- Safe Haven
- Searchlight/Worklight
- Batteries, Ammunition, Flares, or Flashbangs
- Revolver
- Shotgun
- Pump-Action Shotgun
- Hunting Rifle
- Flashlight
- Heavy-Duty Flashlight
- Lantern
- Heavy-Duty Lantern
- Flare Gun
- Bear Trap
- Trail Route

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Episode One: Nightmare

Statistical Evidence							
Evidence Type	**Number Available (Chapter 1A)**	**Number Available (Chapter 1B)**	**Number Available (Chapter 1C)**	**Chapters 1A+1B+1C Total**	**Episode Start Total**	**Episode End Total**	**Grand Total**
Manuscript Pages	0	0	10(3*)	10(3*)	0	13	106
Coffee Thermoses	3	3	8	14	0	14	100
Can Pyramids	1	0	1	2	0	2	12
Chests	0	0	4	4	0	4	30
Radio Shows	0	1	1	2	0	2	11
TV Shows	0	0	2	2	0	2	14
Signs	0	0	1	1	0	1	25
Songs	0	3	1	4	0	4	16

* Second number refers to Manuscript Pages available during Nightmare.

Chapter 1A: A Writer's Dream



Rain Cove Point and Cape Campbell

Activity Log

- Get to the Lighthouse
- Follow the Light
- Get to the Lighthouse (again)



Photolog: The Missing Man. Reports of his death have been greatly exaggerated. But a man looking like Wake, has currently disappeared.

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Part 1: Horror at Rain Cove Point

"Stephen King once wrote that 'Nightmares exist outside of logic, and there's little fun to be had in explanations; they're antithetical to the poetry of fear.' In a horror story, the victim keeps asking 'why?' But there can be no explanation, and there shouldn't be one. The unanswered mystery is what stays with us the longest, and it's what we'll remember in the end."

"My name is Alan Wake. I'm a writer."

"I've always had a vivid imagination, but this dream unsettled me. It was wild and dark and weird even by my standards. So yes, it began with a dream. Following a typical nightmare pattern, I was late, desperately trying to reach my destination—a lighthouse—for some urgent reason I couldn't remember. I'd been driving too fast down a coastal road to get there."

"I'd seen the hitchhiker too late. He was dead."

"I was convinced they'd put me in jail, and I would never see Alice again. Suddenly, his body was gone. I was in shock from the crash. I could hardly stay on my feet."



[Fig 1.1]



[Fig 1.2]

Wake left the car in a state of agitation. He staggered forward toward a rough-hewn wood pole. He gazed up into the illuminating glow of a lamppost on the left side of the road **[Fig 1.1]**. It seemed comforting; like a Safe Haven subduing the creeping sensation of fear. After looking up and down, Alan calmed, becoming more in control of his faculties.

It was as if he were learning to walk for the first time. He remembered gingerly stepping forward, out of the halo of light, and walking forward along the road. Perhaps subconsciously, Wake felt the need to Sprint from the first pool of light to the second, down the misty road. He realized that he'd soon run out of breath if he kept that pace up. A sedentary history of sitting and typing wasn't the best preparation for this impromptu hike.

Activity: Get to the Lighthouse

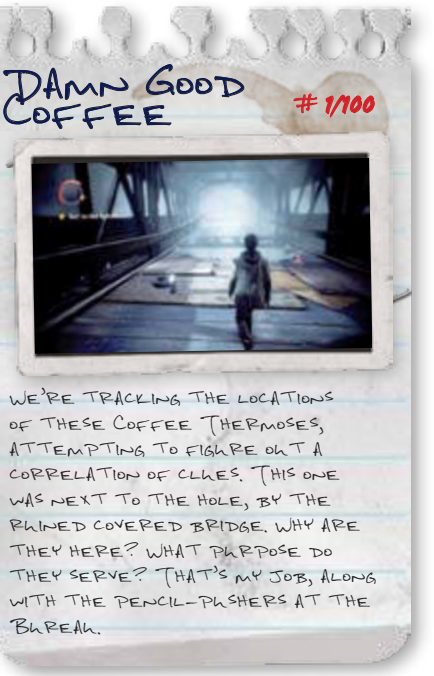
He returned to the car and checked the front bumper. The impact of the crash was visible on the vehicle, but Wake bristled as a sensation of dizzying palpitations swept over him: *There was no body.* Wake moved back to the driver's side, and tried to Use the car.

"The radiator had broken when I'd hit the hitchhiker. The car wasn't going anywhere."

Wake moved to the rear of the car **[Fig 1.2]**. The **trunk was wide open**, and copies of *Return to Sender* lay scattered across the tarmac. What would Alex Casey have done? *"Opened the door, stepped out into the cool night air, and kept walking."* Wake was inclined to follow his own character's advice, and wandered toward the tunnel. The entire tunnel was bricked up.

"I was certain I had just driven from this direction. But now the road was blocked." Confused and beginning to panic, Wake murmured something to himself: **"I had to go to the lighthouse. I knew there was something important waiting for me there."**

The hitchhiker was gone. Bewildered, Wake gazed through the fog at the Rain Cove Lighthouse in the murky distance. As he cautiously advanced down the road, a rustling caused quite a scare: Something black detached from its cliffside perch, flapping away from the road sign to Rain Cove Point, and into the enveloping tendrils of the mist. Alan could hear its faint, echoing caws. He stepped into the light. It felt safer in the light.



Arriving at the last roadside light, Alan inspected the covered bridge ahead **[Fig 1.3]**. After almost falling to his death, Wake deemed the rickety deathtrap too unstable to take his weight. This wasn't the welcome Wake was hoping for; he couldn't get to Night Springs, the lighthouse, or wherever this road led even if he wanted to. Alan noticed a Coffee Thermos near the gaping bridge hole. "No reason for that to be there" Wake thought to himself. But he took it anyway, intrigued by its presence.

"The bridge had collapsed. I'd have to find another way to the lighthouse."

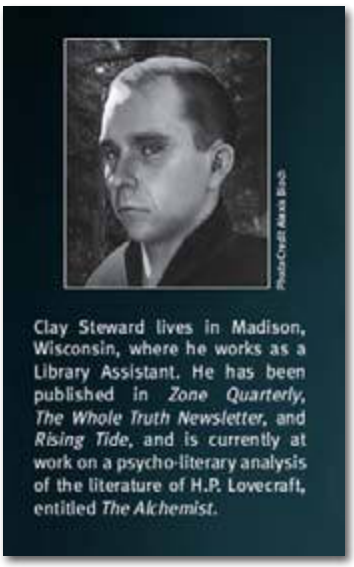


[Fig 1.3]

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Photolog: A trailhead notice board provides strange clues: (Left to right) The diver, the author, the scraps, the digital delivery, and a concert poster for the rock band Poets of the Fall.



Photolog: The biography of Clay Steward, from the dust jacket of his book: The Alan Wake Files, also published by Roundabout Press.



Photolog: The Sudden Stop. Wake's latest book cover (left), a missing moggy (right), and a strange, underwater picture (bottom-middle), close to the sudden stop.

Cape Campbell Covered Bridge Rescue Party!

Help an Elderly-but-Proud Resident of Rain Cove Point Back to Her Former Glory! "Support" this bridge:

Sunday, July 12th, 1981



WE NEED HELP!!

"Old Ma" Campbell, the Covered Bridge near Rain Cove Point, is in serious disrepair. Your generosity and spirit are needed to rebuild her!

Festivities begin at **12:00 PM** (after church) and continue all day!

Fun and games for everyone. Win big prizes! Events include:

- Egg-and-spoon Race
- Butter Churning
- Hunt the Thermos
- Deer-skinning competition, followed by
- "Cut it and stuff it" taxidermy demonstration
- High-powered rifle range
- Learn the "Knife vs hand" game

And more! Bring the kids!

Parade of Steam Tractors begins at **1:00 PM**

Entertainment begins at **2:00 PM**

Thanks to Frank Marigold and the Thomas Saw Mill for your generous $200 and timber donation!

For directions to the Cape Campbell Covered Bridge, contact our friends at the Oh Deer Diner.

A Murder of Crows
Carl Stucky (and band)

Bright Falls' own Carl Stucky, fresh from his tour with popular group The Moon Wiring Club, brings his own brand of synth-pop and banjo playing. A Murder of Crows' most recent single ~ "Cabin Fever" – is on-sale now, with some profits helping the bridge reconstruction.

The Comedy Stylings of
Mick "Mini Ha Ha" Shrimpton

What Mick lacks in height, he more than makes up for with big laughs! Winner of Seattle's August 1979 Most Off-Color Comedian, Mick has promised a family-friendly routine this time. As with previous events, please refrain from throwing farm produce at the stage.

The Old Gods of Asgard
Tor and Odin Anderson (and band)

The main event you've been waiting for! The heavy rockers reunite one last time to really blow the roof off the place – hopefully not literally – with their anthems "Children of the Elder God," and "The Scratching Hag," as well as their other classic hits. Are you ready to Ragnarok?!

DO NOT MISS THIS FANTASTIC DAY OUT!!!

Poster showing a charity event for the Covered bridge near Cape Campbell. Taken from the Bright Falls Historical Society.

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Photlog: Dawn breaks over Rain Cove Point Hiking Trail, bathing the pathway and dotted fir trees in an almost magical light.



[Fig 1.4]

"Get to the lighthouse! Get to the lighthouse!" the left side of Wake's brain seemed to scream. Fortunately, the Rain Cove Point Hiking Trail began just right of the covered bridge **[Fig 1.4]**. Startling another raven, Alan cautiously stepped onto the walkway, half-expecting to fall through. Fortunately, the structure held, and he ventured forward a few steps, toward the light. He had little time to study the fire bucket and odd series of posters, including one about a lost cat, one about a lost writer, and another advertising ***The Sudden Stop***.

The attack came with a startling ferocity.



[Fig 1.5]

The car's lights and the street lamps blinked out. A man with an axe appeared by the car. One sharp intake of breath later, he was yelling at the top of his lungs, inches from Wake's face. *Yet Alan could not see this man's features.* It was as if he was perpetually cast in shadow. The light above him shattered too, plunging them both into a gloomy nightmare. Wake instantaneously realized two facts: this appeared to be the hitchhiker he had struck, and that axe he was wielding with alarming precision could cut him down in moments. The hitchhiker was here to return the favor.

Alan backed up **[Fig 1.5]**, watching with alarm as a faint black mist constantly enveloped this ethereal shadow. The hitchhiker began to deliver slow, deliberate axe blows; the information sign and fire bucket didn't stand a chance. The metal light-pole sparked and died. The walkway gave way, and Alan fell a few feet, before scrambling to his feet. He attempted to regain Focus and looked back to see the hitchhiker standing against the fog-filled sky. Something felt... *very wrong*. Then the yelling started:

"You don't even recognize me, do you, writer? You think you're God? You think you can just make up stuff? Play with people's lives and kill them when you think it adds to the drama? You're in this story now, and I'll make you suffer!

"You're a joke. There wouldn't be a single readable sentence in your books if it wasn't for your editor. You'll never publish another one of your shitty stories, 'cause I'm gonna kill you!"

Even *The New York Tattler* hadn't been this severe in their savaging of *The Fall of Alex Casey*, and Barry had used all the swear words he could remember after reading *that* review. But cursing at critics wouldn't help this time; a breeze was whipping up as Alan edged toward a second information sign. On it, a man who looked very much like the author had gone missing. A larger poster, showing a deep-sea diver's helmet added further befuddlement. Piquing his interest was an odd, square-shaped collection of dots. This looked like a huge digital barcode so popular with the cutting-edge hipster types. Wake wasn't the hipster type. The sport-coat with elbow pads was comfortable and had deep pockets; it wasn't an ironic statement. And anyway, he had no phone to take a picture of it. Wake had no time to wonder what these signs meant; the wind was roaring through the gorge, gusts cracking and popping in the swaying forest. Alan was forced to scramble over a small barrier **[Fig 1.6]** by jumping at the end of a wooden ramp just as a nearby lamp shorted out. He scrambled down to a flat promontory.

"You missed your deadline!"



[Fig 1.6]

The hitchhiker's blackened form advanced from the shuddering gate. Three strikes from that axe, and Wake would be out. He couldn't fight this presence, so he intended to play a little defense. The figure continued at him, and as the entity swung his axe—letting out a wretched roar—Wake tried to dodge nimbly away from the strike **[Fig 1.7]**.

"You can't stop me!"

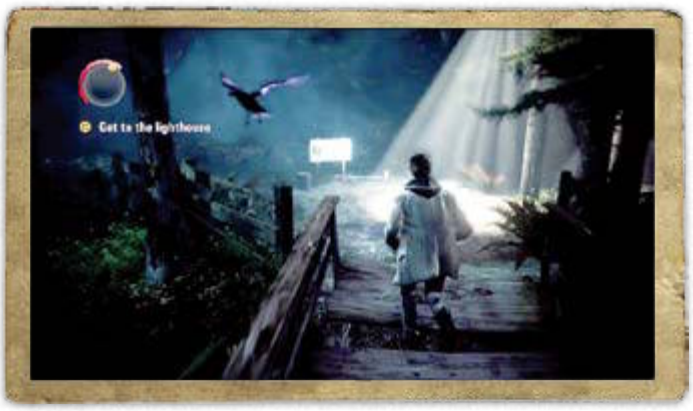
Again the hitchhiker swung, his yelling seemingly half-drowned out by the black mass writhing around him. Again, Wake dodged successfully, the combat seeming to slow down, in an almost cinematic manner.

"I realized that the hitchhiker was a character from the story I'd been working on."



[Fig 1.7]

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[Fig 1.8]

The figure disappeared, and the gate he'd been guarding opened of its own accord. Ahead was a wooden bridge spanning the gorge, leading to a forest path dappled with intermittent light. Certain that he faced a terminal plunge into the river, Wake stepped over a trio of rusting objects, and was surprised to reach the other side **[Fig 1.8],** as another bird escaped its perch. **"I was getting good at scaring ravens,"** Alan remembered thinking. Then the silhouette appeared once more.

"How does it feel to die by the hands of your own creation?"

A writhing mass of blackness smothered the hitchhiker. Transfixed, Alan watched as the dark maelstrom grew, seemingly feeding off the atmosphere and perhaps Wake's own heightened terror. Flotsam began to spin around this centrifugal force of pure black, and the bridge started to fall away, planks ripping up and joining the thronging presence.



[Fig 1.9]



[Fig 1.10]

The unnatural roar of the maelstrom reached a crescendo. Wake pushed away the feeling of hopelessness and fear and Sprinted toward the series of trail lights. One shattered, and Alan almost twisted an ankle running into a barrel and other scattered detritus along the precarious cliffside path. Half-hobbling to a light at the top of the steps, Alan swore he could hear screaming from the black hurricane behind him. Frightening another bird from its perch, Alan raced down the winding and precarious path. As he turned right, a long and slightly sagging rope and wood bridge **[Fig 1.9]** appeared from the twilight, spanning the fissure of dark granite. Wake could just make out a feeble light and faint hollering at the far end of the crossing:

"This way! This way!"

Wake ran toward the figure, not recognizing the thin, balding man clutching a pistol, and frantically directing him to a cabin perched on the edge of the precipice. Clad in the cream and green colors of the Bright Falls Stags football team, the man yelled introductions, before waving his gun at the advancing dark, and screaming over the wind at Wake to get inside the building **[Fig 1.10]**:

"Mister Wake, it's me, Clay Steward, remember? Quickly, get inside! There's no time to lose. It's coming! Inside! Now!"

Moments later, the hitchhiker was upon Steward, who backed up to the cabin door. It refused to open. Wake watched in a daze as Steward raised his gun. Three shots rang out; the first hesitant and the second two in quick, frantic succession. **"No! Die, dammit! Die!"** Still the hitchhiker came. It raised its axe. Steward's shriek was cut off abruptly. A second chop finished the job. Steward slid down the porch steps and into a crumpled heap. The hitchhiker turned to stare at Wake with black, dead eyes.

"I was trapped. There was no way out."

Backing up into the cabin, Wake stumbled around the interior, a single ceiling bulb preventing the entity



[Fig 1.11]

from forcing its way in. The single room, clad in decades-old sturdy pine and filled with rustic accoutrements, began to shake. A rasping cackle filled the room as it began to shudder, creaking under invisible pressure.

"Die, die, die, die, die…!"

A quartet of portable televisions were looking at Alan **[Fig 1.11]**. Mad, bulging eyes darted about from inside, as a chant cut through the white noise. It ended with a laugh; a wild and disturbing cackle echoing around the cabin, before receding into the wind, jolting the cabin with a single, sharp strike. Objects rattled about the room, and Wake narrowly missed being impaled as a stuffed buck head clattered to the floor. Wake felt death closing in, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"The cabin was a death trap. I had to get out."

The light blinked out, and the cabin continued to shudder. A wave of panic set in as flashes of lightning illuminated the cabin. Forcing his way as if slogging through an invisible mire, Wake approached a poster on the cabin's far wall **[Fig 1.12]**. It showed a man in a diving apparatus, with light emanating from within the suit. It was entitled Tom the Poet. The poster throbbed with a strange light, suddenly pulsing outward at him. Pure white, the light cut through a section of the cabin wall. The wind dissipated, replaced with the pounding of Alan's heart. Shuffling forward and half-blind, Wake felt the urge to "Follow the light."

"You are hurt. You should go into the light. You are only safe there."



[Fig 1.12]

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Activity: Follow the Light



[Fig 1.13]

Color bled away from Wake's vision as he shuffled through the hole; **he was seeing his surroundings in an odd, monochrome hue, and knew he was close to death**. The voice gave him stern but comforting instructions. The voice sounded like his own, but it was someone different. Something looking over him from a distant place. Wake watched a burst of white light pushing the darkness from the entire valley. He was too confused to comprehend the full of extent of this *episode*. As the pulse drew back Wake passed a picnic table, and looked toward a second light source; a street lamp lighting the path. This was to be his Safe Haven. The wounds he suffered back in the cabin melted away, and color was restored **[Fig 1.13]**. If he wasn't in a blind state of panic, Wake would have felt invigorated. The voice spoke once more:

"Well done. I have something important to tell you. It goes like this: For he did not know, that beyond the lake he called home, lies a deeper, darker ocean green, where waves are both wilder and more serene. To its ports I've been. To its ports I've been. Do you understand?"

Wake couldn't have been more confused. The voice and the light responded almost immediately. A set of wooden steps flew together, built by invisible hands and a force of light. The voice continued:

"I entered your dream to teach you. The darkness is dangerous. It's sleeping now, but when it feels you coming, it will wake up. There's no time; I can only show you the most important thing."

Wake slowly walked down the steps, listening to the instructions as if his life depended on them. Unless this was a vivid nightmare, it did. Wake continued to a clearing between two boundary frames. He immediately noticed a crate of revolver ammunition on his right. The hated shadow of the hitchhiker appeared by a gate as the voice softly recited instructions:

"The hitchhiker has been taken over by the Dark Presence. You can't hurt him now. The darkness protects him from all harm. Only light can drive the darkness away and make him vulnerable again."

If Wake's subconscious, ethereal ally—or whatever it was calling out through the ether—was right, he would need some way to remove the shroud of darkness surrounding the hitchhiker. Fortunately, the benevolent aspect of Alan had already thought of that, and a **silver flashlight** danced through the air, landing on a tree stump bathed in a worklight. Wake quickly grabbed the flashlight. "Time to burn the darkness away," he thought, as he turned the light on the hitchhiker, who reeled back. Wake boosted the light, focusing the beam on the foe, and the shadows seared off the form **[Fig 1.14]**. The voice piped up again:



[Fig 1.14]

"Now the darkness no longer protects him. But it's still inside, controlling him. He can't be saved. He is still a threat. He is still your enemy. Here. Take the gun."



[Fig 1.15]

Alan was all-too aware that following these instructions—and indeed explaining he'd shot a man he'd already run over using a gun that he saw floating down onto a tree stump—were likely to get him both arrested *and* committed. But the hitchhiker wasn't slowing up with that axe. Taking the revolver, he turned it on the foe. A shot rang out. The hitchhiker staggered back, winged by the bullet. **Steadying his aim by quickly aiming with the flashlight and immediately firing [Fig 1.15]**, Wake hit the wounded man in the head. The body arched back, seemingly crystallizing as shards of light enveloped the form before the hitchhiker faded into nothing.

"Good. You've done well. Remember what I've taught you. That is all. I will give you back your dream now."

Had he halted the invasive Dark Presence, or simply murdered a man? Whatever the case, Wake remembered that boosting the flashlight beam blinded the hitchhiker, burning the darkness away at a faster rate than simply shining the light. He had successfully completed this strange tutorial, and **Followed the Light**. He delved into the pile of bullets, picking up revolver ammunition until his item limit was reached: 42 bullets. He'd have a chance to test out his aim sooner than he thought. On the fence to the right of the path before the gate was a Can Pyramid of six carefully stacked cans of beer. This wasn't the oddest occurrence of the night, and Wake was beginning to stop questioning what was going on. He quickly half-clicked his flashlight to get an easy aim on the middle of the pyramid base, and fired. The pyramid exploded. Wake felt a little better. Reloading and rearming, he continued.

"In the nightmare, a terrible darkness was taking over the world. The lighthouse was the last safe place on Earth."

Activity: Get to the Lighthouse (again)

Edging forward through the gate, Alan realized he only had a finite number of batteries for his flashlight, and waited for it to recharge. With the larger beam of the lighthouse now becoming increasing clearer through the fog, he rounded a corner, raising his light as a dark form appeared.

"You made me this way! And now I'm gonna kill you!"



[Fig 1.16]

It seemed the hitchhiker's corpse hadn't found the afterlife quite yet. Quickly reloading the revolver, Wake successfully dodged an axe swing. "**Float Like a Butterfly**" Alan said to himself, effectively slowing down time after a successful dodge. The blade missed by inches. He quickly burned off the dark presence swirling about the form, and planted a shot

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into the hitchhiker's hide **[Fig 1.16]**. It roared forward, causing Wake to instinctively dodge as he had when unarmed. He planted a final bullet into the hitchhiker's skull, and the being exploded into shards of light. Reloading again, Alan ventured forward onto a wooden platform, dropping to the ground below.



[Fig 1.17]

Alan continued into a patch of undergrowth. More inhuman breathing and screeching announced the arrival of two figures. Not understanding what he could only process as an increasingly horrific hallucination, Wake burned the darkness from the nearer figure, revealing the hitchhiker again. Emptying the revolver chamber, he frantically reloaded before the second figure set upon him. The other foe fell just as the first, after Wake boosted his flashlight, blinding the figure, and then aimed at him with alarming accuracy **[Fig 1.17]**. The fight ended with a shriek and a flash of inter-dimensional light. Wake had aimed at the fiend's head and torso. It didn't seem to matter; they died just as quickly.

Wake pushed through the bushes and bracken, into the next Safe Haven **[Fig 1.18]**, pausing there to catch his breath. Alan noticed a red metal box marked "emergency" attached to a nearby log pole. Wake found a flare gun inside. He cleaned the box out, switching to, and loading up this new offensive weapon. Momentarily, he pictured this scene somewhat differently, as if the dream was more of a Nightmare in terms of difficulty. Every time he opened an emergency box, it would contain substantially fewer handy items. Something to think about. The path continued, to a small drop close to a concrete bunker. Wake knew he couldn't return to this area once he'd made the drop, so he inspected the bunker. Why was it here? He was surprised to find a Coffee Thermos on a small wooden crate, inside.

Wake dropped down to the rocky gully. The path around the rocky outcrops was dangerous enough in the foggy gloom, but the lurking dark threatened to overwhelm Alan physically, as well as mentally. Three silhouettes stepped forward to announce their presences, forcing Wake to fire off a flare **[Fig 1.19]**. The ensuing fountain of red light did more than incapacitate the foes; it ripped them apart. This was to be Wake's rocket launcher: a weapon to cause mass casualties. But with limited ammunition, this weapon was best used as last resort. With more shadows converging on his location, Alan followed the stone path around, catching another foe clambering up a rocky cliff. Startled by Wake's focused beam, the man was pushed back, and fell off the cliff. Wake would have to remember that tactic for dire situations, or when facing foes on the edge of a precipice.

Crossing a couple of planks, Alan finally made it to the main road he'd left at the start of this dream. Although the mist was clearing, Wake had little time to inspect the garage with his billboard atop it; as he dropped down onto the road, blackness gathered in a swirling tower, intent on capturing its prey. Lights blinked out, and Wake realized he needed to run. He turned and ran toward the lighthouse, Sprinting until his breath came out in sharp, painful gasps.

The maelstrom was gathering force. Reaching the wooden bridge, Wake made the mistake of turning around. The funnel was sucking in barrels, wooden spools, and vehicles—heavy vehicles—and flicking them toward the crossing, and Alan narrowly missed being struck by a van as it crashed through the bridge. Frantically dodging the cars being hurled at him, Wake somehow managed to cross the span **[Fig 1.20],** stumbling onto the lighthouse promontory as the wind noise reached a deafening bellow, and a massive wooden spool crashed down by the building on his right. At the base of the lighthouse





[Fig 1.19]

tower, Wake panicked; he had but seconds before the tornado arrived. Glancing right, he spotted another Coffee Thermos, sitting on a log bench. He knew these were important to his progress in some way. Then he bolted left to the entrance, running up the steps, Wake followed his instinct—and the light—and entered the lighthouse tower just as the darkness arrived to engulf him.

The door held. The guttural roar subsided, and Wake stepped into the base of the lighthouse tower, peering up at the cone of dappled light dancing off the iron spiral staircase. The silence was short-lived. The light shut off with an ominous clunk. A low growling sound could be heard from the top of the tower. Alan peered up, then quickly covered his head as *something* dropped through the center of the stairs, on top of him. Alan's attempt at a scream was cut short.



[Fig 1.18]



[Fig 1.20]

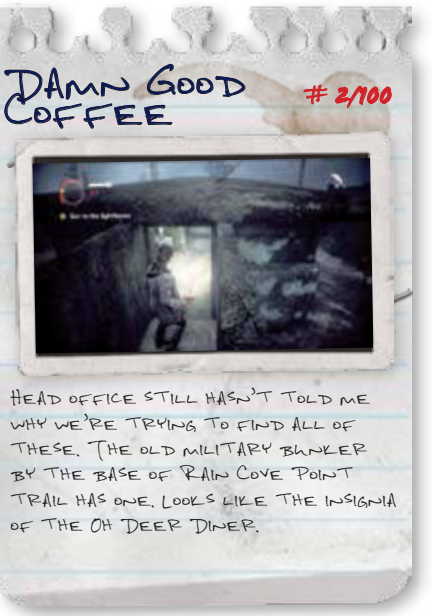
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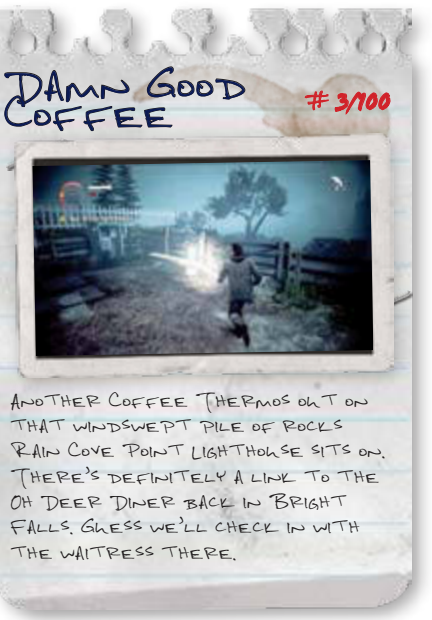


Photolog: A home-made advertisement for a cabin rental. Found stuck to the window of the Oh Deer Diner, in Bright Falls.



Photolog: The Rain Cove Point Lighthouse, providing light and guidance to seafarers, and recently, an increasing number of authors, including Clay Steward.







Photolog: Another odd poster; this one pinned to the back door of The Huntsman's Cabin. The script reads "A pinprick of light in an ocean of darkness."

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Chapter 1B: Welcome to Bright Falls

Activity Log

- Pose for Alice
- Get back to the car
- Find Carl Stucky
- Leave the diner
- Go to the cabin
- Get the power on
- Return to Alice
- Go to the study
- Get to Alice



Photolog: Welcome to Bright Falls, WA: The sleepy backwater, approaching via the harbor. Photo courtesy of Daniel Torrence Seaplane Tours.

Part 2: Pride Before the Falls

"Shhhh, baby, just another nightmare. Everything's fine. You dozed off." Alice's friendly, wide eyes hid her concern well. She smiled at her husband as he woke from his fitful sleep.

"Right. Anything more than 'dozed off' would be news for everyone."

Alice remained upbeat, regardless of the grumpy lump beside her: "Cheer up, handsome, we're here."



[Fig 1.21]

Wake turned, his eyes easily adjusting to the overcast skies. It was difficult to tell the time of day, as mist still strangled the single peak above Bright Falls, while the dark water shimmered with dull, refracted light struggling to return to the surface. The town itself clung to its lakeshore, the row of older, early 20th century harbor buildings sticking like limpets to the rocky promontory. Wake exited his burgundy rental SUV, stepped out onto the ferry platform **[Fig 1.21]**, and gazed across the rippling water at the old concrete rail bridge. "Welcome to Bright Falls" the sign read, as the ferry floated underneath.

A train horn woke Alan fully, as a diesel locomotive trundled over the bridge, pulling empty pallet carriages that once contained lumber. Alice was already snapping photographs; just like Wake, she'd combined her hobby into her job, but unlike him, she still enjoyed her career. She beckoned him over, determined that they both at least pretend to have a good time.

"Let's act like we're on vacation. Go stand next to that old gentleman there. I want a shot of you with the town in the background."

Activity: Pose for Alice

"Sure. I'll even give you a title for the shot: 'A city boy moments before he got eaten by a bear.'"



[Fig 1.22]

The bridge shadows crept over the metal crosswork of the ferry floor. Alan wandered near an old, bald man **[Fig 1.22]** just as a passenger float plane made splashdown and taxied toward the jetty. As Alan approached, the old man turned around.

"Hello there." The man turned to greet Alan. **"You've picked a good time to visit our town. Deerfest is just two weeks away."**

"Deerfest, huh?" Wake responded. **"Did you hear that, honey?"** Wake had been in New York, and with Barry for too long. He couldn't help the sarcasm. Alice was clicking away, ignoring him as usual.

The man cheerfully continued on regardless: **"You have a lovely wife, if you don't mind me saying. I'm Pat Maine, by the way. Nice to meet you."**

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Photolog: Harbor Life: The Cap'n Oscar, moored close to the ferry wharf, and the Bright Falls Cannery. Photo courtesy of Pat Maine.



Photolog: Deerfest on the Move: Carl Stucky's Deerfest float has been the centerpiece of the entire festival for years. Photo courtesy of the estate of Carl Stucky.

Wake almost cracked a smile. **"Yeah. I'm Alan Wake."**

"I won't pretend I don't recognize a famous writer such as yourself, Mr. Wake. A pleasure. I'm an avid reader myself." Maine continued, despite the awkward pause: **"I hope this isn't too presumptuous of me, but I'm the night host at the local radio station. Any chance I could get an interview?"**

Oh great. They even knew him out here: **"Look, Mr. Maine, I'm on vacation. In fact, I'd appreciate it if we could keep my being here just between the two of us. I'm sure you understand."**

"Fair enough," Pat said, undaunted: **"You can trust me to be discreet. I'm not a hard man to track down if you change your mind, though. I hope you two have a lovely holiday."**



[Fig 1.23]

Bright Falls' ramshackle jetties appeared closer now, as the signs on the buildings hoved into view. Alan could make out the names on buildings. L. Jenkins's staff seemed hard at work, judging from the smoke pouring out of his fish-smoking warehouse. He'd heard someone mention the workers there were very content with their lot; they were pals for life. Alan turned, jangling the ferry's draped security chain with his padded elbow. He stepped back to Alice, quickly clocking the other passengers on the ferry; the driver up at the controls, Maine's older sedan, a set of pressure-treated timber, a partially unfurled Deerfest sign, and a pickup truck with two hunting rifles hung on the back rack, probably belonging to that outdoorsman type at the back of the water craft.

"Very nice. I got a couple of really good ones. And I see you made a friend. That's cute."

Wake was about to retort with something equally droll when his cell phone rang. He quickly flipped it open.

"Hey Bestseller! How's my favorite writer? Are you there yet?" It was Wake's agent, calling from New York. After a few pleasantries, Barry couldn't resist asking about Alan's work.

"So how is the place, has it gotten your creative juices flowing?"

"Barry, we're just settling in."

"Okay, Al. I'll call back later to make sure you're doing okay. And you call me if there's a problem, okay? Okay! I'm just looking out for you, buddy. Talk to you later!"

"I love you too, Barry." Wake snapped the phone shut.

The ferry slowed gradually, mooring up **[Fig 1.23]** next to a small fishing boat called the *Cap'n Oscar*. A couple of fishermen sporting sou'westers stood around on shore. Wake walked up the steps to the tiny viewing platform on the left side of the boat. He become transfixed for a moment by a giant plastic deer on a flatbed truck headed past a school bus across main street. Pat wasn't kidding about Deerfest. They were about to reach town, but Alan had one more matter to attend to before disembarking.

Wake moved to the man leaning on the metal guard rail at the back of the boat **[Fig 1.24]**.



[Fig 1.24]

"Hmph. Damn yuppies."

Ah, now *this* was the welcome he was expecting from a backwater hamlet; a loner clad in camouflage, grumbling about folks from out of town. He probably had a hut up in the mountains where he kept the body parts of his kidnap victims. He just needed a high-powered hunting rifle and a hatred of the government to complete the ensemble. Wake edged closer, eager to see if the stereotype held up. The man was gaunt, with high cheekbones and sunken eyes, and he grumbled in a low baritone. He took a drag of his cigarette before he spoke:

"Let's see who has the last laugh, city boy."

"Okay. Good day to you too." Wake replied gently, remembering *that scene* from *Deliverance*.

"Alan! We're here. Come on, let's get back to the car."

Activity: Get back to the car

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The yokel remained stoic, and Alan slowly walked back to Alice. She smiled again:

"Come on, slowpoke. You get the full service here. I've made all the arrangements. I drive the car, I'll even carry the bags. All you have to do is drag your cute butt into the car and enjoy the ride."

Alan laughed, and replied **"Yeah, sounds like you've got a lazy bastard for a husband."**

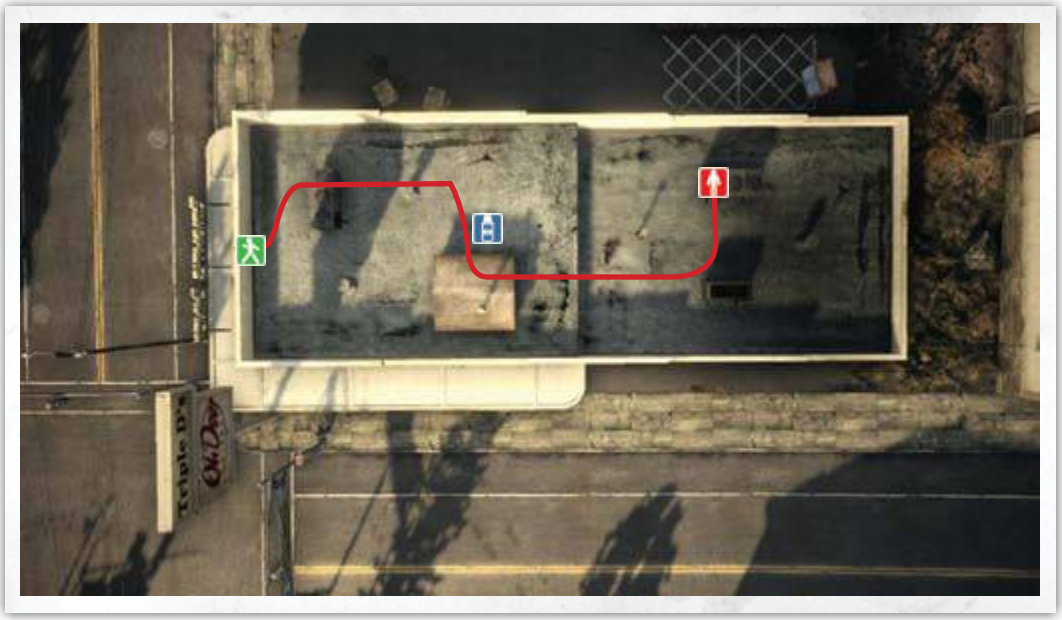
Alice giggled. He hadn't heard a *giggle* in a while: **"Yeah, but I got a thing for him. Come on, you lazy bastard. Let's go."**

Leaving the ferry, Alice gently drove onto the tarmac of the main drag. **"We need to stop at the local diner to get the cabin key from the landlord. A Mr. Carl Stucky. He's waiting for us."**



Photolog: Pat Maine and Alan Wake. "A city boy, moments before he got eaten by a bear." Photo courtesy of Alice Wake.

Part 3: Nothing but Black Coffee Under a Thin Layer of Skin



Oh Deer Diner



[Fig 1.25]

Alice pulled in by the side of a 1950s diner, which looked in good repair, but hadn't been updated in decades. The Oh Deer Diner—famous for its cupcakes and coffee according to the facade—was the type of eatery the big corporations had been trying to emulate for the past 20 years. But this was the real deal through and through.

"I'll go fill her up while you get the key. I'll pick you up here in, say, fifteen minutes?" Alice leaned over, looking through the passenger window at her husband. Their eyes met; **"Alan? Thank you for coming here with me."**

"I love you too. Go on. I'll promise to behave." Wake entered the diner, a little tentatively.

Slightly perturbed by the life-sized standee of himself staring back at him, Alan took a couple of steps forward, and was instantly greeted by a waitress in a deep crimson uniform.

Rose seemed genuinely happy to see him **[Fig 1.25]**, rather than reading from a prepared script with a plastered-on smile like the servers back East.

"Hi. I was wondering if you could help me. I'm looking for—" Wake's question was drowned out as Rose recognized him, letting out an excited yelp:

"Mr. Wake? Alan Wake? Oh God! I am your biggest fan! I know people say that all the time, but I really am!"

Wake managed to both furrow his brow and smile simultaneously. For a moment, he imagined being tied to a bed, and hobbled thanks to a sledgehammer to the ankles. He managed to stammer a response:

"I'm... glad to hear that..."

"Rose!" said Rose, finishing Wake's sentence for him. The name matched her uniform color, Wake thought.

"Rose. I'm looking for Mr. Stucky. Carl Stucky?"

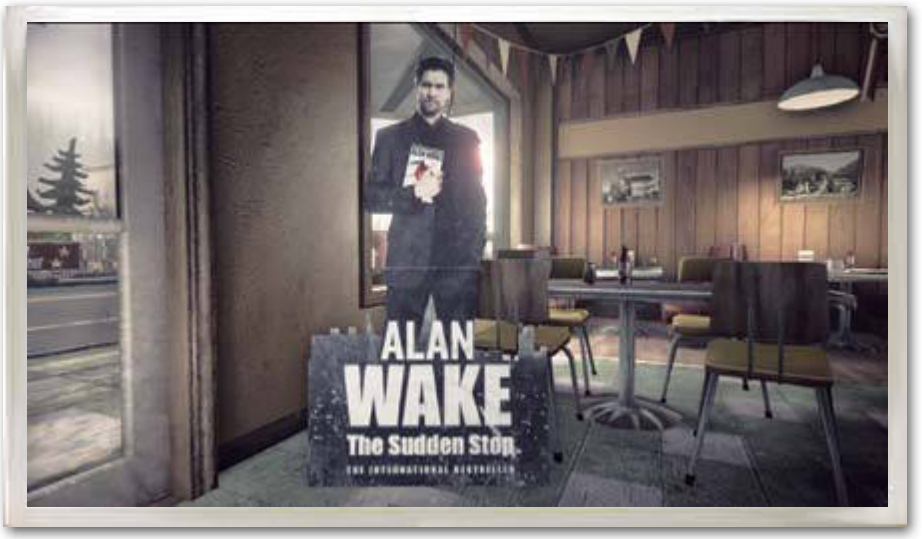
"Carl? Of course, Mr. Wake. He must have gone to visit the restroom. He'll be back in a moment."

Activity: Find Carl Stucky

Alan peered around the counter toward the restroom corridor where an odd older lady was standing, clutching an object. Perhaps it was one of those strange thermoses? Wake resolved to head there in a moment, just as soon as he'd placated his "biggest fan." He half-listened to Rose's excitable babbling as he scanned the diner interior:

"I can't believe it! I've got all your books!"

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Photolog: The International Bestseller. Pride of place -- until the owner visits, then he's hidden in the lady's restrooms -- was appropriated by Wake's biggest fan. Photo used by permission of Rose Marigold.

Alan nodded, noticing the way around the right side of the counter was blocked by a wedged dining trolley. It almost looked like the weird old gal peering down the restroom corridor was covering her back. He'd take the left route after fending off Rose. He turned and looked at the two-dimensional replica of himself.

"I got the cutout from the bookstore when they took it out of the window."

"And you keep it here? Well, okay. Good for you." At least his publisher's distribution marketing materials included out-of-the-way backwaters.

"Try the coffee," the park ranger sitting at the corner of the bar piped up: **"Just don't blame me when you fall in love, 'cause it'll break your heart when you have to leave."** The ranger gazed up at Rose, and quickly down at his paper. It looked like it wasn't the coffee that was keeping the ranger from his work.

"Rusty here is no longer human." Rose added; **"Nothing but black coffee under a thin layer of skin."**

"Yeah? That makes two of us."

Rose took this opportunity to press Alan for more information: **"Are you on your own or is your wife with you? I can show you the town if you want. I get off at six."** Perhaps a hobbling was inevitable. Wake barely hid an audible groan:

"Right. So much for a quiet vacation," he muttered under his breath before replying. **"Thanks, Rose. We'll be sure to keep that in mind."**



[Fig 1.26]

Passing the tables on the left side of the diner, Wake neared a couple of older bikers in the far corner, near the jukebox. As he approached, one of them—with only slightly more teeth than working eyes—leaned over and beckoned to him **[Fig 1.26]**. Wake couldn't determine whether the creaks he heard were this guy's leather jacket or his arthritic joints. Both men looked to be in their 70s or older, and dressed as if they'd just spent two months touring with Motörhead.

"Do me a favor, sonny. I could really use a tune right now. 'Coconut', number six in the jukebox." Wake stepped up to their table, as the geezer continued: **"I'd do it myself, but both of my legs have gone to sleep. Bad circulation. Yeah!"**

"Are you serious?" The other leather-clad septuagenarian blurted out, clad in a skull-cap and white beard. **"'Coconut,' again? You disgust me. Call yourself a rocker? Unbelievable. Hah!"**

The one-eyed biker unabashedly continued: **"You put the lime in the coconut, drink 'em both up!"**

"Just because we're brothers, don't think I won't murder you in your sleep." 'skullcap beard-guy' retorted. Wake decided to side with the 'one-eyed Harry Nilsson fan': **"Here goes."** Wake moved over to a jukebox almost as old as they were, and lightly tapped number six. **"Very *Reservoir Dogs* of you."**

Wake continued his way around the bar. He got two more steps forward until he heard the jukebox clicking.

"It does that, gets stuck. Yeah. You need to give it a good, solid whack." Alan approached the machine for a second time, and gave the right side a well-timed smack, as well as a series of taps, as instructed, while 'skullcap beard-guy' continued his mumbling rant:

"'Children of the Elder God,' now there's a song for you." The 7-inch record clicked into place, started to spin, and 'one-eyed dude' yelled **"Now that's what I'm talking about. Yes!"**

"This is it," his brother retorted, "I've died and gone to hell."

Alan smiled. He was thinking the same thing. He left the two maniacs to it, and moved past the locked kitchen, pausing at the notices, and examined a second kitchen trolley under the cork board. There was a familiar object on it: A Coffee Thermos.



[Fig 1.27]

Wake stepped over to the older woman **[Fig 1.27]**, who'd only let out a couple of small inadvertent whimpers until he took a step forward into the corridor.

"Don't go in there, young man. You can hurt yourself in the dark."

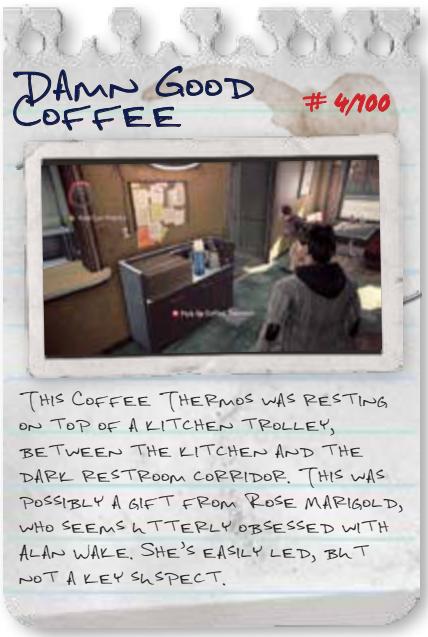
"Oh here we go," Alan thought. He turned and replied **"I think I can handle it, ma'am."** The woman might have had some credibility if she wasn't clasping an oil lantern to her chest like a newborn baby, or in her case, a favorite cat.

"I didn't want to wait. I wanted to find Stucky, to get the key and get out as soon as possible. The waitress was giving me a headache. Overeager fans always did."

Wake heard the lamp lady's voice falter. She seemed genuinely concerned, and continued to talk, mostly to herself.

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Photolog: A menu of tasty burgers, delicious cupcakes, and some amazing coffee. The Oh Deer Diner is arguably Bright Falls' biggest attraction. Image courtesy of Cheryl Johnson.



Photolog: An exciting, three-day festival held every September. This antique poster from 1970 hangs in the Oh Deer Diner. Picture courtesy of Cheryl Johnson.



Photolog: Before the dementia, the Old Gods (Tor and Odin) remembered their wild days, and hit single Children of the Elder God. Picture courtesy of Cheryl Johnson.

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[Fig 1.28]

Wake walked down the corridor, the light blinking off until he was in almost complete darkness. He could make out structural forms in the dark, annoyed that one of them wasn't a window blind he could open. He felt the metal fire exit door. It was locked. He tried the women's restroom. It was locked too. Wake figured he might need to mention that to Rose, what with all the coffee she was drinking. But where the hell was Stucky? He groped around in the gloom, reaching out to knock on the men's restroom door.

"Hello? Mr. Stucky?"

"Carl couldn't make it. Unfortunately, he was taken ill."

Wake turned quickly, almost leaping out of his sport coat. He was staring at a thin, older woman, wearing what seemed to be funeral attire **[Fig 1.28]**. She continued before he could say a word.

"But I have the key for you, and instructions on how to get to the lake."

"Okay," said Wake tentatively, watching a bony hand produce a jangling set of keys and a neat, folded up piece of paper.

"I wish you a good stay in my cabin. I'll come by later to check how you've settled in." Wake stood there, uneasily toying with the keys.

"And to meet your wife." The woman added.

"I insist."

"Thanks" Wake replied.

Activity: Leave the diner

The woman had a peculiar way about her, and not in the same way as the previous eccentrics he'd encountered. He gingerly stepped around her, looking for the front of the diner.

"Cauldron Lake is a special place, very inspiring." The woman remarked. **"I'm so happy this could be arranged."** Wake waited in the tense, dark silence, punctuated only by the intermittent buzzing of the fluorescent corridor lighting. There was an air of uneasy calm about this crone: **"You are not the first writer to stay in the cabin, you know."**

Who was this? Stucky's grandmother? He left the old woman in the dark and walked back toward the lamp lady.

"You got lucky this time, young man. You can hurt yourself in the dark." Wake stopped for a moment, turned around, and headed back to double-check where Stucky was. He hoped there hadn't been a misunderstanding. The old woman had vanished.

Wake sidestepped the lamp lady, trying to remember...what was it...? Nyctophobia; yes, that was it. She must have a fear of the dark; same as Alice. Or at least, fear of weird old crones bearing maps and keys. Sarah at the station? Possibly someone in the sheriff's department. He only needed to navigate two more sets of weirdos before escaping back into that sunlight Bright Falls wasn't famous for. The one-eyed reservoir dog had collapsed and was snoring heavily.

"Even that sounds better than your singing," his brother muttered.

"Are you alright?" Alan asked.

The other brother woke with a flourish of wheezing and spittle: **"Splendid, splendid! Yeah! Damn hernia! It swells up like a balloon if I lift anything heavier than a spoon. Yeah. Splendid, splendid. It's been a long time, Tom. Good to see you."**

It took a second for Alan to realize the old coot was talking to him **[Fig 1.29]**. The other brother looked at Alan quizzically.

"Hey, you wouldn't happen to have a bottle on you, would you, Tom?"

"I wish." Alan replied.

Either the brothers thought Wake was some crazy (and unknowing) incarnation of a past resident, or the two old coots were mad as brushes. The answer was quite obviously the latter, a hypothesis Ranger Rusty confirmed as Alan headed for the exit:

"The Andersons, they're er, local musicians. We're waiting for Doctor Hartman to come pick them up. They wandered off from his clinic at the Cauldron Lake Lodge."

This made more sense; an over-active imagination and Wake was starting to believe this place was full of oddballs. But this wasn't the case; all the oddballs had been rounded up, and locked away in the Cauldron Lake Lodge. He wondered why the lamp lady wasn't in there. Glad to be leaving, Alan spotted Alice pulling up outside. The hire car horn sounded. This was Wake's cue to leave. But Rusty continued:

"I'll be heading back to work as soon as Dr. Hartman gets here, Rose, but I'm not looking forward to the poison we have at the park cafe." Rusty took a slurping gulp of his brew, and let out a satisfied sigh as Rose beamed. **"Ah, now this is what coffee should taste like!"**

"Oh Rusty, that's so sweet. I'll swing by with a fresh cup later on." Were those two an item? Rusty sure looked sweet on the waitress, and seemed like a good-natured sort of a kid. Rose turned to Alan, and asked cheerfully:

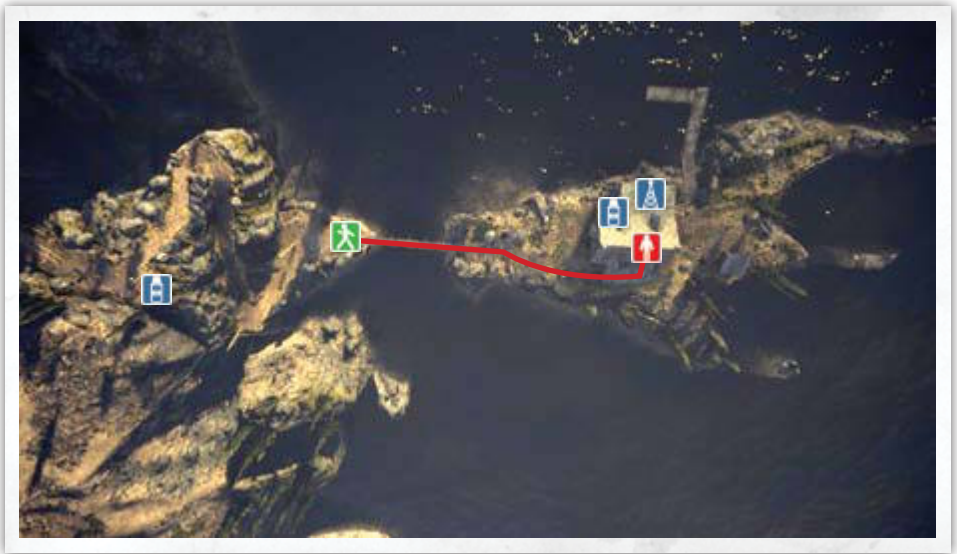
"Will you be staying in town for the Deerfest, Mister Wake?" This prompted a slightly inappropriate sing-song by the old coots at the back. Rose stifled a giggle. She waved goodbye to Wake as he neared the door. He could hear them talking again about how great the coffee was. Perhaps he'd have chance to taste it during his stay.



[Fig 1.29]

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Part 4: Cabin Fever



Bird Leg Cabin





[Fig 1.30]

Wake stepped into the passenger side of the SUV, and turned to Alice.

"Mission accomplished. The key, and the directions."

"My hero. I got some flashlights, just in case." The SUV left the Oh Deer Diner just as the door swung open, and a man in blue overalls staggered out **[Fig 1.30]**, shouting at Wake's vehicle:

"Hey, wait! Mrs. Wake? Your—your keys?"

Alice tuned in to KBF-FM, half-listening to Pat Maine spinning the discs, but her concentration was taken by the sheer beauty of the gorge they were crossing. While traversing an impressive steel bridge, Alan summed up his visit to the Oh Deer Diner.

"That diner was a real nuthouse."

Alice laughed (this was becoming a habit). **"Can you believe this place? This would make a wonderful setting for a book."**

That touched a nerve. Alan retorted: **"We're supposed to be on vacation, Alice. I'll figure it out when we get back home, okay?"**

"Okay," she replied, quickly trying to defuse the tension as she had dozens of times before; **"We can talk about this later."**

"I didn't want to talk about it. I wanted to bury my head in sand. Once upon a time, I was a successful writer, but that was a long time ago. I hadn't been able to write a word in two years—not since my last book."

The uncomfortable silence between Alan and Alice was permeated by Pat Maine's song choice, a Roy Orbison classic Alan vaguely recollected was called "In Dreams." Weirdly, he remembered snippets of the lyrics vividly: "In dreams you're mine all of the time, together in dreams. But just before the dawn, I awake and find you gone." Pat Maine crackled in over the radio again:

"And now the weather. It's going to be a clear night, so you folks from the big city might want to look up every once in a while, see those stars winking down at you. It gets pretty dark out here, but they'll light your way."

Alice parked the SUV at an overlook, and they both descended a rocky path to a ramshackle sign that read "Diver's Isle." The place was incredible: From the refracting light of the coming sunset in the distant haze to the lapping ripples of dark water, the place had an ethereal, almost magical quality to it.

Wake couldn't stand around enjoying the view forever, though. **"Alice had a phobia, the fear of darkness. I wanted to make sure we were inside with the lights on before sunset."**

"Are you sure you read the directions right?" Alice inquired: **"It's nothing like in the brochure. It said near the lake, not on it."** They both stared at the rustic cabin on the small, craggy rock **[Fig 1.31]**. She quickly added; **"Don't get me wrong, this is** *so much* **better. It's wonderful! Our own private island."**

Activity: Go to the cabin



[Fig 1.31]

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Photolog: An archival photograph of Diver's Isle, dating back to the mid-1960s. From the collection of Cynthia Weaver.



[Fig 1.32]

Alan left Alice standing at the entrance to the rickety bridge connecting the island to the mainland, and walked back up the zigzag path, following the haphazard fence, pausing again halfway up to look at the view, and take in Diver's Isle. Passing dense bushes dotted along the path, he finally reached the SUV they'd just left, parked at the foot of Mirror Peak. He didn't need anything from the vehicle; he just wanted to gaze out at Cauldron Lake again, in all its majestic ruggedness. At the rusting "Private. No trespassing" sign, he found the remains of an old deck, a Coffee Thermos, and the vista he was searching for **[Fig 1.32]**. He stopped, and focused on the view.

"The cabin obviously got its name from the shape of the island. It looked like a giant bird leg. Alice had mentioned that the lake was a caldera. There was a dormant volcano under it."



[Fig 1.33]

Wake returned to Alice, and started to cross the bridge. Alan took his time, but still managed to scare a raven off its perch. Another flapped away as he continued to cross, and he startled a whole gaggle of them...or was it a murder of crows? Whatever they were, the black birds took flight from the island's rocks and dead tree perches. The final avian inhabitant took off as Wake closed in on the Bird Leg Cabin sign **[Fig 1.33]**. Alice was following him, lugging that red bag of hers.

The sun was getting low in the sky; the cabin's shadow cast Alan in its gloom as he inspected the wooden front deck. This place had a real rustic charm and looked old; the wood had faded to gray, but the structure was holding up remarkably well.



[Fig 1.34]

Wake realized he could open the porch door, or spend the last moments of daylight taking in the caldera from the back garden. A crow lazily flapped off its porch perch as Alan moved around the side of the cabin. He passed the locked cellar doors, reaching an imposing fence that blocked his way to the shoreline porch and pier. Instead, he continued his inadvertent raven-scaring, pausing with particular interest at the tree stump the bird was sitting on. A carved love heart with "T + B" was visible **[Fig 1.34]**, although this looked more like a gravestone than a record of past romance. Still, Alan strove to see the positives:

"The island had once been the site for a love story. Maybe it would be that again."

A small wave of melancholy swept over Alan as he moved through the overgrown garden, to **a small shed** complete with a variety of equipment Wake wasn't even sure they sold any more. He counted five ravens refusing to move from the shed room until Alan closed in on the structure. None of the implements or the old generator was working. He could have activated the generator, which looked like it ran the electricity for the cabin. But he refrained; deciding to see the interior of the cabin in the gloom, first.



[Fig 1.35]

The last rays of the sun danced on the lake water as Wake reached the northern end of Diver's Isle. He focused his gaze across to the far mountains **[Fig 1.35]**, and spotted the only other building in the vicinity. It seemed Doctor Hartman's clinic was an impressive structure caught between two peaks:

"Alice had told me about Cauldron Lake Lodge. The old building used to be a hotel, but these days it was no longer open to the public."

Alice? Right. She was probably getting a little antsy as twilight crept over the lake, so Wake returned to the porch. Alice was waiting patiently with her red bag, but he sensed that she'd prefer to get inside before it got much darker.

Wake stepped up to the door, and inserted the key. He had to rattle the lock for a moment before gaining entrance to the place. Wake gazed around the well-kept little cabin, full of furniture, but with its secrets cast in deep shadow. He could hear Alice behind him:

"It's dark in there. We need lights. Can you figure out how to get the power on, honey?"

Activity: Get the power on

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[Fig 1.36]

The power could wait. First, he wanted to check each room thoroughly: for unwanted visitors, mainly. Wake shone his flashlight around the living room **[Fig 1.36]**. This place hadn't been updated since the 1960s, but it was still in surprisingly good condition, like a museum full of artifacts from 40 years ago. Wake paused at a rocking horse by the window; the toy's paint was worn, but it seemed sturdy enough. A log fireplace housed wood, and an old lantern on the mantle, above which a large bass was proudly displayed. Alan checked out a particularly fine example of a grandfather clock, before moving to the far corner of the living area, near a rustic but well-carved rocking chair. On a side cabinet, Stucky (or that weird old lady) must have laid out some light reading for the pair of them. He examined a small, cardboard container on the top of the cabinet:

"A shoebox filled with books by Thomas Zane sat on the shelf. I had never heard of him before."

Wake thumbed through the titles: *Kept from Sleep. In Her Dreams to Prevail. The Labyrinth of Me. The Temple of Shadow and Mist.* This was strange; Alan had read voraciously as a kid, and knew almost every horror writer and suspense novelist from Hope Hodgson to Koontz. Perhaps the guy was a local author, and had kept to this area. Wake moved into the kitchen, figuring he'd check this area, then the door leading to the lakeside porch, before heading upstairs.

The doors at the bottom of the stairs were locked. Probably a good thing; cabin basements contained all manner of critters he didn't want to meet face to face. He passed an impressive wall phone from the 1940s, clad in oak and (he guessed) hand-cranked; Barry would have conniptions at the lack of WiFi in this place; Stucky certainly went all-out with an authentic "lost cabin" chic. Wandering into what could only be described as a "rudimentary" kitchen, Wake passed a wood-burning hob, inspected a metal bucket (which he hoped didn't double as a primitive toilet), before finally spotting something actually from the late 20th century on the side counter. Another Coffee Thermos.



[Fig 1.37]

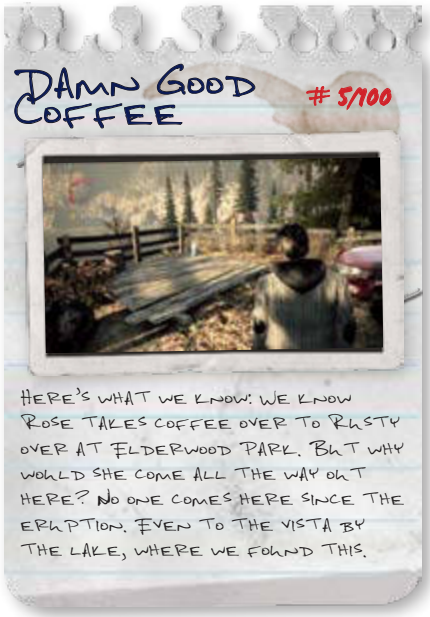


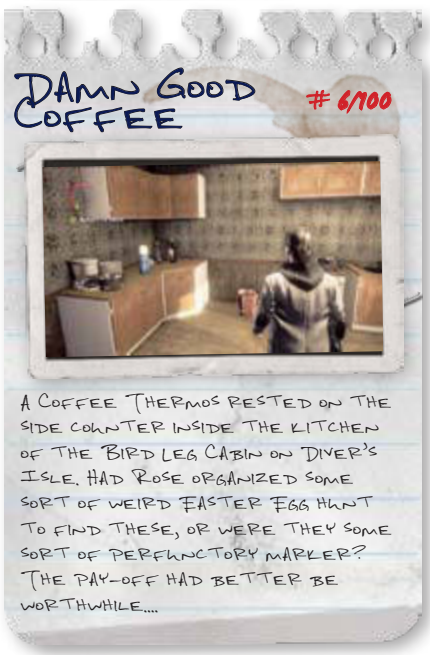
[Fig 1.38]

Wake decided to head upstairs. The stairs seemed sturdy and didn't creak. At the tiny landing, a deer's head peered down with cold, dead eyes. He turned left, and opened the door. It led into a study **[Fig 1.37]** that felt bizarrely familiar. The stuffed owl. The two circular windows. It was as if he'd been here before. Then something came forward from the back of his mind to terrify him:

"For a moment, the oppressive feel of the nightmare I had seen on the ferry returned." Wake was left gasping for breath and clutching his face. He'd seen something in his mind's eye. A presence. Something hiding in the skin of a human. He timidly scanned the room, hoping to find something safe, something he could latch onto. On the bookcase was a small picture. He examined it; a black-and-white photograph of a man in heavy diving gear, standing on the jetty outside the cabin. At least he now knew why it was called Diver's Isle. He cast his mind back to that initial nightmare. Had he seen this strange figure there, too? He felt an odd compulsion to leave—now, while he had the chance.

He stepped across the tiny hallway, and into the main bedroom. The room was dressed in a coat of antiquity **[Fig 1.38]**; there was no flat-pack furniture or polyester fabrics here. An odd painting of a raven's head caught Wake's eye. Across the room on the wall by the window, Wake spied a calender. It was from July 1970.





Wake had spent enough time stumbling around inside the cabin on his own, he needed to get Alice in safely, so he returned to the front porch, investigating the rear of the property a little more thoroughly. Looking up, he noticed an electrical line running from the corner of the porch to an electrical pole in the garden. Passing the large tree stump with an axe embedded in it, he checked the pole. No switch there; but the line continued into the dilapidated shed. He pushed the shed door open, and examined the interior of this shack.

"An old generator had been connected to the power cable."

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Photolog: An Old Shoebox. Once in the possession of Cynthia Weaver, this has some light reading for the tourist taking an extended stay on the island.



Photolog: Tom the Diver. Zane was a keen diver, as this blurred old photograph attests to. Found in the upstairs Cabin office.



Photolog: 40 Years Out of Date. A calendar, dating back to 1970. An odd piece of bedroom decoration.



[Fig 1.39]

Peering at the starter motor, it appeared to share some of the basic nuts and bolts with his old lawn-mower he had back when he was living upstate among the Catskills; including a starter cord. Technical words like "flywheel" and "crank shaft" sprang to mind, but he didn't have a clue what these meant or how the generator worked; he simply surmised that pulling the cord would start it. After three well-timed pulls—and a small puff of black smoke—the machine rattled into life **[Fig.1.39]**, chugging away merrily. "**Let there be light**" Wake whispered to himself as he stepped out of the shed. He could hear Alice in the distance:

"The lights are on! Good work, honey! I'll freshen up a bit and start settling in!"

Wake watched the remains of the day fade as the sun sank behind a distant peak. **"It was a beautiful place. I told myself I could rest here—sleep here—and forget about my work."** Wake turned and saw Alice blow him a kiss from the cabin window. **"I thought we could be happy here."**

Activity: Return to Alice



[Fig 1.40]

In the deep twilight, mist was forming on the lake. Alan turned to the cabin; light was spilling out of the window, illuminating the interior of the building, as well as the clumps of marsh grasses at the foot of the structure. Alan moved back onto the porch, and opened the door, stepping into the cabin again.

"Alice? Honey?"

"Alan! I'm upstairs! I have a surprise for you!"

That sounded intriguing. Wake moved through the living room, now bathed in a slightly misty glow of light. The one place he hadn't checked yet was the open door opposite. One more look at Cauldron Lake was called for; he was drawn to the place **[Fig 1.40]**. Stepping out onto the lakeside porch, Alan brushed past the rust-brown wind chimes dangling from the porch overhang, and a couple of crows on the safety fence, before gazing out at the fading light in an almost trance-like state. On the floor of the porch, Wake noticed a radio placed on the deck, as if positioned there for him to easily find. Curious, he reached out to the blinking green light, to **turn the radio on**. It was tuned to KBF-FM, and Pat had stopped playing records, and was in the middle of a homely chat:

Fantastic. Now the whole of hicksville knew he was in town; this wasn't the anonymous retreat Alice had promised. J. D. Salinger and Hunter S. Thompson had managed it for years; why couldn't he? Wake found the jetty steps built into the island, and stomped down them, scaring another black bird before reaching a small, L-shaped jetty. He moved to the corner of the jetty, and calmed himself by focusing on the lake.

"The water was black. I couldn't help but imagine all sorts of horrors lurking in the depths below."

Alan made it all the way to the edge of the jetty, and gazed around, taking in the snowy spire of Mirror Peak to the south **[Fig 1.41]**. That mountain could be a good anchor point if there were any hiking plans in his future. Eventually, he headed back up the jetty steps to the cabin. Back inside, Wake moved to the wooden staircase. He could hear Alice faintly above him:

"Alan! Come here, slowpoke. I'm waiting."



[Fig 1.42]

Heading up to the small landing atop the stairs again, Alan saw Alice's jeans draped over the bannister. That was a good sign. The door to the bedroom on the right was open. Alice was inside, sitting on the side of the bed, wearing next to nothing.



[Fig 1.41]

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"Well. Hello there!" Wake exclaimed. Alice smiled: **"I'm not the surprise. It's in the study. Go take a look."**

Activity: Go to the study

Passing the stuffed deer head, Alan opened the door on the left **[Fig 1.42]** and entered the study. On the desk was a typewriter. His typewriter. At least he knew why that red bag was so damn heavy.

"Surprise!" Alice tiptoed in behind him.

"Alice? What is this?" Alan started to feel a rage build slowly up inside him as he leaned over the desk, gazing not at, but through the typewriter.

"I guess I have a small confession to make. I thought maybe you could write here, that a change of scenery would get you past—"

"Damn it, Alice." Wake turned round to confront her: **"You—everyone keeps—"**

"Hey, hey, hey, just hear me out." Alice tried her best to keep her husband calm as she continued: **"There's a local doctor, Doctor Hartman, I read a book of his. He has a private clinic here. He specializes in helping artists. Maybe—"**

An angry and dismissive hand wave cut her off. Alan's hackles were up. Alan was about to yell. Again. **"So now you want to get me committed?"**

Alice tried to explain, but their argument was interrupted by a bang. The lights went out.

"Alan? Alan!" Alice got agitated real quick.

At the same time, Wake thought he saw something on his right side, out of the corner of his eye. Something odd. A face? It appeared the moment he'd heard the noise. The lights flickered back on. Good; he could finish the argument:

"Don't! Just don't. I don't wanna hear it. God damn it, Alice. God damn it!" Wake stormed out of the cabin, leaving Alice inside.

"I knew she wouldn't follow me in the dark. I needed some time alone to think things through." Alan's petulant walk continued all the way to the Diver's Isle bridge, where the gaps between the uneven planks below caused him to trip. He fell to his knees before slowly picking himself up, and finding the flashlight Alice had given him. He clicked it on, realizing a night-time stumble or a sprained ankle wasn't the best way to continue this vacation. Resting on the bridge railing to catch his breath, Alan almost didn't notice the lights behind the two porthole windows blink out.

"Alan?" he heard Alice shout.

"Alice?" he instinctively replied.

"Alan!" This was a shriek. A terrified yell.

"Alice!"

"Alan, no! No!" That last scream of Alice's was gut-wrenching, and seemed to get cut off. Strangled.

Activity: Get to Alice



[Fig 1.43]

"Alice!" Alan's adrenaline was coursing through him like a coffee embolism. **"The cabin had gone dark. All the lights were out."** Wake could just make out Alice's voice in the distance.

"Alan! Alan! Where are you! Help!" Wake began to run back across the rickety bridge to Diver's Isle.

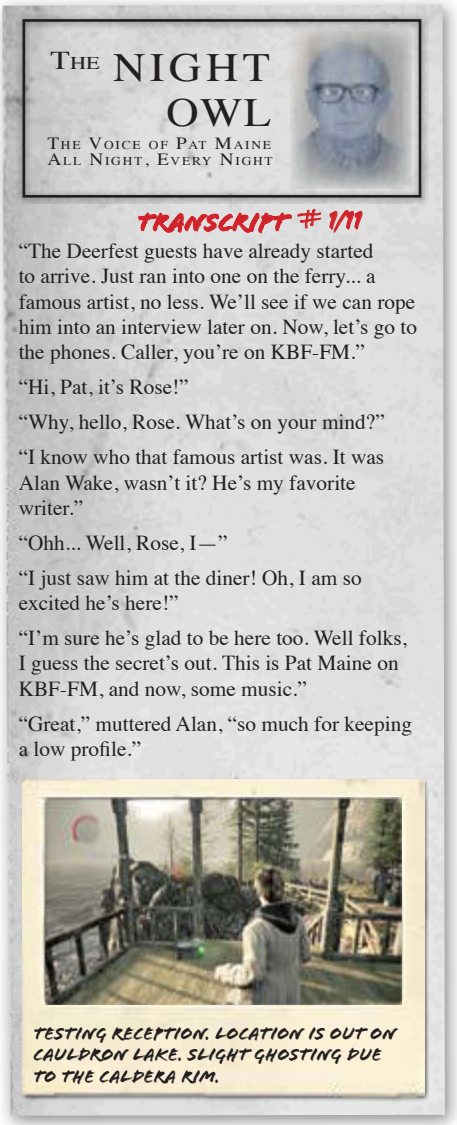
Passing between a pointed rock and thicket, Wake saw a strange dark form congealing in the air. It took a second to realize this was a small flock of ravens, swooping down on him in a blurred mass **[Fig 1.43]**. He didn't have time to aim the flashlight and ward them off. They caught him; talons digging into his shoulder and coat. "The unkindness of ravens." Alan muttered, shocked by the attack, not realizing what he'd said. Alice's screaming continued while Alan Sprinted to the darkened porch. He burst through the door.

"Stay away from me!"

"Alice?"

A massive crash was heard over Alice's cries, followed by a distant splash. The door to the lakeside porch was open. The shaking flashlight beam illuminated a gap in the railing. Wake raced to the edge, and peered over, into the depths of Cauldron Lake.

A limp body was slowly sinking out of view, becoming blurred and out-of-focus as the deep, cold lake water enclosed it, dragging it down. **"Oh no!"** Alan sputtered before diving head-first into the lake.





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Chapter 1C: Waking up to a Nightmare

Part 5: The Fleeing Amnesiac



Activity: Reach the gas station

"Waking up in the crashed car felt like I had woken from one nightmare and entered another. I couldn't remember how I got there. All I knew was that something terrible had happened to Alice. The phone was dead. I'd have to find help on foot."



[Fig 1.44]

Staggering away from the SUV, which was now perched precariously above a fissure, after crashing through a cliff drop barrier, Wake only fully realized how close to death he'd come when he surveyed the area. Up above, the clifftop road wasn't accessible without crampons, and he'd hit a sign for Stucky's gas before coming off the tarmac. His head ached. Where was the lake? Where the hell was Alice? Where the hell was he?! Amazed that he'd survived the crash without more serious wounds—aside from a loss of time and memory, he had a gash close to his right temple—he realized a single fir tree had stopped his vehicle careening down the fissure. Wake moved around to examine the vehicle's trunk **[Fig 1.44]**. No scattered copies of his bestseller this time, although he did find a work from another author:

"Among Alice's things was a book, *The Creator's Dilemma,* **by Dr. Emil Hartman. The blurb on the back cover said that Hartman specialized in helping artists with creative problems at his clinic. Seeing the book brought back my fight with Alice. I didn't like it, and I didn't like the guy's smug face on the cover either."**

Wholly unprepared for a night-time hike, Wake left the teetering SUV and carefully walked down a rocky path to the right, only just missing a crackling electrical cable hanging down from a power-line he must have hit during the crash. Continuing, he peered through the gloom at some lights in the distance.

"The gas station was my best bet. They'd have a phone I could use. It looked like a long hike through the forest to get there."

He looked across the valley, encased in a shroud of mist, then up through the higher clouds the moon was hiding behind, to the thousands of stars above. The view was breathtaking, but Wake wasn't in the mood for moon-gazing. He moved along the path as it began drop down the hill he was stuck on, and watched in dumb helplessness as the tree anchoring his vehicle gave way, sending it tumbling into a ravine below **[Fig 1.45]**. **"Damn,"** he murmured, staying away from the edge as he heard splintering glass and scraping metal; he didn't want to follow it.

Instead, he walked along the rough path. Startling another bird of indistinguishable genus, Wake crept along, listening to the faint forest calls of unseen animals, and pausing every so often to look around, pushing a wave of panic down into the pit of his stomach. Rounding the next corner, he slowed down as an odd, and extremely bright light appeared and gradually expanded farther up the path, behind a rocky outcrop.

"Hello?" Wake managed to stammer as he edged closer. "Hello? Is someone there?"



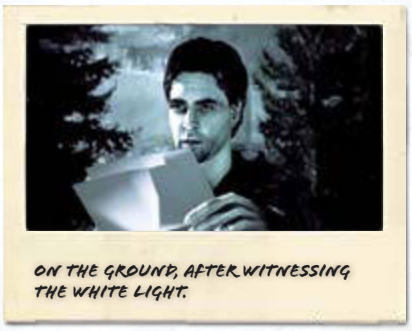
[Fig 1.45]

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Departure. # 1/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Title Page of the Manuscript



ON THE GROUND, AFTER WITNESSING THE WHITE LIGHT.

Departure. # 2/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Attacked by a Shadowy Murderer

The man turned to face me. His face was covered in shadows, it was hard to make him out in the darkness of the forest that surrounded us. But the axe he lifted was plain to see. It glistened with the blood of his victim.

He grinned madly. The shadows were alive, distorting his features.

It was a scene from a nightmare, but I was awake.



ON THE GROUND, AFTER WITNESSING THE WHITE LIGHT.

BRIGHT FALLS SHERIFF DEPT.

SUSPECT EVALUATION

NARRATIVE

CONFIDENTIAL

__OFFICER'S REPORT ONLY

ARR/JUV CON.

__CRIME

CF S#2007-134

Page 1 of 2 DR 07-6022DSJH

CODE SECTION AND DESCRIPTION	DATE	TIME
Possible 510 or 595, Runaway car.	9/09	7:06
LOCATION OF INCIDENT (OR ADDRESS)		
Black River Curves, Highway 442		
PERSONS INVOLVED	SUSPECT	PROPERTY TAG
Alan Wake	Alice Wake	AW1-DED
REPORTING OFFICER	APPROVED BY	
Thornton	Breaker	

ORIGIN: The 9-1-1 distress call originated with Miss Janet Troup of 1512 Black Creek Road, who reported portions of the highway safety barrier was missing, on her journey back from church.



INVESTIGATION: Officers responded to the call on patrol route 15 after stopping at Stucky's Garage down on Highway 91A. Sheriff Breaker reported picking up a man in a "confused and bewildered" state at the garage, earlier that night. No sign of Carl Stucky, owner of the garage. Deputy Mulligan noticed the Stucky advertisement was dislodged, and decided to investigate. Once at crash site, officers noted damage to sign, electrical pole, and around 20-25 feet of clifftop barrier. Works department was then notified and photograph taken (Exhibit 1A). Request for heavy crane made when it was noticed a vehicle matching suspect "A Wake" vehicle had fallen into a small crevasse. No other vehicles seem to have been involved. Larsen arrived at 8:15 a.m. to remove the vehicle. Occupant appears to have left vehicle before it rolled into

ARJIS-9A (REV 01-98)

CONTINUED_

Photolog: A wrong turn: A portion of the police report, regarding a vehicle accident out on Highway 442. The vehicle was rented to one "Alice Wake, New York City." Most information has been redacted.



Photolog: The Biltmore Estate. A fur-trapper, turned logging magnate, Hubert Biltmore's family has been logging this land since 1910. This is the first of three camps around the Black River.

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[Fig 1.46]

The strange light **[Fig 1.46]** started to fade, and a confused Wake couldn't see the precise location of where the light was coming from. Something else caught his eye; something fluttered down and landed at his feet. He stooped to examine it:

"The loose sheets of paper were pages from a manuscript entitled *Departure*. That was the name I'd planned to use for the next novel I'd never gotten started. I was named the author. I hadn't written it. I couldn't remember writing it. In the scene on the page, the hero was attacked by an axe murderer in the woods at night."

This was a dream, a nervous breakdown, or something much...worse. He'd picked up two Manuscript Pages, and spent a moment reading the title page and page from the story. They made riveting, and very unnerving reading:



[Fig 1.47]

Pocketing the papers, Wake continued onward, using his internal sense of direction to guide him in the rough direction of the gas station. Passing under a fallen tree, he heard a hooting owl, but was more concerned with the invisible *things* he could hear in the night. The path continued around to the right. He thought he saw movement—a shape—in the distance **[Fig 1.47]**. He let out a yell:

"Anybody there? Please, I've been in an accident!"

Only the moon heard him. The scenery became more rugged as Alan was offered a spectacular view of Elderwood National Park. He walked along the path, stepping between pockets of swaying wild grasses. As the cliff wall to his left retreated, he spotted a small glowing light in the distance. He paused on the narrow cliff path to get a better focus:

Departure. # 13/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Rose Is a Fan

Barry took another sip of the heavenly coffee. He grinned at Rose. Surely, this was love. Rose gushed on, breathlessly: "The new one will be a masterpiece, I know it! You must tell him not to listen to the trolls in the forums saying *Departure* will never get finished. He should take his time and make it perfect. I can wait."



ON A DEAD LOG, JUST OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER OF THE FIRST BILTMORE LOGGING CAMP.

"The lights up ahead were a good sign. Maybe I wouldn't have to hike all the way down to the gas station to find a phone."

Activity: Find help



[Fig 1.48]

The light came from a single level wood cabin. It looked like a foreman's site office and as he peered closer, he saw piles of logs. This must be a timber yard; perhaps he could find help. The track snaked down toward the yard **[Fig 1.48]**, giving Alan a good view of a metal crane, and hundreds of packed and stacked logs. He passed a sign cautioning him of a "hazardous environment" on his way to the perimeter fence of the Biltmore Logging Company. **Stepping over an empty crate, Wake spotted a Manuscript Page lying on a decaying log. This Nightmare was imbuing him with more information than he'd previously thought.**

A couple of plastic bottles and a wooden crate weren't going to get Wake rescued, so he concluded his investigation of the outer perimeter, and carefully stepped onto the trunk of a fallen tree that had landed on the fence, bending it just enough to trespass into the timber yard **[Fig 1.49]**. The pincer of the crane hung menacingly above him. He dropped down, landing heavily. As he got up, he heard a crashing noise to his left. He walked toward the log stacks with two green barrels near them, calling out for assistance:

"Hey! Hey, you! There's been an accident. I need help." Alan slowed as he spotted a figure in blue overalls stooping over the body of a timber workman.

"Premium cabins for rent in Bright Falls!" The man's voice was a jolting snarl with an eldritch, inhuman cadence, and lingering on the wrong syllables. But Wake wasn't concerned about speech patterns; an axe was protruding out of the workman's corpse.

"Oh, hell."

The snarling man turned around, his face contorted: **"Carl Stucky. Pleased to meet you. Premium cabins. Non-refundable reservation deposit required. Fair and square."** Reciting subconscious memories while brandishing an axe, the possessed form of Carl Stucky grasped the axe with both hands. The shadows began to dance.



[Fig 1.49]

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Part 6: Carl Stucky Is Taken

Alan quickly inspected the body of the workman. Blood was oozing out of a deep axe wound; there was no hope for him, and little hope for Wake if he loitered here. Stucky was prowling the log pallets as the shadows started to accelerate across the ground. Perhaps the head wound was causing this hallucination? Or perhaps the wind?

No matter; Stucky had started his welcome recital again; Wake needed to get as far away from that voice as possible.



[Fig 1.50]

Edging forward, Wake moved methodically between the pallets. Around the log-carrying vehicle was a small, open area. Parked near a gate was a pickup truck, seemingly abandoned. This wasn't an exit, but on the ground behind the pickup, Wake spotted a Coffee Thermos. Back in the small pallet maze, Wake spotted a green barrel, and then something resting at the base of a pallet pile around the corner. Another Manuscript Page from *Departure*. Wake was beginning to accept these odd collectible items as normal; a fact that troubled him much more than his initial shock at seeing his typed-up work in the woods. Wake walked into a small dip, and straight into a fiendish attack that almost killed him **[Fig 1.50]**.



[Fig 1.51]

Stucky had removed one of the pins holding a nearby log pile together, and a dozen trunk sections fell and rolled down the verge. Alan jumped back just in time; a moment later, and he'd have been badly wounded by the tree avalanche. But now he knew Stucky was stalking him, skulking along the top of the log piles. Heading down the trench between two large fir tree graveyards, Wake saw something jump across above him. It was Stucky, shadows bleeding off his hunched form. Wake rounded the corner, and spotted the light shining from the foreman's office.

"Out in the open, I was as good as dead. The office looked like my best bet. I could lock myself in."

"You lose the deposit!" Stucky was standing on a pallet above him, slowly chanting his welcome mantra, and raising his axe.

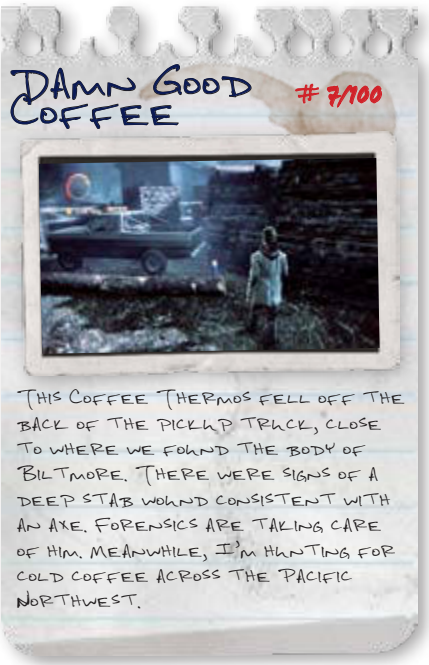
Wake started toward the open door with the light flooding from it. Stucky dropped to the ground behind him, and swung his implement like a demented lumberjack **[Fig 1.51]**. Wake dodged Stucky's next swing. Time slowed as the axe missed his scalp by inches. This wasn't a fair fight. Flight was his only option. He dashed up the steps, and through the office door.

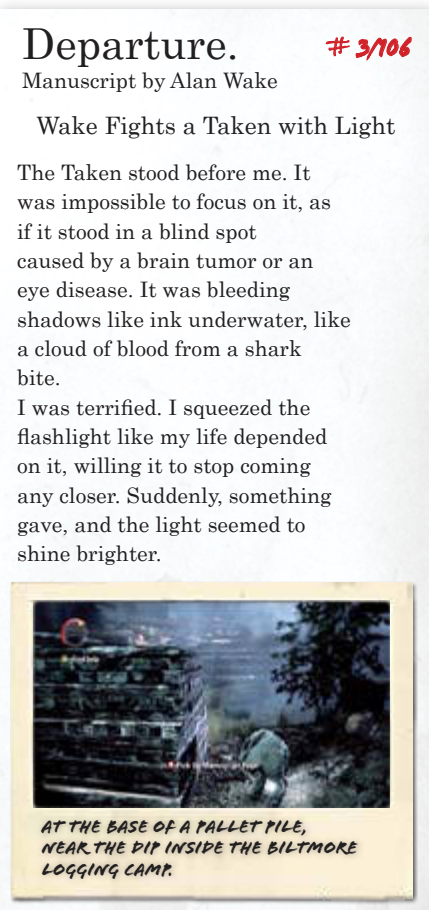
Activity: Call for help



[Fig 1.52]

Wake slammed the door, and stood against the adjacent wall, panting: **"I had to figure a way out of this. Any second now and Stucky would be knocking on the door with his axe like Nicholson in *The Shining*."** Alan glanced at a shelf and got lucky; he grabbed a flashlight and revolver. Twelve shots. Some batteries. At least he had a chance. No, wait. Make that 24 shots and more batteries; thank God the foreman had kept a well-stocked office.





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The maniac would be upon him at any moment. The door at the opposite end was locked, but he spotted the office phone on the table **[Fig 1.52]**. He stabbed at the automatic dial for the cops.

"Bright Falls Sheriff's Station, how may I—"



[Fig 1.53]

The line went dead. Wake glanced out of the window. Stucky really did mean business; he'd electrocuted himself plowing a timber bulldozer into the power lines, which lay sparking, the discharge filling Wake's nostrils with an acrid burning stench. Stucky wasn't finished; he started the bulldozer, and accelerated forward, charging the timber office. Wake thought he spotted a shadow fleeing the camp. Seconds later, the machine struck the building, pushing it off its foundations with an almighty crack, as shelving flew everywhere. Staggered, Wake watched with horror as the building lurched up and pitched around, like a rapidly sinking ship **[Fig 1.53]**.



[Fig 1.54]

It took a second, but Wake remembered this office was on a cliff edge, and Stucky was hoping to send them both to hell. Panicking, Alan saw the exit door open. Fighting an uphill floor, Wake dodged clattering canisters and struggled to finally extricate himself from the building. The office wavered on the cliff before the grinding and scraping sounds reached a crescendo, and the structure plummeted off into the pine barrens below **[Fig 1.54]**.

"The bulldozer had gone over the cliff with the office. I hoped Stucky had suffered the same fate, but I wasn't planning on staying to find out."

Activity: Reach the gas station (again)



Photolog: A wonderfully evocative photograph, taken (and used by permission of) Doc Nelson, showing the logging camp along the Black River trail, currently closed after the recent mishaps.

Wake looked around for a means of escape. The electrical poles were still live, but an open gate provided a way out. He stepped through into a logging track with parked trucks, and a pallet storage bay. Wake saw encroaching forms scuttling out of the shadows, but still—somehow—shrouded by darkness as well.



[Fig 1.55]

One of the forms dashed forward, armed with a cant hook for rolling and positioning logs **[Fig 1.55]**. This possessed madman had another use for the implement: for skewering and ripping Wake's flesh. Wake trained his flashlight on the form, burning off the darkness buried within the being, and boosting the flashlight to quicken the process. He aimed for the head so once the black cloud was banished, he could easily draw his revolver, and—much as it grieved him to—take aim. The fiend glowed and staggered back. Wake fired again, and the possessed worker exploded in a flash of sparks and light shards.

The threatening forces of darkness continued to prowl around Wake. Looking right, Wake spotted a work light, and quickly flicked on the power. A cone of light tore through an advancing foe, stripping it of its dark protection, allowing Wake to take careful aim and dispatch another. Then, the work light spluttered as the battery failed. Wake needed to return to the floodlight to activate it again. But the machine did its job; Wake removed the last of the surface shadow from his final adversary, and then cut him down with revolver fire.

"My head pounded with the concussion. I'd never fired a gun outside a shooting range. And now I'd just killed someone, or something. There were no bodies—they'd just disappeared. If I was dreaming, it felt real enough to make me sick."

It took a moment for Wake to realize what he'd just done. Committing mass murder against disappearing corpses possessed by darkness? This was the moment logical thought finally gave up and died inside him. The authorities would try the "restraint of the mentally ill" act if he explained what he'd just done. So he carried on. Perhaps the concussion was responsible.... Whatever the problems, if he was to encounter any more dark phantoms, he'd need more bullets; he reloaded his revolver and scavenged the area for ammunition. He found more bullets on a barrel close to the floodlight.

Then his flashlight glanced over a pallet and he saw the arrow.



[Fig 1.56]

This was odd. He moved the light from right to left along the pallets and support posts of the storage bay. The light played off the metal roof and wooden columns and he spotted another arrow, and some daubed splashes of

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paint. He swung the light to the left, onto the huge tree trunks already loaded onto the parked timber truck **[Fig 1.56]**. The arrows were pointing to the rear of the vehicle. Wake shone his flashlight at the gate, then a small boulder to the right. Another arrow. Wake sidestepped to the rear of the building, half-expecting an ambush. Instead, his light illuminated a weird symbol; a medieval torch in a rough circle:

"Eerie hand-painted graffiti was revealed by my flashlight. Someone had hidden a Chest of supplies near it."

Wake quickly unlocked the Chest, scrabbling around for a flare gun and some ammunition. He now had two modes of foe disposal, but he kept the flare gun in his other pocket for now; it had too few ammunition shells to keep it in constant use.



[Fig 1.57]

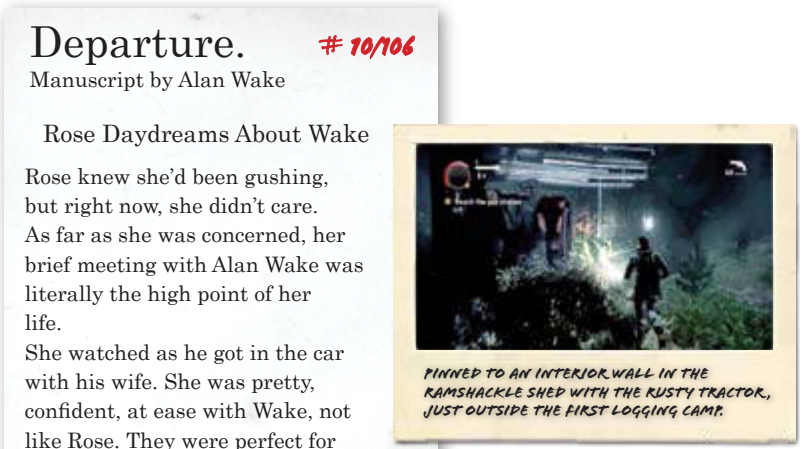
The gate near the truck and hidden Chest proved immovable, and heading directly away from the gas station was pointless, so Wake navigated round to the twisted sparking metal of the yard gate, skewered by a hewn pole. It was electrified, and needed to be shut down. Turning to look into the storage bay again, Wake spotted a breaker box with a glowing green light. Passing by a table with a chainsaw (unfortunately out of fuel), Wake quickly examined the terminal. He wasn't a qualified electrician, but he knew a bit of gentle persuasion was necessary, and promptly gave the breaker box a good kicking. The sparking at the gate subsided, and Wake clambered out of the doomed timber yard **[Fig 1.57]**, and onto a rough trail through the pine barrens.

"The dark forest was the last place I wanted to go, but I had no choice. I had to get to the gas station."



[Fig 1.58]





Wake moved forward, following a trail of muck and stone toward a flickering light. He remembered that crazy dream—which was nothing compared to this living nightmare—and what he'd been told about staying in the light. As he moved toward the pole, he realized it was an electrical pole, with a flashing, charged cable dangling from it. He needed to give this a wide berth, or face a severe shock.

Near the excavating machine parked close by, another foul shade loomed out to attack. With his revolver in hand, Wake singed the dark armor from this foe with his flashlight **[Fig 1.58]**. Before he could fire, there was a mighty flash. The entity vanished. It took Wake a moment to realize he'd forced this foe back and into the sparkling cable, vaporizing it instantly. This was a trick he could employ in the future. He stopped, and gazed nervously at the excavating machine. He didn't need another close call with timber equipment. On the fence to the right of the pole was an emergency box. He pulled the door open, and scavenged as many bullets and batteries as he could carry.

The rough path continued down the slope to his right, but Wake thought he might as well check the copse of trees that loomed above him. After a short trek, he spied a shed. It was almost in ruins, but was somehow in better shape than the rusting old farm tractor parked inside, which was the color of dead bracken. This long-abandoned hut had a hidden prize though: A Manuscript Page pinned to one of the interior boards.



[Fig 1.59]

A brief exploration farther along the logging road revealed an impassable fallen tree. Descending back into the dangling cable—a different kind of light that could harm him if he touched it—Wake stepped over the gap in the fence, and moved down onto a rocky valley edge. A few steps down the slope, Wake heard a massive booming sound, followed by a screech and some wailing noises that echoed around the valley.

"What the hell was that?"

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Was Alan Wake descending into auditory madness as well? The boom could have come from the military base he'd heard about, and as for the wailing...best not dwell on that for too long. Wake focused on his hike, through the sagging branches along the valley side. Peering down to his left, he saw a river with black water rushing and cascading along the valley floor **[Fig 1.59]**.

"I realized that I'd have to find a way across. I didn't even want to look at the water."



[Fig 1.60]

Mist clung to the air, slowly murdering the moonlight, but there was a glow in the forest up ahead that looked both interesting and terrifying. Wake carefully edged forward, toward the unearthed roots of a giant pine tree that had fallen across the treacherous black rocks that the rushing river water hadn't carved down into pebbles yet. Wake carefully stepped onto the trunk, using it to navigate across a portion of the river **[Fig 1.60]**. Then he made the mistake of looking down.

"When I saw the river below, something uncoiled itself inside my head."

One wrong step and he'd end up floundering his last in the inky waters below. This wasn't how he wanted this story to end, he thought, almost agreeing he was some kind of puppet—an avatar to run and jump at the whim of some omnipresent controlling deity—but he was already lost in the woods; he didn't need to get lost in thought as well. Dropping onto a small, craggy island of boulders pockmarking the river, Wake looked left, and scrambled through the undergrowth. The prize was a view of the roaring water, as well as a Coffee Thermos.



[Fig 1.61]

Moving over the treacherous terrain of this rocky plateau, Wake hoped this island had some way off it. It did; there were timber logs both left and ahead of him—deposited during a previous flood—and the logs in front of him led to the jagged summit of a waterfall. Wake edged to the summit first. One slip, and that would be it, so Wake took additional care stepping across as the water raced and darted to the left and right of him before tumbling off into a haze below. On the summit, Wake saw a Manuscript Page on a metal cabinet clustered with other flotsam.

Returning to the rocky plateau, Wake spied a second series of timber logs **[Fig 1.61]** allowing access across to the large rocky peninsula and the opposite bank of the river. He squinted just before crossing; he could have sworn something formed in a small patch of smoke, before dispersing. This premonition was proven when the snarling ranting of a madman was heard, faintly echoing around the valley:

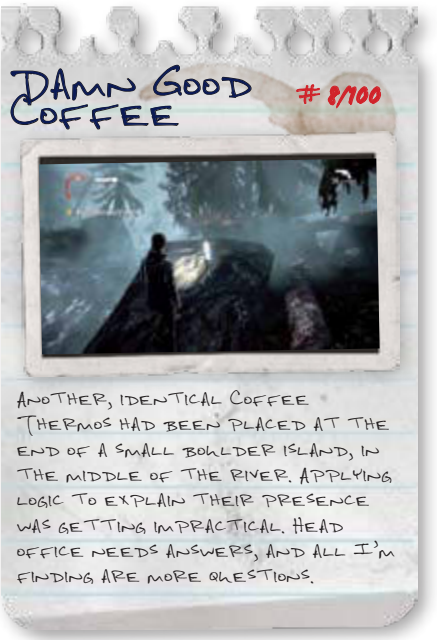
"Stucky was still out there, in the dark, stalking me."



[Fig 1.62]

Wake followed the rocky plateau path, using his internal compass and wits to calculate the general direction of the gas station, and then head in that general direction. This worked quite well; Wake stumbled upon a wooden bookcase **[Fig 1.62]** and secured some ammunition and batteries from it. To the right roared the waterfall. On a rocky peninsula across from him loomed the skeletal shape of a soggy, old shack. He'd have to check that out in a moment. He spun round and spotted the remains of the foreman's cabin, which had broken in two on the opposite bank. Thankful this wasn't his tomb, Wake pushed on, toward the misty glow he was getting steadily closer to.

Looking toward the forested area where the fog was illuminated with light from two different sources, Wake noticed faint shapes; more log stacks and machinery faintly outlined in the distance. Deciding



to investigate, Wake carefully stepped across a natural rock bridge as the black water raced below, into an area of patchy grass and thickets. **During a particularly traumatic Nightmare, Wake uncovered a Manuscript Page on this set of rocks.** Wake made out some barrels and the silhouette of a sign up ahead and... **"Jesus Christ!"** *It was upon him!*



[Fig 1.63]

The possessed man in flannel raised a pick hammer and launched a full-tilt sprint at Wake, who was completely unprepared for the ambush. While Wake struggled to aim his flashlight on the rampaging foe **[Fig 1.63]**, a second entity stepped out from the bushes, brandished a hand axe, and threw it. The weapon whistled through the still air, narrowly missing Wake's shoulder. In the commotion, he grabbed the flare gun, and launched it. A red vapor trail spat out, blinking both foes out of existence with an unearthly roar as the flare's discharge mixed with the enemies' final torment.

Alan spent the next couple of minutes nervously recovering from the fight, and checking the area, bumping into the green barrels stacked close by, and eyeing a couple of large stone steps, one with a red canister resting on it. Accidentally dislodging the canister, which rolled off the stone step with a clattering sound that echoed around the

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Photolog: One of the original Biltmore buildings, now quietly rotting away, above the log sorting facility. Reports of graffiti on this historically-protected structure have not been substantiated.

valley, Wake realized he needed to meet his demons head on. He slowly clambered up both stone steps and edged forward into a second logging yard, passing a sign that read:

"Caution! Proceed at your own risk. Logging area ahead."



[Fig 1.64]

A quick aim at the large log piles revealed additional hidden glyphs; arrows pointing to the left, and a tree stump close to a suspended cluster of logs up in the air. Fearing a crushing, Alan took his time to skirt the area directly under the logs, but he didn't need to worry; they seemed locked in the skies. The timber trail stopped at the yard's exit gates, which were sealed, but the mysterious light-sensitive paint subtly pointed to a ladder attached to the log pile just left of the tree stump.

Atop the pile of logs, Wake saw a sloping rock outcrop to carefully navigate up **[Fig 1.64]**. He had found the shack he'd spotted earlier. On what was left of one of the walls, someone had written out—in luminous but partially invisible paint—the following words: **"THE TAKEN ARE FILLED WITH DARKNESS."** Wake now knew the name of these spirits: **"Taken. They're Taken!"** This wasn't the only hidden imagery; as Wake entered the remains of this old loggers' residence, carefully avoiding a twisted ankle from the missing floorboards, Wake's flashlight passed over a large crate. The sign of the torch appeared once more. Beside it lay a Chest. Inside were items helpful to the cause.



[Fig 1.65]

Dropping back down to the main trail, Wake started to jog between the long lines of horizontal trees, Investigating the rest of the yard. Moving to the far end, he noticed a light up ahead, on a road. This might be his escape to the gas station. Unfortunately, shoddy workmanship and the inclement Pacific Northwest elements had conspired to keep him in this seemingly empty yard:

"The staircase was broken. I had to make my way up some other way. I couldn't stay here. There had to be a way to get up there. With all this forestry equipment around, there had to be something I could use to reach the top."

Close to the ruins of the staircase were a couple of wooden poles with metal boxes attached to them **[Fig 1.65]**. The first box was made of red metal, and a welcome sign; inside were lithium batteries and ammunition. The second, smaller box looked like it controlled something, but was lacking power. Wake resolved to find a generator of some kind after thoroughly searching the yard. Walking between the large gap between log piles, Wake turned a corner, and spotted something atop a small boulder. The Coffee Thermos fairy had struck again....

Departure. # 11/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Barry's Arrival

Barry Wheeler was bouncing off the walls. He'd jumped on a plane after his calls were ignored by both Al and Alice for several days. It could mean that they were both on a second honeymoon, but Barry didn't buy it. Al had been way too unstable for that—not sleeping, messed up.
Barry had years of experience dealing with Alan Wake, and he couldn't ignore it: something was wrong.



STUCK TO A SILVER METAL CABINET ON THE EDGE OF THE WATERFALL RAPIDS.

Departure. # 4/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Dark Presence Wakes Up

For a long time, the Dark Presence had been weak, sleeping, nothing but a half-forgotten nightmare or a shadowy flicker in the corner of an eye in the forest at night; not real enough to properly exist, and yet too evocative to fade away completely.
Now it was waking up, the writer like a fly caught in a spider's web, each jerk and kick vibrating the strands that led deep into its lair. It was aware of him now, and it could use him.
All he'd need was a little incentive.



ON ONE OF THE FLAT BOULDERS CROSSING THE NATURAL ROCK BRIDGE, CLOSE TO THE SECOND LOGGING CAMP.

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BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER

2/30

"We cannot hold a torch to light another's path without brightening our own." We watch your progress, and pray for your safe passage into the Well-Lit Room. To help you, accept this gift, stowed away in the shack above the second timber yard.



The far edge of the logging yard was devoid of anything helpful, so Wake backtracked and headed down the central path, passing another log pile with a ladder attached to it, but slowing at the bulldozer just in case a mad cabin owner decided to launch an unprovoked attack. Fortunately, the machines were dormant, giant mechanical dinosaurs frozen in the mist. Edging closer to the hut at the far end of the yard, he spotted something forming in the fog.



[Fig 1.66]

A moment later, Wake narrowly missed a beheading as an axe flew past his head, embedding itself in a log pile behind him. Multiple workers, still wearing their protective gear, but with additional protection in the form of dark madness, were swarming his location from a portable generator, and atop the hut **[Fig 1.66]**. Wake didn't need to nurse an axe wound, so he methodically—and now instinctively—burned the darkness from the nearest foe until it paused to spasm, and then executed it with two well-placed shots. He was ready for the second thrown axe, and deftly dodged the implement as it sped by. Wake's thoughts turned again to murder, to kill or be killed. He didn't rest until all these shadow phantoms had dissipated.

Shuffling toward the generator, Wake realized he could have tried to start the machine without killing his attackers, but he'd have likely died under their blows and sharp blades. This way was better: temporary comfort, adrenaline-fueled optimism, and a defined escape plan. He grabbed the starter cord at the portable generator and pulled hard. It took three successful tugs for the machine to splutter into life. He watched the generator grumble, and an instant later a worklight shone down from the logging hut, as well as the controls at the other end of the path.

With light, the Dark Presence would recede, giving him small moments of peace. He used this time to inspect the logging hut, stepping inside to thoroughly check the place for anything useful. He hit paydirt; picking up an impressive-looking shotgun, although the available ammunition was disappointing. Before exiting, he spotted another sheet of typing paper: a Manuscript Page. What had he written this time?



[Fig 1.67]

He'd spent long enough fighting; it was time to escape. Running to the yellow box attached to the wooden pole, he studied the support cables and looked up and across; the control pad inside the box appeared to activate a winch system that moved a suspended log lift. He tapped the control, and the lift moved toward him. He pressed the control in quick increments, until the log lift was floating between two log piles; the one with the ladder he could climb up, and the second one close to a high rocky outcrop, and exit.

Passing the tree stump with the red canister and logger's helmet on it, Wake reached the ladder, and climbed up to the top of the

DAMN GOOD COFFEE

9/100



THIS EASILY OVERLOOKED FAR CORNER OF THE TIMBER YARD HOLDS A THERMOS. SURVEILLANCE INDICATED WAKE REALIZED HIS INVENTORY MUST BE GETTING FULL BY NOW, BUT HE'D BROUGHT HIS SPORT COAT FOR ITS COPIOUS POCKETS, NOT TO WIN ANY FASHION AWARDS.

Departure.

5/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Attacked by Birds

I heard them before I saw them,
swooping down from the sky and
screeching as they came.
I spun around just as the cloud
was upon me. For an instant, I
stared into a hundred dead eyes,
black pearls glittering in the
darkness.
I raised the flashlight and the
swarm exploded like fireworks.
Feathers burned, turned into ash.
I couldn't hear my scream above
theirs.



INSIDE THE LOGGING HUT, CLOSE TO THE GENERATOR. IN THE SECOND LOGGING CAMP.

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pile. Turning right, he headed to the log lift; Wake jumped and landed on the suspended platform of logs **[Fig 1.67]**. Wake waited for the far end of the platform to sway upward, then Sprinted to the edge, leapt, and made a textbook landing on the opposite pile. Feeling a little too pleased with himself, Wake ran along the top of the pile, and almost came a cropper; there was a gap either side between the pile and the rocky abutment that he almost fell down.

"Made it!"

Feeling somewhat safer, Wake moved away from the edge of the rocky outcrop toward the tree stump, but didn't enter the light emanating from the shed atop the rise in front of him. Instead, he ventured to his right, double-checking the platform at the top of the half-destroyed stairs. It looked like someone had been having some fun, knocking back the beers, kicking back on ugly plastic chairs, and stacking supped cans into a small stack. Taking careful aim, Wake shot the Can Pyramid, and the cans went flying. This was as odd to find as it was as satisfying to shoot.

A Can do Attitude **# 2/12**



They're up by Biltmore's old lumber yard. The second one; just after the waterfall. On the table near the stairs I broke. That's going to keep him guessing.

Part 7: Into the Wild Woods

The Bright Falls Record — Page A3 / Monday July 6, 1970

UNINVITED GUEST TELLS TALL TALES, SPOOKED BY LIGHT AND SHADOWS

By Cynthia Weaver, Special to the Bright Falls Record.

A British tourist left Bright Falls in a hurry early Sunday morning after an apparent altercation out on the cliff trail close to Rain Cove Point. The self-proclaimed outdoors man, writer, and artist Robert Hambleton (or "The Colonel" as he insisted on being known) had already ruffled a few feathers in town earlier in the week during lunch at the Oh Deer Diner, when he complained loudly about the lack of granulated coffee.

Police reports state that Hambleton set up camp on the southern edge of the Cape Campbell Hiking Trail, close to the Rain Cove Lighthouse, and although renting Huntsman's Cabin, he apparently left the building to set up a tent overlooking the lighthouse. Later that night two separate witnesses, including cabin owner Jack Stucky, heard shrieking in the vicinity, but were unable to tell where it came from due to the rolling fog.

"I thought he'd be used to a bit of a pea-souper," remarked Stucky, who found Hambleton acting strangely and clad only in his pantaloons, along the ridge trail the next day. "He said he'd seen floating lights above the treeline, and heard terrible moaning sounds in the wind." The tall tales didn't end there.

"He told me he'd been menaced by a stranger lurking in the shadows, wrapped in some kind of mist. He said the lurker looked like he'd been set on fire, but there was only smoke. But he was shouting, and difficult to understand with that accent." It isn't clear who this "lurking man" is, or if this person even exists. Police are investigating, based on a sketch found in the cabin. It appears Hambleton caused quite a commotion. "He looked unkempt and wide-eyed when I saw him," said Carol Troup, a long-time area resident. "He came up to me, shook me quite fiercely, and shouted that his vision had gone 'black and white'."



An image of the supposed attacker witnessed during the altercation, painted by the victim, and found at the cabin near Rain Cove Point. This facsimile was obtained from the Sheriff's Station.

A prank is suspected. "It seems the Colonel was quite unprepared for night-time camping and an encounter with some high-spirited teenagers" a local law-enforcement official told this reporter. "We can't hope to gauge his mental state, as he's disappeared from the area, and so has his car. We assume he left for Portland or Seattle." Staff of the Oh Deer Diner have been ruled out of any involvement.

Famed for his eerie take on murder-mysteries, Hambleton told Stucky he was drawn to this place while vacationing in Seattle after the release of his latest book, "Dark Deeds at Belle Toute: An Inspector Tyler Investigation", currently available from Roundabout Press.

Hambleton isn't the only author attracted to the area; local resident Thomas Zane has owned Diver's Isle on Cauldron Lake for a number of years. Zane has no knowledge of Hambleton, describing him only as "an uninvited guest."

Breaker's Apple Orchard

Photolog: An old newspaper story about a man scared off the trails back in the late 1960s. Bright Falls has dozens of these weird occurrences. Facsimile courtesy of Watery Public Records.

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[Fig 1.68]

With the light of the moon peering out between the pine trees, Wake moved over to the small, illuminated hut, and bathed in the brilliant light. This Safe Haven invigorated him **[Fig 1.68]**. He didn't ask why, as logical questions were at the bottom of his priorities. After a healthy recovery, Alan checked inside the hut, just to be sure. He was glad he did; finding ammunition, as well as an old radio. Instantly, he remembered listening to an identical set on Cauldron Lake. What oddities from KBF-FM were drifting over the ether tonight?



[Fig 1.69]

Wake listened to the broadcast: Maurice may have misplaced a dog, but Wake had lost his wife, and it was killing him. He needed to press on. Checking behind the hut, Wake once again uncovered secret messages in the gloom; light-sensitive arrows that led him to a shed and a rusting truck that hadn't seen maintenance in decades. But something inside the shed caught his eye: Placed up against the interior wall near the 1940s flatbed truck, lay a Chest. Daubed above was the sign of the torch. Who was helping him on these travels?

Alan felt relatively safe in this neck of the woods—this was a Safe Haven—but he pressed on. As Pat Maine's fine choice of popular music faded away, Wake ascended past the rocks with the hidden paint daubed on them, to the top of the path **[Fig 1.69]**, pausing at the two wooden fence posts to scoop up another Manuscript Page.



[Fig 1.70]

"The gas station was closer now, its light welcoming in the darkness.

Alan began to descend the bluff he had reached, maneuvering down between the odd-shaped rocks protruding out of the ground, and pausing to peer at the gas station, now more visible from this vantage point. Looking left, Wake almost missed a Coffee Thermos nestled in the shadow of the rocky buttress he was on top of. The moon's light battling against the rolling fog created an eerie sight, as if the forest was being slowly smothered by Mother Nature. Continuing down the path **[Fig 1.70]**, Wake dropped down to the ground, and continued along the rocky path along the edge of the cliff, now on his right side. He could have wandered into the undergrowth, but he'd watched *American Werewolf in London* enough times to remember what happened to those who don't stay on the path.

Wake swiftly arrived at an odd-looking collection of objects; by a tree stump with an axe in it was a makeshift platform with a generator on it. Swinging his flashlight round, Wake read the phrase "Safe Haven" painted onto a vertical board attached to the platform. Feeling uneasy, he stepped to the small generator, grabbed the cord, and gave it a yank. As the generator spluttered, Wake's vision blurred. Two shadowy figures emerged from behind him, clasping pointed blades.

Wake hoped he'd timed the generator starting routine correctly, and after two more yanks, the generator hummed into life just as one foe was lifting his weapon for a nasty strike. Bright light filled the platform, and the foes literally melted away with a gurgle Alan had heard before, but would never get used to. A swift rummage on the platform **[Fig 1.71]** revealed a small amount of ammunition and batteries. Taking what he needed, Wake watched the trees dance in the unnatural wind. There were more of the possessed close by. Wake chanced an encounter with them as he headed through a gap between the boulders on the right side of the path, to a rocky promontory where two scattered barrels masked the location of another Coffee Thermos. The moment the thermos was his, the attack came: three foes, congealing out from the fog, and intent on tearing his flesh apart.



[Fig 1.71]

There was seemingly an infinite number of the damned. Not wishing to use up his meager supply of shotgun shells, Wake quickly grabbed the Coffee Thermos, and returned to the Safe Haven to rest.



[Fig 1.72]

Wake hadn't experienced danger like this before: The woods were alive with snarling, frothing goons completely taken over by the Dark Presence. He had only wandered a few more steps when two more lurched forward, from the wooded upper slopes to his left. He fought them quickly. His squeamish humanity, once shocked at the carnage he was causing, was replaced by an animalistic survival instinct. Kill or be killed. Wake ventured into the upper sloping ground. Five minutes later, he'd tackled...what, four or five more of these sub-humans? He'd lost count.

Finding a large boulder in the middle of the undulating ground, with a "Safe Haven" pointing to the light atop a steep rocky promontory ahead, probably saved his life **[Fig 1.72]**. Confused and wounded, Wake battled the rolling fog and wind that turned every tree into a flailing force of fear, and stifled a yell as his beam settled for a moment on a gnarled deciduous tree, with twisted branches that looked more like tentacles. Moments later, he spotted and snatched up a Manuscript Page, passed a cluster of barrels, and was up the horseshoe path, stopping to catch his breath and settle his mind at the lamppost near the large propane tank. Close by was a metal box on a fence. It was quickly ransacked for bullets and batteries.

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The Night Owl

The Voice of Pat Maine
All Night, Every Night



TRANSCRIPT # 2/11

"Well, I was just outside for a breath of fresh air, and what a night! I know most of you are probably in your beds by now, but if you're still up and around, take a moment! Step outside for a spell and breathe in deep. The weather is absolutely still, the sky is crystal clear. It's like the forest is quietly breathing along with you. As you listeners know, I'm a night owl, and it's on nights like this I wish I wasn't cooped up in the studio. Makes an old man like me wish I could just roam wild. Heh. But here I am, and who'd keep you company all night long if I weren't? Oh, and looks like I'm not the only one staying up late. Caller, you're on the air."

"Hey, Pat, it's Maurice Horton."

"Hello, Maurice. What're you up to?"

"Well, I was just taking Toby on his walkies."

"Oh, isn't it beautiful out there?"

"Sure. But Pat, the reason I called is that Toby heard something rustlin' in the undergrowth and took off after it, and I couldn't find him."

"Sure, Toby loves rabbits."

"Well sure. Anyway, I figured that, you know, if anyone runs into Toby, they could grab him. My number's on his collar."

"And Toby's a friendly dog?"

"Oh, Toby loves people. Usually he comes back, but we were pretty far from home and it sounds like he went pretty wild there. Great dog, but he's just too dumb for his own good."

"Ha ha! Well, Maurice, it's out there now. Hope Toby comes home soon."

"Yeah, thanks, Pat."

"You have a good night now."



PAT'S COMING IN LOUD AND CLEAR. GREAT SIGNAL. UP AT THE HUT, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SECOND LOGGING CAMP.

Bright Falls Light & Power

3/30

"Lethargics are to be laid in the light, and exposed to the rays of the sun for the disease is gloom." This Chest is hidden well, close to Old Man Biltmore's jalopy, close to Biltmore's second timber yard.



Departure.

6/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Finds Pages

At first I kept finding the pages as if by accident. The book I couldn't remember was either a terrible and true prophesy, or an act of creation that had rewritten the world. I began to hunt the pages, feverishly, for they held the answer to the mystery.
With it I could save myself.
With it I could save Alice.



AT THE TOP OF THE HILL, AFTER THE SAFE HAVEN, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SECOND LOGGING CAMP.



Damn Good Coffee

10/100



THIRST-QUENCHING OR THOUGHT-PROVOKING, THE SAME TYPE OF COFFEE THERMOS WAS APPEARING ON WAKE'S TRAVELS WITH ALARMING REGULARITY. THIS ONE WAS NESTLED IN THE CRAGGY CORNER OF THE OUTCROP OVERLOOKING THE THIRD LOGGING CAMP, JUST OVER THE RIDGE FROM THE SECOND.

Damn Good Coffee

11/100



ANOTHER COFFEE THERMOS, THIS ONE BEHIND THE ROCKS ON THE PROMONTORY IN THE WOODS BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD LOGGING CAMPS. WE'VE PULLED OUT HUNTERS, HIKERS, AND DEEPFEST REVELLERS. BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF I CAN FIGURE OUT WHO'S LEAVING THESE BEHIND.

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[Fig 1.73]

Reloading both his flashlight and firearms, Wake ventured around the rocks, and down the hill, slowing as he reached another logging track. Something flapped away from an unseen perch as Wake neared a log-carrying bulldozer **[Fig 1.73]**. He almost fired off a shot as the dozer's crane pincer spun around like a child's top. It settled down, and Wake's flashlight picked up some telltale marks on the boulders and trees indicating something enticing was up the muddy road. He hiked up the steep hill, listening as shuffling sounds above and left resulted in dislodged rocks falling at the logging gate. Wake was startled, but unhurt. He followed the partially invisible markers to the right, close to the perimeter fence, and a group of rocks. Here, he spied another torch symbol.

Packing ammunition and batteries into his pockets, Alan Wake hoped he was close to safety. He was wrong. His violent nightmare continued to play out as he descended along the steep logging trail, passing the first looming bulldozer, and then a second. Just afterward, the woods came alive, cant hooks gleaming off Wake's light, and the damned advanced again. Three adversaries, chanting a message from their past lives:

"We enjoy the magnificent woods."



[Fig 1.74]

Combat was horrific. Wake had now lost count of how many of the possessed he had personally destroyed. But with little time to dwell on such thoughts—that would be the job of his over-paid New York psychiatrist—Wake peered as the fog revealed a third lumber yard. He ventured down toward the front gate **[Fig 1.74]**. It was locked, but he could hear the hum of machinery beyond, and saw more logs piled high, as well as a hanging log, swaying vertically from its cable mooring. Close to the gate stood an entrance shed. Before stepping inside, Wake spotted a Manuscript Page stuck to ground outside the gate. The typeface was familiar, but the words were a revelation:



[Fig 1.75]

Alan saw the light on inside the storage shed, and opened the door. Jackpot! The shelves were cluttered with supplies, most superfluous to his needs, but there was ammunition to gather. Before he left the building, which seemed to provide a brief respite between bouts of violence, he inspected a television sitting on a metal table, in front of the window (through which he could still see the swaying log). The set looked to be from the 1980s. He flicked the set on. Then he watched with both horror and bemusement as a program started. His program: *Night Springs*. The one he'd written the pilot for! Was this one of his episodes? He watched the show in bewildered enthrallment.

Departure. # 7/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

TV in the Gas Station

I stepped into the gas station's garage. It was dark and quiet. The place was a mess. It looked like someone trashed the place, or that there'd been some kind of fight. Light spilled into the room through an open door at the back, and I made my way toward it.
Without any warning, I was blinded by a bright light. An old portable TV on the shelf had come alive by itself. Impossibly, I could see myself on the screen, talking like a madman.



IN THE GRASS BY THE BARRELS, AT THE FAR END OF THE WILD WOODS BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD LOGGING CAMPS.

Departure. # 8/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Lies to the Sheriff

"The cabin on Cauldron Lake?" she asked.
The sheriff looked at me suspiciously. The early morning light flooded through the office windows. I would probably never have gotten out of the woods alive without her help, but I couldn't tell her the truth of what I'd faced the previous night. She'd think I was lying, or crazy. She'd lock me up. And she wouldn't help me find Alice.



ON THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE MAIN GATE TO THE THIRD LOGGING CAMP.

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 4/30

The man who comes into the light needs instruments to help him fight: I placed this Chest near the logging track, within the half-circle of boulders, near the third timber yard.



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Wake knew he was in the middle of a full-on nervous breakdown with hallucinatory elements, or was on a hospital bed somewhere, in a drug-induced coma. He hoped for the latter, as the third possibility was too frightening to contemplate. Resolved to soldier on, he eyed the green gate control button to his left. Pushing his palm up to the round, rough plastic, the gate rolled back on its casters. Wake stepped through, into the last lumber yard **[Fig 1.75]**, and sidled up to the log-cutting machine. He turned it off so he could hear himself think. Moments afterward, the fetid breeze returned.



[Fig 1.76]

The hairs on the back of Wake's neck bristled. He edged forward, into the yard, pausing briefly at an open ammunition Chest (and ground nearby) close to a pallet stack to check it for ammunition and batteries **[Fig 1.76]**. Ahead, the two sets of swinging logs above him worried Wake greatly. Slowly advancing, Wake startled two ravens, who took off, cawing into the darkness. Just as H. P. Lovecraft had used whippoorwills as harbingers of death, it was becoming increasingly apparent that disturbing these ravens was a portent of violence—or at the very least, a mind-bending revelation—to come. Wake was correct, soon the shouting started again:

"Changing a spark plug to your vehicle is not as simple and safe as you might think. It can be dangerous and requires patience!"

This sounded like Stucky. Not the man on the phone who Alice had dealt with, who seemed friendly if a little scatterbrained. No, this voice was altogether more frightening, each word sounding as if it was uttered with great pain or contempt. Wake continued to the middle of the yard. There was a gap between log piles on his right, but that just led to the cliff edge. He pushed on, spotting a crane at the far end of the yard, and—could it be—the lights of the gas station spilling through the fog. Then two flapping ravens announced the appearance of Stucky.



[Fig 1.77]

Stucky wasn't alone. In a blind panic, Wake retreated as half a dozen ex-members of the Biltmore Logging Company converged on him. He knew he had no chance of escape, and every chance of dying if he wasn't proficient with his weapons. Stepping back so only three of the closest foes were advancing on him, Wake dodged a thrown axe and a lunge by a possessed worker, and used an old tree stump and the pallets as temporary cover. When the foes were clustered together, he fired off the flare gun **[Fig 1.77]**. **Come one, come all** Wake murmured, as he defeated four entities with a single flare gun shot. Foes splintered into the ether. Stucky hung back, growling a chant about tool management. Still they came.



[Fig 1.78]

Producing the shotgun, Wake had no other option than to whittle down the dark entities converging on him. Firing at a foe before burning the Dark Presence off them was a waste of ammunition, and only knocked them back a couple of feet. No, he needed to focus his flashlight on the nearest form, burn off the black, and (while the flashlight recharged) aim for the foe and take him down quickly, before he was overrun. A well-timed stagger-back using revolver gunfire worked well too, for those attempting a friendly maul or charge **[Fig 1.78]**. Minutes passed of frantic fighting, until only Wake and Stucky were left. He had a few choice words for his departed colleagues:

TELLY TIMES

1 MARCH, 1994 #1/14



A brand new episode of Night Springs: The Quantum Suicide. Tonight, we watch from a small shed outside timber yard number three.

8:10 pm
Night Springs
with Alan Wake

"You should always leave the job to a professional."

Stucky was advancing. He carried an axe, and wafting black smoke drifted off his smouldering animated corpse. Backing up, Wake swiftly returned to the open Chest to augment his dangerously low supply of bullets, and changed his flashlight battery just as Stucky was upon him. He focused the light on Carl's broken visage, but then he moved, faster than Wake could keep his beam locked on. Carl was inhumanly fast, and shimmering halfway between worlds. This would be a long battle, but one that Wake couldn't afford to lose. Wake maintained an intermittent beam on the flitting foe until the outer coating of darkness evaporated with a startling explosive "thump." However, Carl's inner coating of madness was still closing in. Wake raised his shotgun and fired. It hit Stucky square in the face. Still he advanced. Wake fired again, planting blast after blast into Carl Stucky's form **[Fig 1.79]**. Then came a sweeping axe attack; Wake only just managed to dodge it. A sixth spray finally put Stucky down. He wouldn't be giving advice on **Nordic Walking** ever again."



[Fig 1.79]

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"Stucky's body vanished, leaving behind only a lifetime of nightmares to come. Assuming I'd reach the lights of the gas station alive."

Wake wanted to rest, but he had to push forward to the gas station; it was only a few hundred feet ahead. Before he left the last of Biltmore's logging yards, he made a final reconnoiter of the premises, checking the old rusting crane in particular. He was glad he did; he needed the Coffee Thermos break.





[Fig 1.80]

Wake moved to, and opened the small metal box attached to the perimeter fence. He activated the gate from the box, and stepped into a small patch of rocky ground. Checking the undergrowth away from the path didn't pay dividends; the chirrups of unseen woodland wildlife were the only prize. Returning to the path, Wake looked up, and focused on one of Bright Falls' indigenous species **[Fig 1.80]**:

"I recognized the parade float I had seen in Bright Falls when I first arrived with Alice."



[Fig 1.81]

What was this wide-eyed, and slightly terrifying giant plastic deer doing here, anyway? Perhaps Stucky had driven it here before he'd been Taken? This was his gas station, after all. These questions wouldn't get answered standing around in the mist; Wake quickly passed a rusting car and followed the gas station perimeter fence around to the right. He made a point of checking the trash bins behind the gas station, although he couldn't think why this was necessary. Then he stepped up and into the forecourt **[Fig 1.81]**, standing under the light to catch his breath.

"After the insanity I had just experienced in the darkness, the lights of the gas station felt comforting. At least for a moment, the sane world reasserted itself."



[Fig 1.82]

Aside from the disintegrating remains of an old jalopy, the only vehicle near the gas pumps was the parade float. He spotted another Manuscript Page that attempted to explain Stucky's possession. Wake's brain couldn't quite process the deluge of inter-weaving bizarre occurrences he'd experienced in the last hour, so he decided to check out the Deerfest float itself. It was in reasonably good shape; one of the two-dimensional trees had fallen off the flatbed, but it wasn't the position of the float that puzzled him. Focusing closer, he realized something incredible **[Fig 1.82]**. He'd lost an entire week:

"The Deerfest had been two weeks away when we arrived. If the day count on the banner was right, I was missing a whole week between the night we got here and now."

Activity: Enter the gas station

The last Manuscript Page had made grim reading, especially as Wake knew the gruesome end that had befallen Carl Stucky. Attempting to ignore the creeping terrors, Wake gave the rest of the gas station's forecourt a good going-over. One rusting propane tank. Various canisters and scattered tires. A trash bin and cardboard box. And something sitting at the base of the illuminated station sign itself, below the gas pricing boards: A Coffee Thermos.

"I had to get inside the gas station to find a phone to call for help."



[Fig 1.83]

The gas station beckoned to Wake, but he saw a road stretching off in both directions,

Departure. # 9/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Stucky Taken

Stucky spat on the garage floor and tried to shake the cobwebs from his head. Ever since the couple never showed to pick up the keys, things had been fuzzy. Something—a feeling—caught his attention. Stucky looked up and stared as his brain tried in vain to process the horror before him. He stumbled back, knocking over a can of oil; a black pool spread across the floor while he struggled for a brief moment, then let go as the unrelenting darkness engulfed him.



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Photolog: The Biltmore Estate 3: The third, and largest logging camp along the Black River is the last stop before transporting the cut timber to the various sawmills in the State.

adjacent to the building. He thought about ignoring an interior station investigation and simply hitchhiking along the road. He almost thought better of it; partly as he cast his mind back to the fate a hitchhiker suffered in his original nightmare, but mostly because a voice in his head was telling him of abhorrent danger down the road. He pictured a tunnel with a jackknifed truck blocking his way to the left. He saw a similar blockade on the other side of the bridge; this time a logging truck had overturned. And everywhere there were the Taken, ready to overwhelm him **[Fig 1.83].**

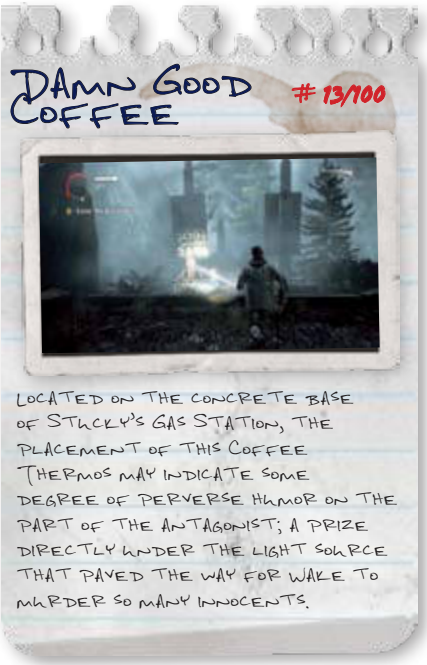
It was as if Wake was receiving guidance from another author, watching over his every move and instructing his best course of action, as well as cautioning him of reckless behavior. This, of course, was utter nonsense. But Wake braved the road, and Sprinted to the tunnel. He was glad he'd mustered the courage; scooping up another Coffee Thermos just as the Taken descended. He fought as many as he could, but it was pointless to stand his ground. He retreated into the light of the garage, and quickly checked around to the rear restrooms behind the main building. **This was his own personal Nightmare, and he needed confirmation he'd not forgotten anything. Pinned next to the ladies' restroom door was another Manuscript Page.** Finally, he headed into the garage.

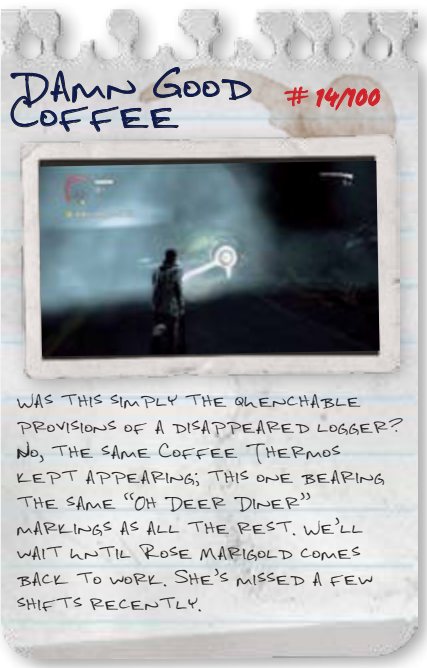


[Fig 1.84]



Photolog: Near the junction of Highways 91A and 442 is Stucky's slightly run-down Gas Station, tinkering garage, and general shop. Like its owner, the Gas Station has seen better days.





Wake read the signs on the front of the gas station. The Breaker farm's apples sign hung over the garage entrance itself. Wake picked his way through the debris, passing a parked off-roader **[Fig 1.84]**, and was heading into the shop when a bright light staggered him. The television began talking to him:

"I don't believe this. It'd been me on the TV, talking crazy. Was I losing my mind?"

Activity: Find a phone

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Departure.

12/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Toby the Dog

Toby knew the smell: it was the man, the nice man who always gave him treats and never got tired of playing with him. Toby wagged his tail in excited anticipation and gave a joyous bark.
Then there was another smell—a wrong smell—and it was alien enough to stop Toby in his tracks. Confused, he growled deep in his throat. The wrong smell came from the nice man.
Blind animal terror pierced the dog's brain an instant before the axe followed suit.



REAR OF THE GARAGE BUILDING, PINNED TO THE LEFT OF THE LADIES' RESTROOM DOOR (LOCKED).



1/25



The 68th Annual Deerfest

September 15 to 18th.

Games and activities:

Raffle tickets, fishing competition, pie contest, and surprise competitions. Live music!

For the children: Buck-Toothed Charlie (afternoons) and Montgomery the Mystic's Amazing Phantasmagoria (evenings)!

Don't miss the legendary Deerfest parade!!!

"The garage was a mess. It looked like someone had trashed the place, or that there'd been some kind of fight."

Wake was too mentally drained to take all of this in, and stumbled into the back of the shop. He glanced at, and then read the Deerfest poster, ignored the processed snacks, and spent a few moments gathering his wits by staring blankly at a poster of this part of Washington State. He looked again. This wasn't like any section of map he recognized. But no matter, he was here now, and he could use the desk phone to call for help **[Fig 1.85]**. Hopefully without being sideswiped by a bulldozer this time.

A police patrol car stopped at the gas station, and a young woman exited, bearing the sheriff's badge. She edged slowly forward, with her hand on her holster. Wake stumbled out to greet her:

"Oh, thank God, Sheriff."

"Sheriff Sarah Breaker. You are…?"

"I'm Alan Wake, but listen, I was in a car crash. My wife, Alice, she's missing."

"Calm down, Mr. Wake."

"We were staying in a cabin on the island, on Cauldron Lake."

"There's no island on Cauldron Lake, not since the big eruption in the seventies."

"Please, I can take you there, okay?"

"You look like you've taken a pretty bad knock to the head." Wake fell to his knees. He felt sick and bewildered. Of course there was an island on Cauldron Lake!

"Are you okay?" Breaker inquired stooping down to Wake's eye level.

"Listen—"

"We'll figure this out." She interrupted. "Please get in the car. We'll swing by the lake, and then we'll go to the station. Okay?"

Wake made a feeble attempt to nod.

"Mr. Wake, have you seen Stucky? The guy who owns this place?"



[Fig 1.85]

"I realized I couldn't tell her what had happened in the forest. She wouldn't have believed me, and then she wouldn't have helped me with Alice."

Wake's recollections were hazy after that. He remembered getting into the police car. Breaker drove him back to Cauldron Lake, and Wake ran to the lookout point where he'd watched the sunset before escorting his wife onto Diver's Island. The sign was still there.

But the island was gone.

TELLY TIMES

2 SEPTEMBER, 1994

2/14



A brand new, avant garde information show. Beaming directly into the consciousness of Alan Wake. Now showing on the television inside Stucky's Garage.

8:10 pm
Writer in the Cabin

"I'll write. I'll keep writing. Outside there's only darkness, outside the cabin, outside the story, there's only darkness. I can feel her presence in the dark. Just now, I could smell her perfume in the room. I'll reach her. I'll fix it. I'll bring her back. The story will come true. If I stop, she's lost."

9.0 Nine O'Clock News

with **Tom Rivers; Weatherman**

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Episode Two: Taken

Statistical Evidence						
Evidence Type	Number Available (Chapter 2A)	Number Available (Chapter 2B)	Chapters 2A+2B Total	Episode Start Total	Episode End Total	Grand Total
Manuscript Pages	5	17(1*)	22(1*)	13	36	106
Coffee Thermoses	3	14	17	14	31	100
Can Pyramids	0	2	2	2	4	12
Chests	0	5	5	4	9	30
Radio Shows	1	1	2	2	4	11
TV Shows	1	2	3	2	5	14
Signs	1	4	5	1	6	25
Songs	1	2	3	4	7	16

* Second number refers to Manuscript Pages available during Nightmare.

Chapter 2A: Bright Falls Sheriff Station

Activity Log

- Switch on the coffee maker
- Go to Alice
- Examine cover mock-ups
- Check the fuse box
- Go to Alice (again)



Photolog: The Man with the Golden Guns: Wake's Upper East Side home office, complete with manuscript and cover proofs for *The Sudden Stop*, and his Crime Writer's award: the Golden Glocks. Photo courtesy of Alice Wake.

Part 1: A Winter Blast from the Past

Three years ago, back in Alan and Alice's New York apartment, the two of them were putting the final touches to his latest book, *The Sudden Stop*. Judging by pre-sales and retailer interest, plus Barry pushing Wake onto any radio or TV talk show that would return his calls, the launch all looked rather optimistic.

Alan unlocked his apartment door, opened it with his shoulder, and stepped inside, out of the perpetual snowstorm. He dropped the paper bag of groceries on the kitchen table.

Alice waved from her office. **"How was it?"**

"Worst weather I've ever seen." He wasn't kidding.

"You should put some coffee on, it'll warm you up."

Activity: Switch on the coffee maker



[Fig 2.1]

He agreed, but first, he needed to spend a little time examining his apartment. Partly he wanted to check for any leaks, but mainly to see where all the remodel money had been spent. He slowly walked along the L-shaped hallway **[Fig 2.1]**, marveling again at Alice's favorite photographs. He was particularly fond of the three-panel image of the city, or *triptych* as Alice insisted on calling it.

He checked the bathroom. The towel-warmers were worth it in this weather. He made a mental note to put some actual towels out, though. The under-floor heated tiles were a favorite too; in fact, the bathroom had turned out well.



[Fig 2.2]

He walked into the master bedroom **[Fig 2.2]**. On the window shelf, his radio was blinking. Wake switched the radio on, cutting through the static to hear the weather report. **"The continuing freezing rain and heavy snowfall has necessitated a winter storm warning in the entire Tri-State area. People are advised to stay indoors, as many roadways are already closed, and city officials are not expecting snow crews to keep up with the weather. We are now on the third day of the blizzard, and the weather is not expected to clear up anytime soon."**

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[Fig 2.3]

Alan shivered *and* yawned. Alice was right; he needed his caffeine fix, so he retraced his steps into the kitchen. The backsplash of exposed brick had really set off the Scandinavian cabinet design, and the herringbone wood floor brought the whole ensemble together. At least, that's what the outrageously expensive interior designer had taught them. That double refrigerator was a bit excessive for the two of them though. He moved to the coffee maker, and commenced percolation **[Fig 2.3]**.

"Coffee's on."

"Great, thanks!" Alice replied from the office. **"I'll need it, if I'm going to finish this by tomorrow."**

Activity: Go to Alice

Right. The book design. He'd leave her to it for the moment. Wake moved into the open-plan dining/living room flanked on two sides by large windows. This blizzard was obscuring the view, keeping Wake from enjoying one of the key benefits of a being a successful writer and having a ludicrously expensive apartment. He walked past his dining table, stopping near the sofa. He really needed to set up that plasma TV someday. But it was his impressive collection of books, all neatly arranged by genre in his custom walnut bookcase, that were his real loves.

He'd better see how Alice was getting on. He stepped into the hallway, before immediately turning left. Alice was busy at her desk. She looked up as he entered.

"Oh, hey, I just finished those cover mock-ups. They're on your desk. Tell me what you think."

"No kidding? I didn't think you'd get them done this quickly." Alan was impressed. But then, he had always liked her work. And her work ethic. Especially compared to his.

Activity: Examine cover mock-ups

Wake scanned her office **[Fig 2.4]**. She was poring over the negatives from the photo-shoot, trying to choose the best one for the publicity shots Barry had been whining about. He liked the design elements on her monitor. Black, white, and red. Wake looked up at the drying portrait shots, wondering if he needed



[Fig 2.4]

to grow back the goatee. He took Alice's Coffee Thermos from the desk too; he'd refill that for her later.



[Fig 2.5]

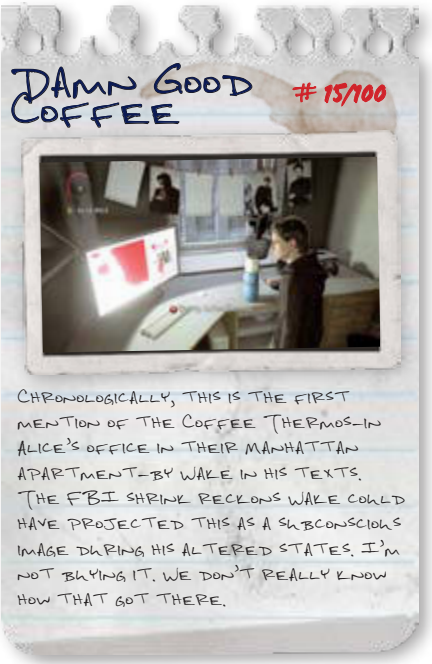
Wake wanted to see those mock-ups. He moved into his office adjacent to hers, and walked over to the desk **[Fig 2.5]** he shared with the other love of his life: his Emperor typewriter. He saw the mock-ups on the desk, but wanted to double-check his Manuscript Pages, re-reading the opening section of his latest work, *The Sudden Stop*.

This was good stuff; better than the pseudo-tragic melodrama he'd been so proud of earlier in his career. Wake turned to his office bookshelf. He'd taken joy in arranging his five previous novels—now all reprinted in the same stark black, white, and red—in chronological order: *The Fall of Alex Casey, The Things That I Want, Alex Casey, What I Can't Forget,* and *Return to Sender.* They took pride of place next to the crime writers' award—The Golden Glocks—on the bookcase. Looking up at the right corner wall, he saw a new picture. It was a weird collection of white and black dots. It looked like one of those digital codes you take a picture of with your smartphone. He'd talk to Alice about it later; he quite liked it. He turned again to his writing desk: Spilling out of a manila envelope were the mock-ups for the standee, and the cover of *The Sudden Stop*.

"These look really good." Alan said.

"Oh, sure, until Barry gets his hands on them. Which, by the way, will happen over my dead body. The last time was the last time. Oh, and speaking of Barry, he called—"

Alice stopped in mid-sentence as the lights went out across the apartment. He could hear Alice's sharp intake of breath from next door.





"Alan? Alan, please check the fuse box." She sounded frightened.

Activity: Check the fuse box

It wouldn't take long for Alice to really start panicking; she hated the dark with a primal fear. Wake was more at home during the night; it was a place for him to come alive, and to try and conquer. Fumbling for the

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[Fig 2.6]

office door, he finally shoved it open, stepping into the hallway, and looked around for the fuse box. Of course! It was next to the front door **[Fig 2.6]**. Stepping up to it, he checked the breakers. No dice.

"Honey, it's a power outage. I've got the flashlight."

Activity: Go to Alice (again)

Wake switched the flashlight on, and headed for Alice's office. She was standing there, attempting to calm down.

"You okay?"

She was calmer now. **"I'm sorry,"** she said softly, and slightly sheepishly. **"I just—it just really spooked me."**

"Don't worry. We'll just break out the candles." A little levity usually went a long way to comfort her.

"I know it's stupid, but it's just—especially when I'm not prepared for it, you know? It gets to me." The two were cuddling on his sofa, close to the windows, where there was still the most light.

"I love you."

"Tell me a story, writer."

"Okay, I used to have these nightmares when I was a kid. The dark really spooked me, too. When it got really bad, my mom gave me this old light switch. She called it the Clicker."

"The Clicker, huh?" Alice replied, with a half-grin.

"Yeah. If I ever got scared of the dark, I could just flip the switch and a magic light would scare the monsters away."

"Oh, sure." Alice knew she was being set up. And she loved it.

"Here it is. Maybe it'll help you, too." He produced an old-style light switch, stuck onto a small section of particle board painted up to resemble a plaster wall.

"Yeah, nice story, writer boy. You made that up right now, didn't you?" Alice smiled and looked into her husband's eyes.

"No, no! Seriously." They both laughed, and snuggled closer.

Departure. # 15/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Sudden Stop 2

This was a late goodbye. Thirteen years after I'd gotten my revenge, it had finally caught up with me. It'd been a long time to bear the pain.
My blood painted the snow red—a gruesome slushie—dissolved all the scattered painkillers, and leisurely dripped down to the sewer, mingling with the bile of the city, becoming one with it.
I can see them now, my wife and my baby. Honey, I'm home.



ON TOP OF THE PILE OF MANUSCRIPT PAGES, IN WAKE'S NEW YORK APARTMENT OFFICE.

Part 2: A Disturbing Phone Call



Bright Falls Sheriff Station

Activity Log

- Talk to Sarah
- Get my cell phone
- Go to the back lot
- Examine the junker
- Exit the Sheriff Station

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White light bounced around inside Wake's head. He heard a voice, faint at first.

"Hmm. How do you feel, Mr. Wake? Any nausea, disorientation, anything like that? Mr. Wake, how are you feeling?"

Activity: Talk to Sarah

An older gentleman with a mini-flashlight was examining Wake's vision. Flashes of memories tore through Alan's mind. He was hurtling toward an empty Cauldron Lake, diving into blackness and following a sinking form. He momentarily saw the face of an old woman, with sunken eyes and a thin face, shrouded in a veil. He remembered Stucky, dislodging the axe from the timber foreman.

"I'm okay." Wake said. **"My head's fine." I had to lie about my headache and memory loss. He'd send me to a hospital for tests. I couldn't leave without Alice.** Wake's eyes followed the man's thumb from left to right. After a few more casual comments, the doctor seemed satisfied.

"I'll let you get on with it then. Sarah—ah, Sheriff Breaker is waiting for you. She's very good at her job. I'm sure she can locate your wife in no time."



[Fig 2.7]

Alan was feeling a little better. He moved around the Sheriff Station's meeting room gingerly **[Fig 2.7]**, pausing to view the neatly arranged files, map of the county, and an older computer with CRT monitor (all in an unattractive shade of off-white) underneath the Bright Falls Sheriff sign. All very ordinary. Except for the dead fish on the newspaper, resting near the doctor's rod. Talking to Dr. Nelson brought forth a stream of fisherman banter that Wake could barely follow.

Wake realized he had started a conversation that was in danger of lasting as long as the doctor's fishing trip itself. He left the doctor and walked around the huge conference table. Passing the recycling bin, Wake pushed the door open, and stepped into the reception area **[Fig 2.8]**. The "lamp lady" was here, studiously checking the switch near the entrance doors. Moments later, the ceiling lights flicked off, then on, off, on, and off again.

"Thank you for testing the lights, Ms. Weaver," the deputy behind the front desk said. Her voice, slightly squeaky but ever-so polite, belied her body language; she stood with her hands on her hips, waiting for this charade to be over: **"Everything seems to be fine."**



[Fig 2.8]

The deputy placated the old dear: **"Very good. I'll come back later on to remind you, just in case."** The "lamp lady" shuffled for the exit. Wake didn't follow her; he needed to speak to Sheriff Breaker. But first, he headed over to the front desk to talk to the uniformed woman.

Before Wake could ask, Grant answered his next question: **"That was Cynthia Weaver. I guess you can call her the town eccentric. She used to be the editor of the local newspaper, but she's focused on, oh, other things these days."**

"She'd fit right in where I come from." Wake replied.

"As you can see, she's a little obsessed with maintaining the light bulbs…of the whole town. Refuses to step on shadows, things like that. Back in her day she wrote about all sorts of weird things in the paper. Bright Falls has a colorful history. Of course, what small town hasn't?"

They sure liked to talk in these parts. However, Deputy Grant seemed friendly—and harmless—enough, so he decided to see how much of the Sheriff Station he could explore. It looked like Deputy Grant, for example, had the thrilling job of filing and typing up reports. Behind her was the station's parking lot and a small warehouse. As Wake took a few steps farther, Grant verbally nudged him in the right direction.

"The sheriff wants to see you in her office, Mr. Wake."



[Fig 2.9]

Wake headed to the right of the reception desk, to the doorway with two signs above it, marked "Parking Lot" and "Holding Cells." Both pointed left, to a locked door marked "Cell Area." Wake headed through the doorway **[Fig 2.9],** into a crowded room. Checking the corner fridge, he was surprised, and slightly sickened to find a Manuscript Page on the floor in the corner, by the futon. The fact that he was still encountering these scraps of knowledge meant he was nowhere near escaping this insane dream he thought he was having. He checked the small coffee table with the coffee maker and mugs on it and found another Coffee Thermos.

The working radio in the corner of the room caught Wake's eye, and he moved over to examine it. It looked like there was a radio message waiting to be received. He listened to the report, a pit growing in his stomach with each repetition of Stucky's name.



[Fig 2.10]

Though if his warped mind was correct, Alan figured those two officers would be out in the woods for a very long time trying to find Stucky's corpse; it had disintegrated just like all the others. And figuring out what Sheriff Breaker knew about him was now a more pressing matter. Jogging across the reception forecourt, he received a pleasant-but-firm prompt to get his butt down the corridor to Breaker's office. He headed down past the meeting room. He quickly read the wall of missing posters before reaching the door to Sheriff Breaker's office **[Fig 2.10]**. He opened it slowly.

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Photolog: The One That Got Away: Doc Nelson's fresh fish (a largemouth bass) is sitting on a two-day-old copy of the *Bright Falls Record* with an interesting story on UFO lights seen in the area, reprinted here.



Photolog: Wake's fears were confirmed. Alice Wake's driver's license was found on the front seat of the rusting truck. Facsimile courtesy of Bright Falls Sheriff Station.

Morning Edition

BRIGHT FALLS RECORD

EST. 1896

UFO scare: Lights in the sky frighten populace

By Leland Brennan

Residents around Cauldron Lake were in a state of confusion this morning as over a dozen witnesses flooded the local sheriff's department hotline with anxious and alarmed calls regarding a rash of unexplained lights seen hovering over and around the caldera. According to one anonymous witness, the light show began "at the witching hour, and lasted well over 30 minutes." Photographs and cell phone video of the event have hit the internet, and appear to show a cluster of small lights around an indistinct central object, flitting through and over the trees, close to the old site of Diver's Isle.

"I've been getting calls from as far away as Salem," said local disc jockey Pat Maine. "It's the talk of the town, and everybody wants to know what's going on." Maine admits that he himself didn't see the strange occurrence, but "I know some very credible people who've confided that what they saw was not only real, but frightening enough for them to change their stance on some pretty key philosophies. Remember that UFO poster 'I want to believe'? Well, I've got sane, level-headed professionals telling me they're converted all right."

Deputy Mulligan was quick to point out other possibilities: "It is important to explore every avenue of evidence. This could just as easily have been a weather balloon. Or fireworks some high-spirited teenagers launched a little too early."

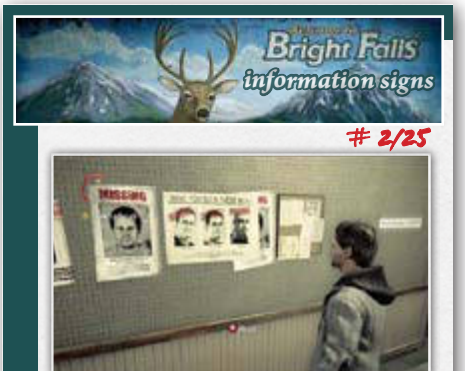


The woods surrounding Cauldron Lake were the scene of unexplained activity last night. Local gas station owner Carl Stucky described the lights as "a portent of doom."

Bright Falls has a long history of unexplained lights in the sky and other paranormal activity, stretching as far back as 1901, and the strange case of the hovering lights during four separate summer nights, claims made by multiple witnesses, although long-time resident Carol Troup dismisses such sightings as "poppy-cock, designed to clog our roads and feed our diner with a damn sight too many tourists."

A police investigation is pending, although a sheriff spokesperson told this reporter the incident is a "low priority, what with the Deerfest planning still under way." If you've experienced any light anomalies yourself, please call the *Bright Falls Record* (555-4381), or the *Watery Gazette* (555-3108).

LARSEN'S AUTO SALVAGE & USED CARS
Giant Fire Sale!



Poster 1: HAVE YOUR SEEN THIS MAN?

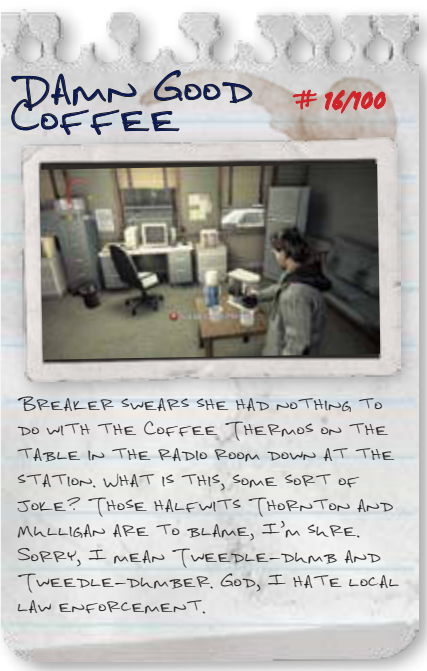
Disappeared on 06/20/07.

Identifying features: Knack for winning contests.

Poster 2: MISSING: Richard Baugh. Bruce Dansky. Jacob Miller. On a camping trip, overdue, haven't been in contact.

If you have seen them or know their whereabouts, please call 555-9932!!!

THANK YOU!



Departure.

18/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Alice Sees a Shadow

Alice looked through the viewfinder, lining up the shot. Cauldron Lake was breathtaking. Something caught her eye: a figure standing in the shadows behind the cabin, like a thin woman in a black dress. She lowered the camera and looked again—no one there, just a collection of bushes that loked vaguely human-shaped. She shook her head and laughed.



ON THE CARPET, IN THE BREAK/ RADIO ROOM OF BRIGHT FALLS' SHERIFF STATION.

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"Come in, Mr. Wake," Breaker said, slowly turning away from the window. **"Your phone's on the desk. The battery was dead. It's charged now."** He stepped forward, and took the phone from Breaker's desk. But he wasn't here for niceties.

Activity: Get my cell phone

"Have you started looking for my wife yet?" Wake asked, pointedly.

"My men are already on it," Breaker snapped back. **"Now, can you tell me what happened?"**

Wake stammered, unsure of what to say about his experience. The Sheriff was exasperated with him, trying to understand but her patience wearing thin. Telling her everything, he was sure, would just get him locked up.

The cell phone rang, jolting Wake. **"Excuse me. I need to take this."**



[Fig 2.11]

Wake exited the Sheriff office [Fig 2.11], and closed the door behind him before answering: **"Hello?"**

"Alan. Please help me." She sounded detached. Faint. Oddly stilted. Drugged?

"Alice?" Alan replied in shock. He didn't think he'd hear from her again.

Suddenly, a gruff male voice started barking instructions in a succinct and unpleasant tone: **"Alan Wake? Stop talking to the law. You'll do exactly what I say if you ever want to see your wife again."**

"Who is this?"

"Go to the back lot. There's a hole in the fence on the left. Look inside the junker. I left you a little something there to convince you we're all on the same page, here. After you ditch the cops, you're gonna meet me in Elderwood National Park; there's a spot called Lovers' Peak. Midnight. Don't do nothing stupid, pal! We're watching you!"

Activity: Go to the back lot

The kidnapper hung up the phone. It sounded like he meant business, and anyway, he'd heard Alice's voice. Dumping the sheriff was his next plan. He opened her door again, asked as earnestly as he could if he could get some air out back.

"Of course, Mr. Wake. I understand. You can get there through the cells. Deputy Grant can show you the way."

Okay, that seemed to work. Now he'd apologize to keep her on his side: **"I'm sorry. All of this—it's just a lot to take in."** Uh oh. Had he laid it on a little too thick?

"Take your time, Mr. Wake. I understand. Can I ask you what the call was about, Mr. Wake?"

"It's personal." He replied, curtly. This finally rubbed her up the wrong way. Breaker wanted to help but insisted he was going to have to cooperate. Promising he would after a spell outside, Wake felt a pang at his dishonesty, but the kidnapper had him on a short leash.

Wake glanced out of the window, spotting a rusting truck in a patch of overgrown gardens outside. Making his excuses, he left. The doctor had moved into the reception area and was chatting to Deputy Grant. She saw Wake walking in, and cheerfully asked if she could help him.

"I need to get some air. The sheriff said I could go out back?"

"Of course, Mr. Wake. You can get there through the cell corridor. Just don't mind Walter in there. He's one of our regulars."

"I thought he quit drinking for good," the doctor muttered with an air of annoyance.

"Oh, no such luck," Grant replied. **"He went on a bender and beat Danny pretty badly. He started shouting like that the moment he woke up."** Noticing Wake eavesdropping, she turned to her keyboard and gently added: **"You can get to the back lot through that door and down the corridor, Mr. Wake."**



[Fig 2.12]

The door to the cell area was now wide open. Crossing the threshold, something flashed through his brain. An image of a crone. A Scratching Hag. It happened so quickly, he couldn't even remember the facial features. But he didn't dwell on it—he wasn't allowed to—Walter made sure of that.

He heard the slurred yelling from two cells down. **"Hey, can you turn the light—the lights on? The deputies, they won't—they don't understand, they won't listen to me. I, I need it to be bright in here!"**

Departure. # 16/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Dark Presence in the Diner

In spite of its human mask, to describe the Dark Presence as intelligent would have implied human qualities on something decidedly inhuman. Nonetheless, it found the one spot in the diner that was dark enough. Some light spilled into the corridor, ravaging it, but it took the pain, horrible as it was. The writer would soon fix that. He would be coming to the one place where it still had power.





Walter was still three sheets to the wind, and sailing on into a stupor. But Wake realized he needed to know what Walter was going to tell him. He returned to the cell area entrance, and flicked on the lights, then back to Walter **[Fig 2.12]**. The gratitude came first. The strange story came after. The drunk explaining that he had only gotten sauced after he beat Danny. But there was a twist:

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[Fig 2.13]

"Here's the kicker: that wasn't Danny. No sir! It only looked like him. You wanna know who it really was? I'll tell you who it really was. It was a goddamn space alien! I know it sounds like some... something a drunk would say, but believe me: I wasn't drunk then!"

It was long and rambling, but worth mulling over. As Walter's stupefaction concluded with him mumbling incoherently, Wake made sure to check the open cell near the exit to the parking lot. On the sleeping cot, he found another Manuscript Page. Reality was blurring, and it was difficult to cope. After pocketing the page, he pushed open the exit door, and stepped outside.

Activity: Examine the junker

The man on the phone had said, 'go through the fence on the left.' Before heading left though, Alan ventured across the parking lot **[Fig 2.13]**, out of the glow of the sun, and spotted a worker's radio and Coffee Thermos on the loading dock of the small warehouse. He turned the radio on; naturally, it was tuned to KBF-FM. Wake wondered whether the station employed any other deejays besides Pat Maine. But he found his friendly voice almost comforting.



[Fig 2.14]

Wake stepped back into the warm sunlight. Focusing his eyes across at the remains of an allotment, with the city hall's clock tower just visible in the background, across from the Oh Deer Diner he was standing behind, he saw the truck the kidnapper had been talking about. It was half-hidden in an overgrown patch of bleached grass, and a small, dead tree with twisted limbs snaking outward. He hopped onto the tarp-covered lumber piled near a low, dilapidated fence, and moved to the planks of wood providing a makeshift and rickety blockade **[Fig 2.14]**. One swift kick, and the planks toppled over and apart like a concertina breathing out. The fence rattled loudly as the splintering planks fell, but no one came to look. Inside the patch of ground was a wall attached to the warehouse wall with a lever next to it. There was a familiar sheet of typing paper—a Manuscript page—on a small rock below the ladder.



[Fig 2.15]

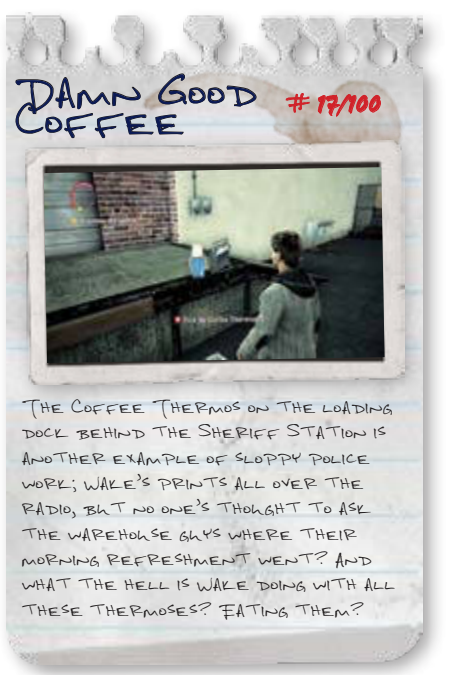
Wake brushed past the saplings growing in the unkempt garden, and stepped around, in front of the elderly flatbed truck. He checked the interior **[Fig 2.15]**.

"Alice's driver's license had been placed on the front seat. The caller meant business." A moment later, his phone rang. He checked the caller I.D., and flipped the phone up to his right ear.

"Al! Al, thank God! Where the hell have you been? I've been trying to reach you for a week, you and Alice. I've been worried sick. I flew out yesterday. I'm here, here in Bright Falls!" Barry sounded frantic. More so than usual, even.

"Barry, listen to me. I'm at the Sheriff Station, Come and get me. I can't talk now." Wake snapped the clamshell shut, cutting Barry off.





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Departure. # 17/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake at Lovers' Peak

The kidnapper fired his gun one last time, and the shadow vanished into the darkness it had come from.
"See, nothing to it, Wake."
The thought of Alice in his hands was revolting. We stood on the wooden platform of Lovers' Peak, the waterfall and the mountain behind us, the lights of the radio-mast blinking red in the heights above. I fought with the urge to take a swing, force myself to speak.
"Let's cut the act now. Where's my wife?"



TELLY TIMES

3 SEPTEMBER, 2004 # 3/14



Episode 2 of one man's rant against overwhelming odds. Now showing on the television mounted to the corner wall, above the door to and from the cell area in the Sheriff Station.

8:10 pm
Writer in the Cabin
"A writer is a light that reveals the world of his story from darkness, shapes it from nothingness, the way a sculptor carves a statue from a block of granite. If I stop, the world I'm making dies. Darkness will reclaim it. It's a long, hard journey into the dark. Alice's life is at stake, but I can't think about it, or I'll lose it. The dread lingers at the edge of perception. I'll push on. Anything is possible here. I'll write the story, I'll save her."

9.0 Nine O'Clock News
with Tom Rivers; Weatherman

"I hadn't wanted Barry to have anything to do with our vacation, but I was glad to have him in my corner now. I had to get the sheriff to let me go. I needed to get to the Elderwood National Park to meet Alice's kidnappers."

Activity: Exit the Sheriff Station

Alan spent the rest of the way back out of the garden, across the parking lot deep in thought. He needed help. He had survived mental anguish that would have reduced weaker men to gibbling fools; Walter was testament to this. But determination wins through in the end. Wake hadn't noticed if the television was on during his previous visit through the cell area, but a new show was on. Wake called it "Writer in the Cabin." He was the star, too. He listened to himself, trying to take in what was being said, which was much more difficult when he was the one saying it, from a cabin that hadn't existed since 1970:



[Fig 2.16]

Illogical patterns and mind meandering could turn into a full-blown psychotic episode (so Alice had told him after reading the first chapter of Hartman's psychobabble book), but Wake figured it was better to keep these hallucinations—these 'inner thoughts'—to himself. Speak of the devil; as Wake walked back into the reception area, he clocked a man bearing a startling resemblance to that smug guy on the back of *The Creator's Dilemma*. He was talking to Sheriff Breaker and Deputy Grant at the reception desk. The man mentioned the Anderson brothers. It sounded like they had caused some trouble.

"Tor and Odin never caused any trouble to anyone when they were still living at their farm." Deputy Grant interjected.

"Indeed," Hartman agreed, despite Grant's assertion being in contradiction to the doctor's view of the Andersons' decline. **"All we can do is to slow down the progress of their dementia."**

Sarah Breaker moved in to greet Alan: **"Are you feeling any better, Mr. Wake?"**

"I'd like to leave. Am I free to go?" Wake was direct, and abrupt. He wasn't about to be waylaid any further. Breaker wanted to talk but settled for knowing where she could get in touch with him. He'd need a place to stay.

Deputy Grant piped up: **"I'd avoid the motel. The Majestic is known for its roaches. The cabins at Elderwood are pretty nice though."**

"That sounds perfect." Alan replied, wanting the conversation to end. Now.

"I'm Doctor Emil Hartman." The weasel in a white coat spoke, extending a hand that Wake left hanging. **"I'd like to invite you to stay at Cauldron Lake Lodge."**

"Did you talk to my wife?" Wake responded aggressively, pointing a finger in Hartman's face **[Fig 2.16]**.

"I had the pleasure of discussing your situation with her on several occasions." Hartman replied without faltering.

"Did you set something up with her?" Wake asked, the words rapidly expelled from his mouth, as if too hot for his tongue.

"I invited her here. My clinic is a place where—" Wake snapped, finishing the doctor's sentence with a fist to the face. The doctor spun around and reeled back, dropping to the floor.



[Fig 2.17]

The fracas was interrupted by a pudgy man shoving both doors open, and striding into the Sheriff Station like he owned the place. He had a dress sense as loud as his demeanor; this pitbull in a bright red puffy jacket almost didn't make it through the front doors. His accent and attitude were pure New York as he demanded all hands off his client.

"Who are you?" Breaker asked.

"I'm Barry Wheeler, his agent! If you have business with Mr. Wake, you talk to me. You yokels won't know what hit you once I sic my lawyers on your asses!" Barry gesticulated wildly as Doctor Hartman, nursing a possible fat lip and definite broken nose, got back on his feet.

"No harm done, Sarah." The doctor said, slightly less smugly this time, his eyes watering. **"I'm all right. I don't want to press charges. Mr. Wake, my offer still stands."**

Wake walked toward Barry and the exit **[Fig 2.17]**, glancing at Hartman in contempt. **"Get me out of here."**

After a few choice words the two of them quickly left town, traveling to the Elderwood cabins Deputy Grant had recommended.

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Chapter 2B: Elderwood National Park



Elderwood National Park

Part 3: Investigation at Elderwood Visitor Center

Activity Log

- Talk to Rusty
- Find the form
- Take the form to Rusty
- Get the keys and get to the car



[Fig 2.18]

"I had to talk to someone. I told Barry everything. He thought I was certifiable, but when he heard about the manuscript, I had him. The fact that I'd written something, even if I couldn't remember it, was enough for him. He smelled money. And he believed that Alice had been kidnapped. Anything beyond that was another story.

I had a midnight appointment with the kidnapper in a place called Lovers' Peak, somewhere in Elderwood National Park. The plan was to rent a cabin."

Barry drove his monstrous SUV, complete with a less-than-subtle paint job through the open gates of the Elderwood National Park Visitor Center. Barry made his opinion of the plan perfectly, and explicitly, clear:

"I don't like it, Al. I don't like any of it. It's not good. In fact, it's the absolute opposite of good." Wake was about to retort as they both exited the vehicle, until he spotted his Bright Falls stalker.

Rose waved enthusiastically, before turning to smile at Barry **[Fig 2.18]**. **"Mr. Wake! Barry, you found him!"**

"I was just bringing Rusty some coffee. He's on the balcony, looking after Max, poor thing!" Rose checked her watch, and realized the time: **"I really need to go! Great seeing you again, Mr. Wake! Later!"**

Activity: Talk to Rusty



[Fig 2.19]

Barry checked Rose out as she passed him, with a lingering look up and down, just long enough to be creepy. **"Who's Max?"** he asked Alan, shrugging. Wake didn't answer. Barry followed Alan into the visitor center, making an offhand remark to Barry **[Fig 2.19]**.

"What an airhead,"

Uncharacteristically, Barry took offense at this comment, and launched into a rant. All his misgivings about Alan's story came pouring out.

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Wake stood there and took it. Then he replied, his voice trembling a little with rage: **"No! Look, Barry, I'm missing a week, and someone's got Alice, and everything's just—"**

Barry cut him off. He knew how to handle the delicate sensibilities of his client: **"Do you understand what it sounds like when you say stuff like that?" He went on to make it clear that it all sounded crazy. And friend or not, Barry knew what he thought Alan should do. "You gotta talk to the cops."**

There was no reasoning with Wake: **"She's my wife. And it's my call. Can we talk about this later?"**

"No! This whole thing—" Barry stopped, mid-sentence. This wasn't getting them anywhere. He tried a different tack, appealing to Wake's reason—to understand how crazy it sounded. The large agent wound down, paused just long enough to take a breath. Then he was off again, gesturing wildly:

"Look, Al, you're asking me to believe that you shot a dude who went poof! Into thin air! A guy who was bulletproof until you pointed a flashlight at him." It was too much to believe, he pleaded with Alan to see that. "You're the skeptic. You gave me an hour-long lecture on homeopathy last month. What was it? 'If there's no proof, it's pure bullshit. Period?'" Barry finally exhaled.

"Guess the laugh's on me then." Alan replied, softly. He needed Barry on-side, not questioning his decisions.

Barry heard the hurt in Wake's voice. He relented a little, maybe something weird did happen to his friend.

"All I'm saying is, you gotta throw me a bone here, Bestseller." Barry walked off, into the sunken restaurant at the back of the center, passing the huge grizzly bear. He stopped and turned: **"What would you think if it was me? There's no way you should be going out at midnight with a gun."** Barry finished. He'd said his piece.

Wake didn't care what Wheeler thought: **"Either work with me on this, or go straight back to New York. Your choice."** This finally silenced Barry.

Wake left Barry to nurse his ego, and made it a priority to thoroughly search the visitor center **[Fig 2.20]**. He wanted to make sure he didn't miss any clues. The nearby wall of windows revealed an exterior deck, where the park ranger was hunched over, working over a medium-sized dog. He'd get there in a moment, but first he checked the kitchen. Nothing was cooking here, save for the Coffee Thermos on the pass-through shelf.

Alan studied the 10-foot tall grizzly bear, and read the information provided on the wall. This was an impressive beast, but not as impressive as the visitor center's prize exhibit: Buck-Toothed Charlie. He'd check out Charlie in a moment. First, he needed to secure his lodgings. Pushing open the door to the right of the grizzly exhibit, Wake squinted as he gazed at the snow-capped Mirror Peak. A serene place, but remote. He walked along to the far end of the deck, where Rusty was attending to his other best friend, Max **[Fig 2.21]**.

"Hey. Rusty, right? You rent cabins?"

Rusty didn't look up from his delicate task: **"Mr. Wake! I'd shake your hand, but mine are kinda full here. Actually, I'm sorry about this, would you mind grabbing the registration form from the desk? It's just across from Buck-Toothed Charlie."**

Activity: Find the form

Wake wandered a little ways away from Rusty, who comforted Max in quiet tones and then continued: **"The form's on the desk across from the mammoth skeleton."**



[Fig 2.21]



[Fig 2.22]

Alan looked down at the parking lot below the visitor center, and watched a pickup truck leave the vicinity. He headed back inside the visitor center. Ignoring Barry, Wake stepped up to the reception desk, and signed the form **[Fig 2.22]**. He needed to return it to Rusty, but he wanted a good look about this prehistoric skeleton.

Activity: Take the form to Rusty

Rusty hadn't unlocked the restrooms up front yet, but Wake didn't need a rest stop. In fact, he couldn't remember the last time he'd needed to use the little boy's room. Walking across to the exhibit dominating the room, Wake read Buck-Toothed Charlie's inscription. On the opposite side, Wake looked at the tchotchkes for sale. He wondered if the stuffed buffalo head—or was it a bison?—was for sale, too.

Wake walked back onto the deck **[Fig 2.23]**, the sun warming him up. Rusty still looked busy, but the bandaging didn't look too bloody.



[Fig 2.20]



[Fig 2.23]

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"I think this is the form you wanted."

Activity: Get the keys and get to the car

"And here are the keys." Rusty delved into his coat pocket, retrieved a key chain, and laid it on the table close to Max. **"Okay, you're all set, Mr. Wake! Glad to have you staying here."**

"Thanks. Can you tell me how to get to Lovers' Peak?"

"Oh, sure! It's at the end of the nature trail. Just follow the paths, you'll get to it eventually. It's an easy walk. Nice spot, too! If you have any trouble finding it, just keep your eyes on the radio mast, it's right below that. Oh, and hey, if you take a walk in the woods, watch your step so you don't end up like Max. I guess I'm a little worried. We've got a bunch of campers out there we haven't heard from. It's not like these people are on a schedule, but with the traps.... Well, you know. I just don't want any trouble."

Wake focused his gaze out across the valley to the other snow-topped mountain; Lovers' Peak glinted in the distance. The radio mast jutted up behind it. That was an easy marker to use. He also took in the terrain; hilly and somewhat treacherous. He hoped the trails were well-lit and sign-posted. He said goodbye to Rusty for the very last time, and headed back to round up Barry for the journey to the cabin.

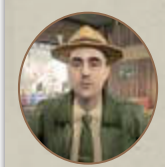
Elderwood National Park Visitor Brochure

Explore Our Enchanted Forest!



The Elderwood National Park is a bounty of gushing rock waterfalls, stunning gorge rivers, and dense forest, located between Highways 512 and 91A. We boast some of the finest temperate rainforest anywhere in the world. Whether you're renting a log cabin, camping with Mother Nature, or exploring the variety of wildlife and trails, this is an alpine wilderness you won't soon forget!





"Hello. I'm Ranger Rusty. I'm usually lying around here to answer any and all questions you may have regarding our beautiful scenic trails, cabin rentals, or the campground. Be sure to feed Max a doggie treat, but not too many!"



This park is proud to be part of the "Better Than We Left It" conservation treaty; backcountry visitors are encouraged to follow the ethics of this program. Talk to Ranger Rusty for more information.

Support Your Park

There are many types of donation, from your time and energy as a volunteer, to money spent at the Cafe and Gift Shop. Here at Elderwood, we are extremely thankful for your support and partnership. Please be generous!

Cafe
Savory Snacks, Sodas, Ice Cream.

Elk Burger and the fixings	$7.99
Stag Pot Pie	$6.99
Spicy Cauldron Stew	$7.99
The Hiker's Sandwich	$5.99
Big Stuffer Corn Twirls	$1.99
Small Stuffer Corn Twirls	$0.99
Moonshine Lemonade	$1.99
Rusty's Rocky Road	$1.99
Oh Deer Diner: Large Coffee	$2.99
Oh Deer Diner: Extra Large Coffee	$3.99
Thermos (100 refills)	$100.00

Cafe Open 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. all week.

Gift Shop

Elderwood Poster	$3.99
Grizzly Gus (Handcarved)	$10.99
Cuddly Charlie (100% Polyester)	$18.99
Rusty the Ranger Hat	$5.99
Maplewood Sapling	$18.99

Mounted animals and animal heads available by request.
Please contact Mott for further information: 555-7865.

Open 10 a.m to 4:30 p.m. all week.

Welcome to the Visitor Center and Ranger Office

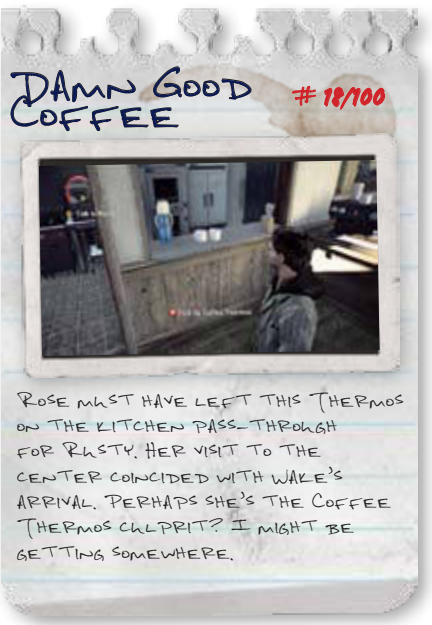


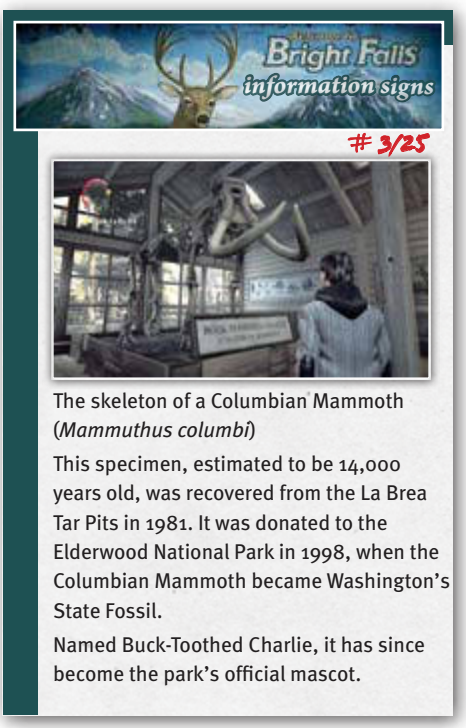




Say hello to Buck-Toothed Charlie, one of the finest preserved skeletons of the Columbian Mammoth ever found, and our park mascot. When you're finished perusing our exhibit, sit down for a cup of delicious coffee, a snack, and a gift from our store. Restrooms are available; please ask the attendant for a key.

Photolog: A handy-dandy Visitor Center leaflet (including the souvenirs and food on sale) showcasing the natural wonders of Elderwood National Park, while minimizing the unnatural fogs, wild cries, and tormented hikers recently reported.





The skeleton of a Columbian Mammoth (*Mammuthus columbi*)

This specimen, estimated to be 14,000 years old, was recovered from the La Brea Tar Pits in 1981. It was donated to the Elderwood National Park in 1998, when the Columbian Mammoth became Washington's State Fossil.

Named Buck-Toothed Charlie, it has since become the park's official mascot.

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Part 4: Dark Manifestations

Activity Log

- Head for Lovers' Peak
- Help Rusty
- Get the lights on
- Return to Rusty



[Fig 2.24]

It was after nightfall. The air was alive in the forest. The stars peered down through the firmament like a thousand wolf eyes, watching the dark woods below. All was quiet...until faintly but abruptly, a voice cut through the ether.

"That's just crazy talk, Al!" Barry and Alan were upstairs in their rented cabin. Barry raised his voice as he continued to talk to the back of Wake's head. He knew how stubborn Wake could be: **"We should go to the sheriff, or call the FBI."**

Alan snapped back: **"Damn it, Barry! They'll kill her."** Wake turned and took a single offensive step forward: **"This is not a goddamn debate, Barry. I'm going to Lovers' Peak. He said to come alone."**

Barry, a sneeze seeming to have taken the wind out of him, finally got on board with the plan: **"Okay! Okay, then. I understand. But you're my best friend, and I'm worried that you're not right in the head. Tell me what to do to help, and I'll do it."**

Wake gave his instructions: **"You stay here, and if I'm not back by morning, call the cavalry."**

Activity: Head for Lovers' Peak

Barry sneezed a couple more times in quick succession, and sat down on the cabin sofa after a particularly strong recoil. **"Just be careful with the natives, Al."** he warned: **"These yokels are dangerous. Everybody hates a tourist. Or it'll be** *Deliverance* **all over again."** Barry emphasized his dire hypothesis with another sneeze.

"Bless you," Alan responded, half-smiling.

Wake peered out of the upstairs window, and noted the position of Mirror Peak on the horizon. The cabin itself was perched high on top of a hill, along with a few more buildings farther along the road. Wake turned and moved to the top of the stairs **[Fig 2.24]**.

Instructing his friend to lock the door, Wake descended the steps, pausing at the back door to toy with the light switch. The moment he flicked it off, Barry was on again:

"Real funny, Al! Real funny! Ha ha! Thank you. I'll just sit here in the dark till you come back. Or until I get eaten by a grue."



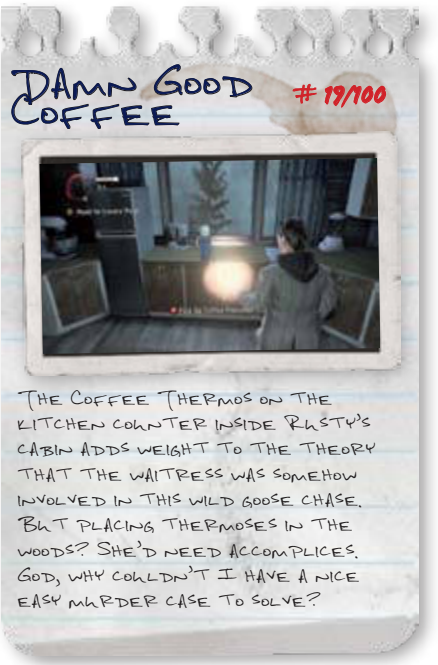
[Fig 2.25]

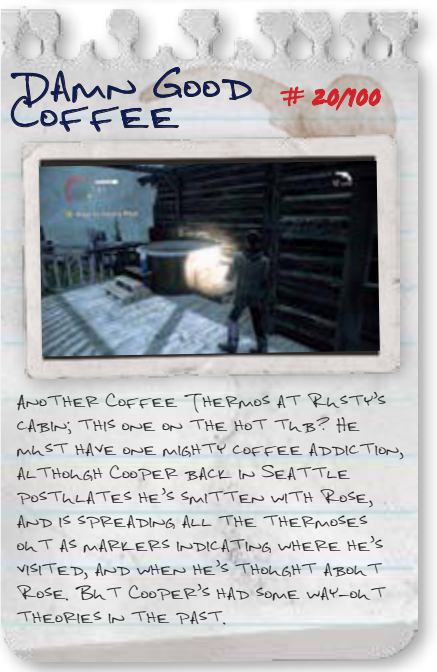
A grue: Barry may have come across to the sheriff as an aggressive attack-dog, but he knew his Scandinavian horror references. Or perhaps he was a *Zork* dork. He'd ask later; for the moment, he double-checked the cabin **[Fig 2.25]**: The place felt safe, comforting, despite the staring deer's head. He moved into the kitchen area. A short rummage revealed some batteries and a Coffee Thermos. Wake took them, and headed across to the front door exit. He paused before leaving, and flicked off the second light switch, slightly maliciously, provoking Barry again.



[Fig 2.26]

Alan opened the door and stepped out on the deck. A wave of unease threatened to envelope him, but he pushed it back mentally, and made a logical attempt to check the deck and outside garden. This place was perched somewhat precariously on a cliff, but it did give a grand view down and across the valley: there were a few suspicious lights illuminating the clinging mist coalescing in the chilly gloom. Wake almost fell, tripping over a metal bucket as he passed the barbecue grill, and stepped down into the garden. The log picnic bench was empty **[Fig 2.26]**, but a circular scan of the horizon showed three snowy peaks surrounding him. He noticed the radio mast clinging to Lovers' Peak, now pulsing with low-altitude warning lights.





Wake quickly checked the garden on the other side of the cabin. The moon was so bright now that his flashlight wasn't needed; he could pick out the old well—once the only source of water for this residence—perfectly, as well as the hot tub on the deck with an odd present left on the tub steps: a Coffee Thermos. Wake moved to the dirt path and started descending the wooden steps cut into the rock face, leading down to where they'd parked the SUV. He heard Barry shouting his goodbyes from inside the cabin.

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Wake slowly descended the steps, watching another raven lazily extricate itself from atop a post as he neared it. Not a good sign, based on past experiences with these hated birds. He made a point to pause at the SUV; there was a Manuscript Page on the ground between the vehicle and a rotting shed. He tried the car door. The handle rattled.



[Fig 2.27]

"Barry had the keys to the car he'd rented. It wasn't a long walk to the visitor center, and it wouldn't be any use to me in the forest."

Wake took off down the road, jogging down the loose gravel incline, stepping on and over the tufts of grass that indicated this wasn't a state-maintained street. Wake felt uneasy straight away; he could almost hear the tension-building cello baritones, dramatic piano notes, and intermittent violin screeches. He stopped on the over side of the road, and peered over at the path as it wound around to the left **[Fig 2.27]**, passing a cabin and small metal trailer. He began to second-guess himself:

"I knew I should have gone to the cops. This wasn't the smartest thing I'd ever done, but I was still angry with Barry for trying to talk me out of it. These people had called me right in the Sheriff Station. The cops wouldn't scare them. And they had Alice."



[Fig 2.28]

The cawing of crows took on an almost human, screaming quality. He could hear the wildlife, and they were probably staring back at him, but he couldn't see them. Feeling that a thorough investigation of each dwelling might be helpful before reaching the visitor center, Wake climbed a small, steep grassy bank with a single-level, chalet-style log cabin on it **[Fig 2.28]**. Wandering around to the back deck, he found the door, and pushed his way in. He flicked on the light switch, and the lone bulb provided just enough light to see. When he opened the wardrobe, he settled for ammunition. Of more interest was the radio on the table, blinking a green light. He switched it on, listening as Pat Maine welcomed a night-time guest to his talk show.

Wake was half-listening to the show. He heard Maine and the doctor laughing. The silhouette of something man-sized passed by one of the cabin's windows **[Fig 2.29]**, on the same side as the fireplace. He was sure of it. Night terrors stirred, but Wake stopped, drew a deep breath, and pushed open the door to the deck, drawing his revolver.



[Fig 2.29]

Nothing. He checked around the perimeter of the building, and couldn't find anyone. Scrambling through a bush, Alan dropped down to a picnic table. He slowed to conduct his search, and struck a metal can, sending it clattering across the dirt. Damn. He made his way back to the road. Stepping to the left near the picnic table, Wake saw a metal trash can. A moment later, he let out an inadvertent yell.

The Night Owl



The Voice of Pat Maine
All Night, Every Night

TRANSCRIPT # 4/11

"Welcome back to the show, folks. As promised, our very own Doctor Nelson has just parked his rear end in the studio. Doc, what's your Deerfest plan like?"

"My plan? You make it sound a lot more organized than I ever seem to manage! Ha ha ha!"

"Ha ha!"

"No plan, really, just take in the atmosphere. I'm getting a little too rickety to do much more than that, you know."

"Oh, tell me about it. No sack race for us older gentlemen, huh?"

"Ha ha! Yes, exactly, Pat. But I'm going to check out the parade, of course, and I'll be one of the pie contest judges, too."

"Well, that takes a different kind of constitution."

"Ha ha! Oh, yeah, it's my kind of exercise."

"Now, Doc, seriously, you're in pretty good shape, though. You're the outdoors type. I know for a fact you're an avid fisherman."

"That's right. Matter of fact, just caught a heck of a largemouth bass early this morning."

"But you're not taking part in the fishing contest?"

"No, no. Not this year. See, Pat, I'm just not that competitive anymore. Now I just like to take my time and enjoy the peace of it. It's no fun if I need to worry about what I'm catching, you know?"

"Considering your track record, the participants are probably pretty happy you feel that way!"

"Ha ha ha ha! Well, Pat, that's kind of you to say."



THERE'S NO ECHOING PROBLEMS NOW THAT THE MAST IS UP ABOVE THE STATION. PAT'S VOICE IS CRISP AND CLEAR INSIDE RUSTY'S #2 CABIN.

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[Fig 2.30]

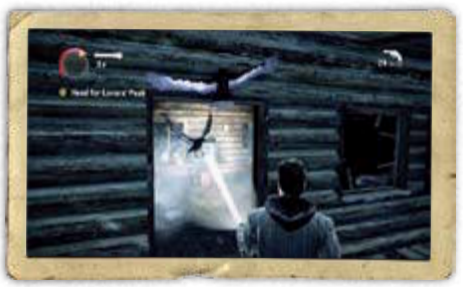
The can twisted over on its side—violently—sending the lid spinning onto the road. Wake's heart raced, wondering what had happened. Two birds flapped out from the trash can. They were the culprits. Giving the fallen can a wide berth, he spotted and read the sign pointing down the road, toward the "Elderwood National Park Visitor Center."

Wake felt his brain pulse and expand—at least, that's what it felt like—as a few steps farther down the road a street light shattered, and an odd wave of light emanated from a distant point out of his field of vision while the ground below gently rumbled. His brain screamed at him to stop and go no farther. Yet he continued, forcing himself to look right at the tire-swing **[Fig 2.30]**. The tire moved slightly; it rocked gently back and forth as if pushed by the hands of a small—and invisible—child. Or more logically, a stiff breeze. He moved to the wooden platform overlooking the river gorge below. Not even a tree branch moved in the still, clammy air.



[Fig 2.31]

The road seemed the safest place to be. Wake continued down it, passing a large stack of pressure-treated wood half-covered by tarp. Behind the lumber was another chalet cabin, and parked nearby was a wheelbarrow, a barrel, and the trailer caravan he'd seen from the top of the road. Wake shone his flashlight over a park sign showing directions for the Elderwood Nature Trail, Moonshine Cave, and Lovers' Peak **[Fig 2.31]**.



[Fig 2.32]

Taking a careful look at the metal trailer for signs of unnatural movement, Wake edged past the caravan, and carefully ascended the deck steps behind the second cabin. Peering through a broken window, he saw that this place was in a much worse state than the previous cabin. He stepped to the door and tried the handle. It was stuck; forcing Wake to kick the door in. As shoe touched wood, Wake watched as the door fell forward, and something dark and sharp rushed through the air straight at him.

He froze, too slow to react, as two birds escaped the cabin **[Fig 2.32]**, flying out into the gorge beyond. Wake mustered his remaining courage, and stepped into the cabin. It was a mess; windows were not only shattered, but the frames and lintels were ripped off. Wake was attracted to an intact television on the table. Switching it on, he gazed as another episode of the odd little show *Night Springs* flooded the cabin with light.



[Fig 2.33]

Wake left the cabin as the end credits wafted over the cool air. He traisped back to the main road, convinced he'd seen another black shape at one of the windows. Wake carefully made his way to a bend in the road, quickly checking a phone box out by a path to a lookout point. He couldn't remember the last time he'd seen—or used—one of these. It was an endangered relic in the face of the cell phone's geometric expansion.

Choosing the short pathway up to the covered lookout point, Wake passed signs on the way up to the lookout platform without incident **[Fig 2.33]**. He could see the visitor center from here; something didn't look right. Stooping, he spied another Manuscript Page, gathered it up, and descended the way he came.



[Fig 2.34]

Never taking his eyes off the back of the abandoned SUV **[Fig 2.34]**, Wake watched as a red canister fell from the open trunk door, onto the ground. This startled a trio—not yet an unkindness—of ravens. The canister was resting on another Manuscript Page. Wake's stomach churned as he read the page, entitled "Rusty Dying."

Departure. # 19/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Barry Doubts Wake's Sanity

Barry had never gotten along with Alice, but he knew Alan loved her with an almost frightening intensity. And now something had happened to Alice... and here was Al, armed with a gun and saying things people got put in padded cells for. It was as if his friend had experienced a massive psychotic episode and was not totally disconnected from reality.
It scared the shit out of Barry.



ON THE TURN-IN, AT THE FOOT OF THE ENTRANCE STEPS TO RUSTY'S HILLTOP CABIN, BY BARRY'S RENTED SUV.



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[Fig 2.35]



[Fig 2.36]

The SUV had been abandoned in a hurry, and there was no sign of the passengers. Wake headed forward, and was just passing the sign marked "Fallen Rock Zone" (and was thinking happy thoughts, that he might pry the sign off its post and give it to Tor and Odin as a rather apt gift), when something exploded inside Wake's head. Wake clutched his temple, sure it was an embolism. He gazed ahead and saw all three street lamps blink out in quick succession. This was followed by a tremendous—but distant—guttural roar:

"The vision left me weak. This was no head injury."

Alan peered ahead at the visitor center building. Shots—and screams—echoed through and lit up the valley. More shrieking. A tremendous bass noise, impossible, deep, booming vicious sounds, was followed quickly by the fall of a fir tree. The roaring petered out, like a slow intake of breath. Then silence, save for the squeaking sound of an off-road vehicle lazily freewheeling across the forecourt and stopping abruptly at the trail verge.

Activity: Help Rusty

Fighting the urge to turn and flee, Wake headed onward as the trail flattened out. He passed the sign marking the Cafe and Souvenir Shop, and quickly checked the second crashed SUV **[Fig 2.35]**. It too, was empty. Glancing right, Wake spotted the final resting place of the fir tree; it had fallen on the Park Ranger Office, collapsing part of the roof. He stepped onto the visitor center parking lot. It looked like the entire area surrounding him had been picked up and dropped from 30 feet. Scattered shards of wood, plastic chairs, and other refuse lay across the ground **[Fig 2.36]**. Two electrical poles had been unearthed, and lay precariously against the visitor center Wake had left only hours earlier, one with a sparking cable still swinging alarmingly. Then he heard the screams:

"Can you hear me? Anyone? Please help!

He knew it was Rusty; his manuscript had told him so. Although Wake felt guilty, he knew he had to check the other buildings in the area before witnessing what horrors lurked in the visitor center building itself. Wake quickly checked the storage shed on the left, close to the SUV. He spotted a Coffee Thermos. The perimeter gates were locked, so Wake circled around the fallen tree **[Fig 2.37]**. He spied another piece of paper on the low stone wall, in front of the Park Ranger Office. It was another Manuscript Page. It made for grim, but inevitable reading. Scouting the left side of the building, passing the log picnic table, Wake checked around the back of the building, and almost missed a Coffee Thermos at the foot of a pine tree. Wake then retreated, and checked the Park Ranger Office, to no avail:

"The ranger's office was locked. I'd need a key to get in."

"Hello?"



[Fig 2.37]

TELLY TIMES

4 MARCH, 1994 # 4/14



The second episode of American oddity Night Springs. This evening's episode, "The Man in the Mirror," takes place in Rusty's #3 cabin, in Elderwood National Park.

8:10 pm
Night Springs
with Alan Wake

Departure. # 31/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Rose and Rusty

Rose knew that Rusty was in love with her, and she liked him, too. She liked him a lot. He'd taught her to dance, and life had certainly taught her the value of a man who was gentle. He treated her well, made her smile, made her feel good.
But Rusty wasn't the prince of her dreams, and that tended to underline the unbearable truth: she was no closer to that Hollywood magic than he was.



ON THE WOODEN FLOOR OF THE LOOKOUT POINT, HALFWAY DOWN THE TRAIL FROM RUSTY'S HILLTOP CABIN.

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[Fig 2.38]

Wake heard a mixture of coughing and feeble breathing, then Rusty called to him. Wake carefully stepped over the planks haphazardly framing the visitor center entrance, and moved inside. It looked like a bomb had exploded in here. The grizzly bear exhibit was thrown away; replaced by a trail of thick, greasy blood leading down into the sunken dining area. Slumped against the wall was Rusty **[Fig 2.38]**. He looked...wrong; broken and twisted unnaturally. Behind him, an imprint of Rusty's blood could be seen above the badly mangled man.



[Fig 2.39]

"I'm here! I'm hurt! I can't move! Please help!"

Wake visibly winced as he walked up to Rusty. Coughing blood the ranger struggled to explain:

"It happened...just the way it was on that page...I found...came true. It knew...so dark. It'll come back for me... you must...the lights...in the office. I have the key." As Max looked on from his cage, whimpering, Rusty handed Wake his keys.

Activity: Get the lights on

Wake backed away from Rusty. He'd switch on the lights, and raise the alarm at the Park Ranger Office; that's what he'd do. He bent down to pick up and pocket Rusty's revolver **[Fig 2.39]**, before checking on Max. There was whimpering from both man and beast, as Rusty continued to spew blood and information:

"...a presence, so dark...like the forest at night...woke up...it'll be back, I know it will...it hasn't finished with me yet... so big, I thought...old Buck-Toothed Charlie had...come to life.... Did you see Max? Is he okay?..."

"The only way to make sure that Rusty was safe was to get the power running and the lights back on."

Alan checked both visitor center doors; they were firmly locked, and the small bottle of pills in the kitchen medicine cabinet would be useless. Wake emerged from the visitor center, taking care to avoid running under the swinging section of roof dangling from its temporary moorings, and crossed the parking lot to the Park Ranger Office. After a quick jostle, the door swung open.



[Fig 2.40]

Inside, Wake quickly scanned the gloomy reception office then moved around to a small corridor; a Manuscript Page caught his eye, and he gathered it up before entering the back office itself **[Fig 2.40]**. The ham radio was useless without power, so Wake moved to the door at the rear of the office, near the gun cabinet. He expected more than a few batteries and bullets here. But that wasn't Wake's biggest disappointment of the night....

The breaker was crackling with shorted electrical energy. Someone had thoughtlessly lodged a hand axe into the unit, ruining it completely.

"I was too late. Someone had destroyed the circuit breaker. There was no way to get the lights back on."

Or, perhaps this act of sabotage demonstrated an all-too-cunning aptitude for misdirection: As Alan backtracked into the office, he heard more screaming.

"Rusty!"

Activity: Return to Rusty

Clattering, wrenching sounds emanated through the air as Wake sprinted back to try to save what

Departure. # 20/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Rusty Dying

The air in the visitor center was heavy with an awful smell, as if some rotten drowned thing had crawled up from its grave. Rusty kept coughing blood. My eyes were drawn to the twisted shape of his broken leg. The attack had been vicious. Max whined in his cage. Rusty's eyes were wild with fever and terror. He gasped: "Mr. Wake, it happened just the way it was on that page."



ON THE TRUNK SPACE INTERIOR OF A PARKED OFF-ROADER, HALFWAY DOWN THE ROAD FROM THE HILLTOP CABIN.



[Fig 2.41]



[Fig 2.42]

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was left of the park ranger. Wake could see smoke within the visitor center. But in the yard, Wake was surprised to discover some odd excretory evidence on the ground **[Fig 2.41]**: a thick, black, oily pus splattered in puddles. He touched a patch and received a dose of sharp pain. Instinctively, he turned his flashlight on the ooze, and it emitted a terrible shriek. It became louder when Wake boosted his beam. Then the dark matter was gone; blinking out of existence in a shower of light. Wake resolved to cleanse all five patches of black secretion in the area; boosting his flashlight to remove these stains. Then *they* came. Two outdoorsmen, clad in hunting apparel, and carrying an axe the size and shape of the one embedded in the breaker box. But these hunters had been taken by darkness, controlled by a presence hell-bent on destroying Wake, but also anyone he came into contact with. Wake readied his flashlight, and boosted the beam, burning wisps of black vapor from the first form until only the flesh automaton was left. A couple of shots, and the man-sized form crumpled. The same fate befell the other huntsman **[Fig 2.42]**.



[Fig 2.43]

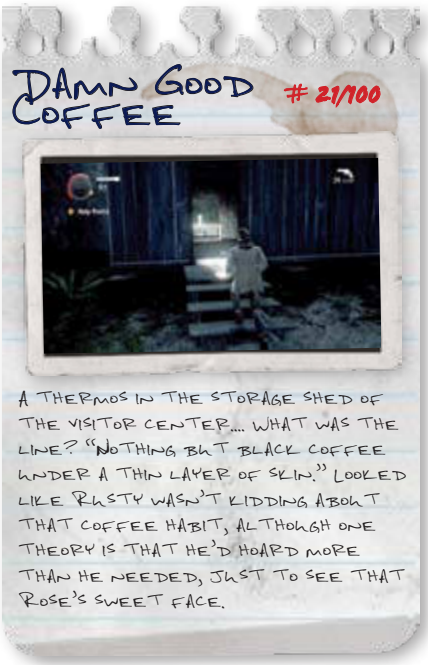
Wake ventured forward, back into the ruins of the visitor center **[Fig 2.43]**. He heard Max barking and growling incessantly. As he stepped into the building, the barking turned to yelps and finally silence. Wake moved into the sunken cafe area. Rusty's body had disappeared. Wake looked right:

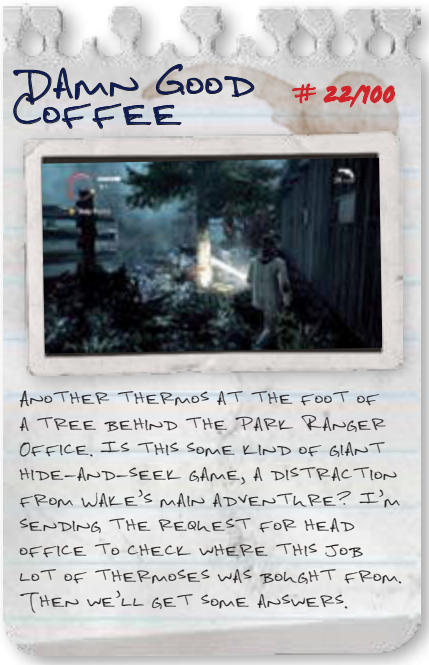
"Something had torn a mammoth-sized hole in the wall."

The atmosphere became blurred. The trees began to rock back and forth, and Wake's vision started to fail, as if he were peering through a lens of thick glass. He heard a strange, inhuman voice. Insanely, it began



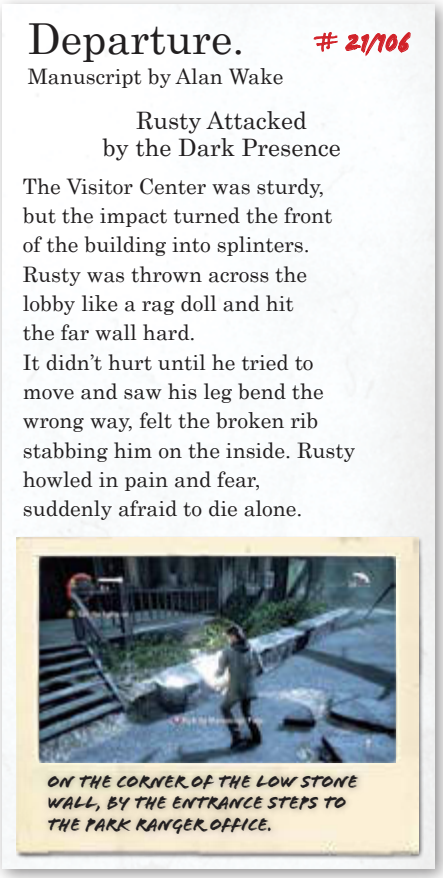
[Fig 2.44]

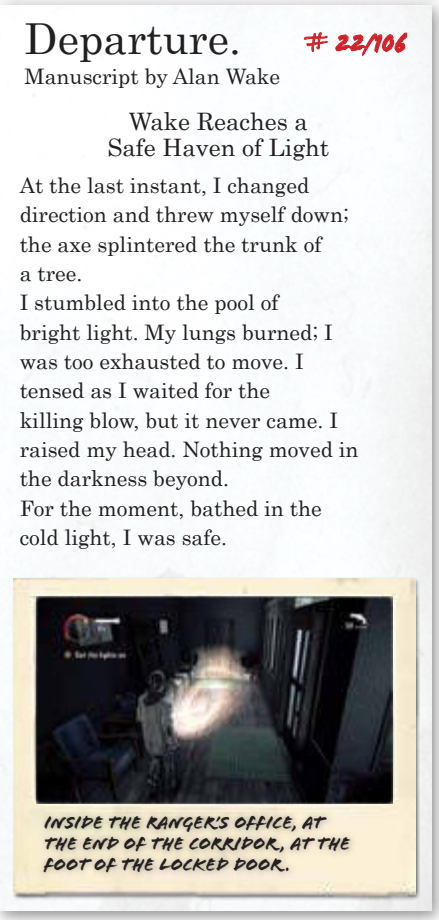




reciting park rules. The mundane words given the weight of terror. The sound of it was forced, strained, and grimly familiar. Like Stucky, but somewhere, in the growling, he picked out Rusty's intonations.

Wake couldn't see the source of this spectral ranting. He gazed down at the body of Max. It had been struck by an axe and the dog was bleeding out. Wake's eyes frantically darted around the back exterior of the center, searching for some way to help as the disembodied voice kept up it's litaney of regulations. Then it came.





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Something unreal had taken control of Rusty's body, and was animating it from within. It dropped down from the visitor center roof, landing with a cracking thud that would have broken an ankle. But there was no slow down in speed from this specter. The demonic thing that was Rusty approached **[Fig 2.44]**, and started to dash around Wake, a blur too fast to follow:

"Never approach closer than one hundred yards to bears and wolves!" It yelled with a sing-song gurgle. Alan took aim with the flashlight, and started to burn the darkness off Rusty's body as often as he could. Wake continued to wipe the black mist from Rusty, ensuring he had enough room to back up—and secure bullets from the crate inside the small outbuilding—without being caught by the vicious axe swings Rusty was attempting. When the black outer coating of armor had gone, Rusty could no longer run faster than eyes could follow. So he advanced with his axe.



[Fig 2.45]

"Obey the park ranger's instructions at all times!" A small burst of golden light and scattered leaves signified that the outer layer of ethereal armor had been ripped off Rusty's form. With great reluctance, and a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach, Wake turned Rusty's revolver back on the beast. Rusty's neck snapped back. Forcing Rusty back periodically with the flashlight, Wake emptied a full chamber of six frantic shots into the ranger's head. Rusty would not drop. Finally, after two more blasts, Rusty spun backward in twisting agony, and blinked out of existence **[Fig 2.45]**. **Under a Thin Layer of Skin** there was blackness. But it had been thwarted. Temporarily.

Part 5: Terror in Elderwood

Activity Log

Reach Lovers' Peak



[Fig 2.46]

It could have been seconds or minutes later, but Wake was snapped from his troubled inner thoughts by the arrival of two huntsmen at the exit gate. Wake treated these zombies almost with contempt; shaving off their dark armor and plugging them with pistol fire. Then he gathered as many bullets as he could carry from the ammunition crate, and ventured through the remains of the gate, staggering in the general direction of Lovers' Peak.

Wake was descending the small hill to the rustic covered staircase when the vision returned. Up ahead, another mighty evergreen toppled and fell accompanied by a low trumpeting. Wake pressed on, bewildered and forcing himself to remain sane. Fortunately, the doors of the covered steps opened easily **[Fig 2.46]**. Wake walked down the steps, and stood for a moment in the safety of the bright light. He summoned courage, and finished the descent, just as his phone rang.

It was Barry, yelling. Louder even than usual. Alan was almost too calm in the face of his friend's near panic.

"Oh geez. Oh geez." Barry was babbling. **"You're not crazy. I wish you were crazy but you're not crazy."** Barry stopped talking, remembered to breathe, then finished: **"Al, be careful!"**



[Fig 2.47]

In a way, Barry's apoplexy meant he wasn't experiencing this madness alone. Or he was trapped inside his own elongated nightmare, and he'd invented Barry's phone call as a tiny part of this psychotic episode. The latter idea wasn't worth contemplating, so Wake reloaded his revolver, and started down the trailhead, moving in the opposite direction from the visitor center sign. Up ahead, he spotted a light. Running along the path, he stepped onto a wooden lookout platform **[Fig 2.47]**. He wandered to the edge, mesmerized by the deluge of water crashing down the rocks below, and rapidly flowing under a bridge farther down the trail. Wake checked a nearby picnic table and secured another Manuscript Page; the prose contained within



[Fig 2.48]

Departure. # 23/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Rusty's Final Thoughts

In that last instant of consciousness, Rusty thought about Rose. He was older than she was; Rose was barely out of her teens. But she made him feel young and forget what a train wreck his long dead marriage had been.
He still wore the ring. He'd been waiting for her to tell him to take it off.
Now she never would.



made particularly troubling reading. Close to the page was a six-pack of Beer Cans. Wake didn't feel the thrill as he unloaded on these cans. They weren't stacked in a pyramid.

Pausing under the comforting glow of the trail light, Wake continued as the path weaved around, almost back on itself. Up ahead, he took in the architecture of the covered staircase he'd just navigated, then found a set of steps built into the rocks that took him down. He paused at the top of the steps to

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[Fig 2.49]

open an emergency box snagging batteries and bullets. This lower, U-shaped set of steps were far less grand than the one above, but they did the job. Wake was below the bluff and moving toward a bridge at the commencement of the Lovers' Peak hiking trail. A startled bird flapped off its mossy perch, as Wake read a trail sign **[Fig 2.48]**. Wake crossed the bridge with trepedation. He reached the other side without incident.

"Lovers' Peak was at the far end of the nature trail."

Wake's footfalls were causing the wooden path beneath him to creak. He saw the sign pointing right, but his flashlight picked up some daubed yellow dots indicating that something interesting was farther along the curved platform. A few steps ahead, he was greeted by a sign telling him he'd been entering Moonshine Cave. The entrance to the cave, an ominous and pitch black wound thrust deep into the rocky basalt hillside, was half-sealed by slat-paneled wooden fencing. The entrance door was ajar. Pushing through, he ventured farther into a natural rock tunnel dripping with mineral deposits. Even the flashlight had a hard time piercing this gloom. He slowed to a steady but nervous pace as the tunnel finally opened up into a grotto, with a sign explaining the cave's checkered past, and how it was named **[Fig 2.49]**.

Stepping back from the sign, Alan startled both himself, and a colony of Pipistrelle bats from their snoozing posts. Looking up at the bats swirling out a cavern chimney, Wake was almost ready to leave when his flashlight glanced across a roughly daubed torch symbol. Smugglers unknown, but friendly to the cause, had deposited a small haul here; although this fifth Chest wasn't as full as Wake would have liked. Still, a shotgun propped up against the rock wall made the creepy cave detour worthwhile. Wake climbed up and gathered what he could carry, then found the two wooden marker poles and extricated himself out of the hill, kicking open the cave door, and moving back onto the trail to Lovers' Peak.



[Fig 2.50]

Wake elected to follow the advice contained on the bridge sign, and maintain sight of the hiking trail as he moved toward a clearing in the woods. The serene nature of the place was tempered somewhat when the trail light's bulb shattered. But the woods took on an altogether more horrific visage when the Taken came. Three victims of the darkness stepped forward, around the boulders, and unrelenting attacks commenced. Wake—instinctively now—focused his flashlight on the nearest foe, snuffing the black smoke from the form, and the entity behind it. He then leveled his shotgun and fired **[Fig 2.50]**. The results were as messy as they were impressive; it seemed this weapon could wound two or more foes with a single shot, provided they were encroaching behind each other.

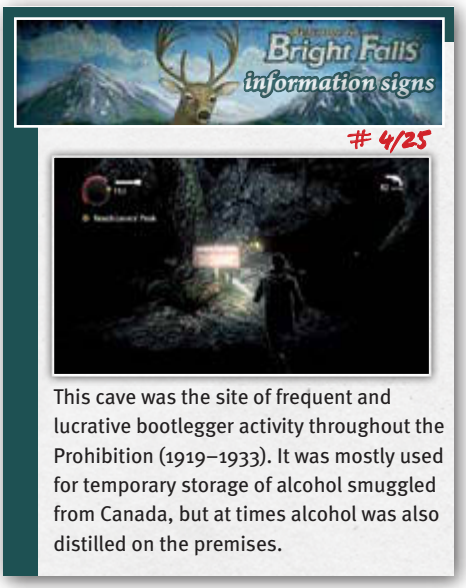


[Fig 2.51]

The rest of the battle took place using Rusty's revolver, and over the beeping of a phone booth. Once the darkness was thwarted, Wake ran his fingers across the booth shelf to discover more useful items. He found only Rusty's hat on the picnic table. He fingered the ranger's revolver nervously.

Wake spotted a light down the slope behind the chemical toilet, and slowed up as he reached a precarious cliff edge lined with bracken. Trekking back up, he crossed the trail near the odd-shaped pointed rock, and with extreme care, crept out onto the stump of a protruding tree. One slip, and he'd cut this story short, so he returned to the trail, and found the bridge. He ducked under the hiking trail sign and crossed the rolling river again. This was the bridge he'd seen from the lookout platform.

On the other side of the bridge, the woods became more dense, with trees huddling closer together, and far less moonlight reached the forest floor. Wake was glad to spot two illuminated sources to travel to at a subsequent fork in the trail **[Fig 2.51]** by the sign to Lovers' Peak.



This cave was the site of frequent and lucrative bootlegger activity throughout the Prohibition (1919–1933). It was mostly used for temporary storage of alcohol smuggled from Canada, but at times alcohol was also distilled on the premises.



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[Fig 2.52]

As the sign pointed left, Wake decided a detour along the right path was in order **[Fig 2.52]**. The forest was alive with wildlife; he picked out a wood pigeon and barn owl hoot before he stepped under the clearing entrance, to a picnic area. Skirting the log tables, Wake spotted a Manuscript Page on the ground, near one of the tables. This was his 25th page and the stack was growing. He then saw a small tree stump and fence close to the edge of the river gorge. As he approached, he heard the sound.

Something emitted a long, doleful moan. Wake's heart jumped to his throat. What in the hell was *that*? After a moment of unbridled panic he calmed down, and looked out across the gorge. There were a few large trees, fallen into the gorge and overgrown with moss in the middle of the gap. Wake neglected to climb the fence, instead moving back toward the main path, passing the picnic dumpster.



[Fig 2.53]

Alan returned to the path, then spotted something odd in the forest glen he was navigating. Stepping off the path, he felt a little dizzy, as the air started to swim around him. The trees closed in on him, and wind made them chatter. The oddity revealed itself to be an ancient pickup truck, similar to the one he'd found Alice's driving license in **[Fig 2.53]**. It was devoid of clues. He nimbly returned to the fork in the road. This time, he took the left path.

He passed under a hiking trail sign, and the forest came alive again. The darkness was enveloping, and his flashlight struggled to find a second sign indicating the continuation of the path. Spotting a small nearby boulder, Wake looked left, and saw a trail leading up to an undiscovered lookout point **[Fig 2.54]**. Planting a boot onto the creaking floor as he stepped onto the lookout, Wake caught his breath under the light, before realizing he wasn't alone in here.

Gazing at him from each corner was a small wooden bear. However, the real prize lay on the bench around the lookout perimeter; additional ammunition and a shotgun to keep the darkness at bay. There were dominating views on two sides of the lookout: one showing the trail he'd navigated, and the other parts unknown, still to traverse.



[Fig 2.55]

Wake ventured back down the trail, and into the close forest. The low roaring torment returned, rattling both his nerves and the nearby trees. The trail was almost invisible, until Wake saw a partially fallen tree and passed below it, his flashlight beam dancing off the shiny, blackened bark of a massive, but long-dead tree stump. Wake scarcely had time to read the inscription—The Great Old One: Felled by Lightning in 1937—when something large and aggressive lurched out of the stump's opening. It was a Taken, a larger form than those he'd encountered previously **[Fig 2.55]**, and joined by two smaller brethren. It took some skill to back up, boost the flashlight on the large target, dodge with nimble dexterity when it attempted a charge—or face a crushing slam and possible death—and then cut it down to shards of light, all the while dodging intermittent axes whistling through the air from the smaller foes. After one too many shotgun blasts, the last of the dead were nullified. The forest seemed to sink back down from its heightened state of agitation.



[Fig 2.54]

Wake backtracked slightly, returning to the lookout to bathe in the light there. He felt the wounds he had suffered melt away, before

Departure. # 32/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Barry Meets Rose

Nobody in Bright Falls seemed to know where Al was, but Rose, the waitress at the diner, had seen him. From what Barry could tell, Al pretty much fell off the face of the Earth when he left the diner.
Rose was just the kind of fan that Al hated, but she really tried to help. She was smart too, knew a lot about what was going on in the town, knew a lot about Al, even knew who Barry was. Barry liked her. That was no big surprise. When it came to women, Barry and Al rarely saw eye to eye.



ON THE GROUND, NEAR THE PICNIC TABLE BY THE WATERFALL VISTA AFTER THE SLIGHT DETOUR.

Bright Falls information signs # 5/25



The Great Old One

Felled by lightning in 1937, this exceptionally tall Rocky Mountain Douglas Fir (*Pseudotsuga menziesii* subsp. glauca) was over 200 years old. According to local legends, it stretched beyond the stars. After it fell, it was measured to be 88 meters tall—nearly a record length.

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he returned to The Great Old One and examined it more closely. The tree still bore the blackened shock of the lightning strike. It was dead all right, but was it dreaming? Only if the stars were right. Wake noted the happy coincidence that the tree's death matched the year H.P. Lovecraft himself had finally shuffled off this mortal coil.



[Fig 2.56]

Amid the coos of the wood pigeon, Wake ventured through the trunk of The Great Old One, out the other side, and passed under the hiking sign. The Taken appeared once more; Wake figured out that staying in one place would simply cause these dark forms to appear at regular intervals, and with limited ammunition, he needed to keep moving. A flash of light. A muzzle flash. A Taken sprawled across a boulder, dissipating into the ether. After the final foe was spread across the base of a large spruce tree, Wake continued along the trail as it sloped downward, toward another sign for Lovers' Peak. Light shone down from the lookout point above as Wake headed deeper into the woods, toward a small, badly lit bridge, the tree branches pivoting forward and back, in windy protest. As Wake neared the wooden bridge span, the trail light on the opposite side exploded.

Surprised that an assault hadn't happened yet, Wake crossed the bridge **[Fig 2.56]**. Ahead on his right, something blue was faintly sparking with electrical discharge. He'd check that in a moment; for now he needed the safety the trail light afforded him. The bulb was intact and the light attached to a portable generator. Three yanks on the starter cord, and the light strobed back into existence. Wake emptied the emergency box nearby, scavenging a usual assortment of items to insert in both his flashlight and gun.



[Fig 2.57]

Wake felt safer with the generator chugging away in the background. A few feet farther down the path was an old wooden cart, long abandoned by both horse and man **[Fig 2.57]**. Close by, Wake reached down for another Manuscript Page. The sparking blue light caught his eye again; he headed to the source, and spotted the calling card of the Dark Presence: an axe embedded into a phone booth. The rest of the picnic area was empty, although the section of fallen fence caused him to pause. He gazed across at another fallen tree in the woods, then up to Lovers' Peak itself; the radio mast was pulsing red. He climbed the gap in the fence, stepping toward the edge of the rocky ridge. He spotted a Coffee Thermos to his left, on a rock shelf. There was another on a picnic table, down at the bottom of the sheer slope, near some kind of wooden display roof. But he wasn't going to break his neck taking that shortcut.



[Fig 2.58]

The trail continued, flatter now. He spotted a "Bear Alert" sign, frightening two ravens off this perch, and pressed on, as the trail darkened considerably. A half-fallen tree cut diagonally across Wake's field of vision as a thin layer of mist gradually formed on the forest floor. Wake thought he spotted a light across the rocky, plant-filled terrain to his right, but a scuffling noise soon brought his attention back. The mist intensified. Something scurried behind the large, lone boulder in the clearing in front of him. Edging forward, Wake was ambushed **[Fig 2.58]**.

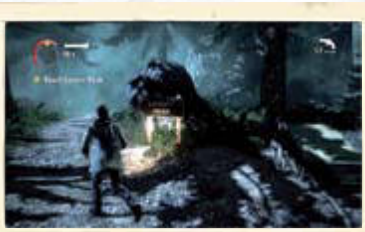
Departure. # 24/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Sees the Torch Symbol

I turned the corner, afraid of what the flashlight's beam might reveal. Suddenly, a roughly painted symbol of a torch glowed in the light. Behind it, hidden by a rock, sat a battered metal trunk.

It was here for a reason, packed with supplies: batteries, flares, ammo. Things you need to make it through the darkness of the night. Something left behind by someone who knew what I knew, and more.



ON THE TRAIL, AT THE FOOT OF THE LOVERS' PEAK SIGN, NEAR THE OLD WAGON CART.

Damn Good Coffee # 23/100



YEAH, WE FOUND ANOTHER ONE. ON A ROCK SHELF OVERLOOKING THE TREE RING, NEAR THAT PHONE BOOTH SOME CRAZY HAD TAKEN AN AXE TO. ALMOST BUSTED MY ANKLE SLIPPING ON THE DAMN ROCKS GETTING TO IT.

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A quintet of shadows gathered on his location. Narrowly missing a thrown axe to the face, Wake fought forms both big and small, all carrying axes, picks, and other sharp tools. After burning off the black mass Wake was alarmed at how adept he was getting in lining up shotgun blasts to inflict multiple wounding with a single trigger pull. The shotgun was his favored weapon now, and was determined to use it until he ran out of shells. He had adapted to dodging, and even split his attackers by moving around the central boulder to minimize attacks from all sides. Thinking of these fiends as animals or other-worldly beasts helped too. Though he knew some day he'd have to atone.

Had this been truly a Nightmare, he'd have far fewer bullets, and would have to flee.



[Fig 2.59]

The mist disappeared as quickly as it arrived, prompting Wake to realize there were multiple ways to recognize the creeping advancement of the Dark Presence. For now though, he needed to continue toward Lovers' Peak. He shone his flashlight over the arrow sign itself, pointing at a car-sized hole in the log of a massive fallen trunk, called the Through Tree **[Fig 2.59]**. He'd head there once he checked the picnic table to the left. Wake approached when...*good God!* That low moaning call! After a few deep breaths, Wake almost managed a grin. Thinking back, the sound was oddly similar to the noise Barry had made that time he zipped up his pants too quickly at the men's urinals, during that lunch with the marketing people from Roundabout Press.



[Fig 2.60]

The Through Tree led down a small incline to a gate, through which the trail to Lovers' Peak continued. At least, that was according to the sign. The gate was closed, forced shut by fallen branches propped up against it. This needed further investigation. However, Wake was drawn to a short pathway to the right, under the hiking sign, and into a small forest glade. Next to the picnic table was a covered display. Wake saw the thin, sliced section of tree trunk rocking from heavy chains attached to the display **[Fig 2.60]**. It slowed as he approached, and only after he read the sign did he realize how heavy the tree ring was. He knew what had caused the rocking. He just couldn't bring himself to acknowledge it. He spotted another Coffee Thermos on the table. What had been an oddly out-of-place (but recognizable) item to continuously find was now almost a source of contentment. In addition to his main objective, he was beginning to feel like he was trapped in the world's most overly elaborate Easter Egg hunt, and no-one had told him.



[Fig 2.61]

The tree ring yielded no further surprises. He returned to the light; it seemed the safest place to be. Studying the gate a little more closely, he realized he could carefully clamber onto a low rock on the left, and scale the fence with minimal discomfort **[Fig 2.61]**. He found another Manuscript Page lying on a rock near the continuation of the path. This was the first page he hadn't had to stoop to take. Farther along the wooden walkway, the area was becoming increasingly rocky and less forested. Around the corner, Wake saw a trail light, and inspected a weather-beaten (but perfectly legible) map showing the so-called "Nature Trail" he was on. He spotted Lovers' Peak on the map; it looked like he was two-thirds of the way there already.

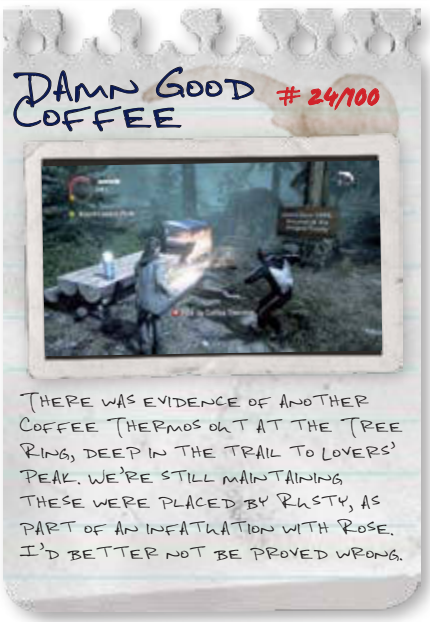


[Fig 2.62]

Alan stepped through the light, up some wooden steps to a metal platform, dislodging two birds in the process. As they flapped away, Wake studied the crevasse. Across, the trail continued, but he'd need to summon a cable car to get any farther. When he pressed the switch to summon the car, the mechanical beast twitched at the end of the cable, shaking off a flock of birds like a thin layer of dust. The cable creaked and the car headed up to meet him.

The cable car snugly clanked into place **[Fig 2.62]**. With more than a modicum of trepidation, Wake pushed open the security gate, and stepped onto the car. How odd; it didn't sway alarmingly like he half-suspected it would. The first few seconds of the cable car's descent were uneventful. Until the night terrors returned.





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[Fig 2.63]

A tremendous screeching rocked the cable car. The Dark Presence was thrashing about invisibly in the woods ahead and below. The rocky hillside ahead began to disintegrate and slide into the ravine. Stuck in the middle, Wake desperately hung on as another massive tree snapped like a twig, and narrowly missed crashing through the cable car itself. Wake watched helplessly as an unkindness of ravens formed right in front of him, dozens flying in a formation too clustered and tight to be natural, and clattered into the pulley system of the car. The car's braking system failed, and it hurtled and scraped down the cable **[Fig 2.63]**, catapulting Wake unceremoniously onto the trail itself.

Wake gingerly turned his head, looking up at the path. Three forms slowly advanced, their purposeful footfalls crunching the trail gravel. Wake saw his revolver, out-of-reach. He lunged at the weapon. Too late. The Taken raised its cant hook above its head, preparing to tear flesh and bone.

Three shots rang out. Each Taken spun around in agony, and fell to the ground. A gaunt man with high cheekbones and dressed in military garb strode into Wake's view, helping him to his feet. **"Come on, we gotta get moving."** He told Wake in a certain, no-nonsense tone.

Wake picked up his flashlight. The man looked down at it, sneering. **"That flashlight's kids' stuff. The flares will keep the bastards away."** The man handed Wake two sticks.

Departure. # 25/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Nightingale's Arrival

Agent Nightingale didn't want to be in Bright Falls. These little communities revolted him. And he didn't like the trees or the coffee. He now knew that impossible horrors lurked behind the storefronts and smiles. He desperately wanted to turn the car around and just drive until he passed out or ran out of road and booze. But he had a job to do. He had a writer to catch—at any cost.



ON A ROCKY OUTCROP, JUST AFTER THE TREE RING AND BARRICADED GATE.

Part 6: An Uneasy Alliance

Activity Log

- Follow the kidnapper
- Hold back the Taken
- Follow the kidnapper (again)
- Defend the viewing platform

"You can see them too?" Alan asked, in a state of shock.

"Hell, of course I see 'em. C'mon, we gotta move." The response was gruff, but said with urgency.

"Why?" Wake snapped back, emptying the open emergency box of ammunition and batteries.

"Ha ha ha ha!" The man laughed quick and hard: **"Because that's the way the story goes!"**

"It took a moment, but then I recognized him. He'd been on the ferry when I'd first arrived here with Alice. He knew my name. We were headed in the direction of Lovers' Peak. There was no way this was a coincidence. He was the kidnapper."

Wake felt immediate and almost uncontrollable rage building up inside. He'd shoot this bastard in the head. But he was missing his guns. Ordering him to stay ready, the man was off, sprinting up the trail as it curved around to the left.

"I lost my gun back there." Wake replied—slightly pathetically—while following him.

"Oh, I've got a gun," the man replied, mockingly. **"Just keep that light steady on 'em!"** The man was taking charge of this situation, whether Wake liked it or not. Wake was demoted to simple flashlight duty. He had only a moment to gather the flares the man had thrown at him, and a few more (and some batteries) from the emergency box nearby.

Wake ran to keep up, shining the flashlight at the kidnapper. The man responded with a curse: **"Goddamnit, not at me! Point it at them!"**

Activity: Follow the kidnapper



[Fig 2.64]

Wake couldn't tackle the man without his gun, and threats of violence wouldn't result in Alice being rescued any faster. So he went along with the man's tag-team approach to combating the Taken. Ascending farther up the hillside trail, Wake sidestepped around the kidnapper, focusing his flashlight on the wispy form of the dark attacker. The man finished the job **[Fig 2.64]**.

The kidnapper kept yelling as they slowly rounded a switchback on the path. Wake realized the direction the man's gun was pointing indicated where the next Taken would appear from, and trained his beam quickly, and effectively. Had Wake not wanted to ritually disembowel the guy, he'd have admitted they made quite a team.

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[Fig 2.65]

"They're crawling out of the woodwork, Wake!"

Wake made sure he'd burned off all the dark matter from the foes, or the kidnapper's bullets were far less effective, and the rate the foes were swarming meant they'd soon be overwhelmed.

Focused light burned off the black shroud of fog. The kidnapper's incessantly itchy trigger finger rattled bullet after bullet into the possessed, until they vanished into light. The battle continued up as the incline flattened. Passing a wooden boundary pole and a sign, the kidnapper yelled and gestured ahead:

"Lovers' Peak, right up these stairs, Wake. Use the flares from the emergency box to hold 'em off while I get these boards off." They had reached a second covered staircase, like the one leading down from the visitor center **[Fig 2.65]**. The gate was barricaded up nicely. Wake would be on his own this time, as dark shadows congregated at the rocks they had just fought through. But the kidnapper wasn't about to arm him.

"Give me the gun!" Wake yelled.

"Heh," the man countered, with a snort. **"No can do, Wake." Alan would have to do this unarmed.**

Activity: Hold back the Taken

It was no use; Wake couldn't threaten the kidnapper, and the Taken were moving in, blades and hammers drawn back, and ready to commit bloody murder. He took a remaining flare out, and lit it. The surrounding area was bathed in vivid red illumination. The encroaching Taken were pushed back, screaming and gurgling in anguish and pain.

"Just a little longer. Scare 'em off."



[Fig 2.66]

While the Taken regrouped for a second attempt at their lives, Wake quickly pulled open the nearby metal box, and secured more flares. This time, he waited for his ghastly aggressors to come within around six feet of his position, waiting for the nearest one to swing (sidestepping any projectiles), and then flicked the flashlight on temporarily, stopping the attack, while lighting a flare, and aggressively moving forward, banishing the Dark Presence that was coating them. He held the flare until it spluttered and died **[Fig 2.66]**.

Then he waited for them to return, and promptly lit another flare. He tried to burn off all the wisps of forming presence on their bodies so that once the kidnapper finally opened up that gate—and what the hell was taking so damn long?—he'd have ample time to execute them. Finally, Wake heard a yell:

"Okay, it's open, Wake! Move it or lose it!"

Activity: Follow the kidnapper (again)

Wake returned to the kidnapper, and they both gradually backed up the staircase, with Wake focusing his flashlight on the Taken milling about at the base of the steps, while the man cut them down with rapid revolver fire. The Taken couldn't reach them as halfway up, where there was a bright ceiling light. Wake slowed down to feel its warmth, and was promptly reprimanded.

"C'mon, only sissies are afraid of the dark."



[Fig 2.67]

This was the first time Wake knew he'd feel nothing but pleasure after planting a bullet inside the skull of a man who wasn't devoured by darkness. But Wake was waging his own personal war, and he wasn't acting like an upstanding member of society. It was the problem of being stuck in the middle of a remote forest with only a madman and his own never-ending nightmare that was tipping him over the edge. He finally glanced over the man's camouflage jacket. He'd stitched his last name—Mott—onto the lapel. Wake prayed this sleazebag hadn't touched her.

Wake reached the upper gates, which fortunately swung open easily. This was it; he had finally arrived at Lovers' Peak! Now where was Alice? He followed Mott past the sign, toward a wooden platform overlooking the entire valley floor **[Fig 2.67]**. The entrance was framed by a wooden beam with a heart roughly constructed from timber. To the right was another information sign, but Wake didn't read this one; he was more interested in the Coffee Thermos behind it, on the cliff edge overlooking the small gorge below. For a moment, Wake stopped, and counted up the 25 Thermoses in his possession, and remembered Rusty's comments back at the diner; she makes a **Damn Good Cup of Coffee**. He turned back to the view—the tumbling waterfall and gorge views were a spectacular and romantic vista during the daytime. Now, it was the culmination of a battle against dark and desperate entities. And *they* had returned.

Activity: Defend the viewing platform

"This is it, Wake! The last stand!" Mott was bellowing with glee over the rushing waterfall. **"There's more flares here. Get ready, we fight them as long as they keep coming!"**

"Give me the goddamn gun!" Wake replied. **"They're coming!"**

"That's not how this goes! Get with the program, Wake."

The time for arguing was over, as Mott had stupidly—or was it cunningly?—led them to a dead end. After ransacking an emergency box at the far end of the platform, Wake swung around and spotted a looming Taken trudging up toward them. Mott was already firing wildly, but he seemed to slow down and

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[Fig 2.68]

steady his aim when Wake manually targeted and boosted the flashlight on their foe. The assault continued as Wake edged forward, using his flashlight in quick but powerful bursts to conserve the battery, all the while scrambling to duck and dodge the incoming blades, thrown by these growling, spitting madmen.

Wake felt a twinge of panic as a cluster of shadow forms dropped down from an upper plateau above the wooden lookout, forcing them both to spin around and advance back toward the waterfall. Mott was whooping and hollering as the culling continued:

"Haaa! This is a piece of cake, Wake!"

Wake learned that Mott could take an attack or two, and made sure he put the kidnapper between himself and the nearest, or most aggressive enemy **[Fig 2.68]**.

Combat continued with the contorted dead blinking out of existence after bullets riddled their poisoned corpses. A particularly strong woodsman [2.68], armed with a large pickaxe, was causing Mott more than a little consternation after approaching from the Lovers' Peak entrance.

"Scream, goddamnit!"

Wake gritted his teeth and worked with Mott to take the beast down. A combination of circle-strafing around the lolling foe, along with Mott's constant firepower, finally toppled it. "**Back! Back, I Say!**" thought Wake, saving himself from an attack as the light of a flare burned up the giant just before it was cut down.

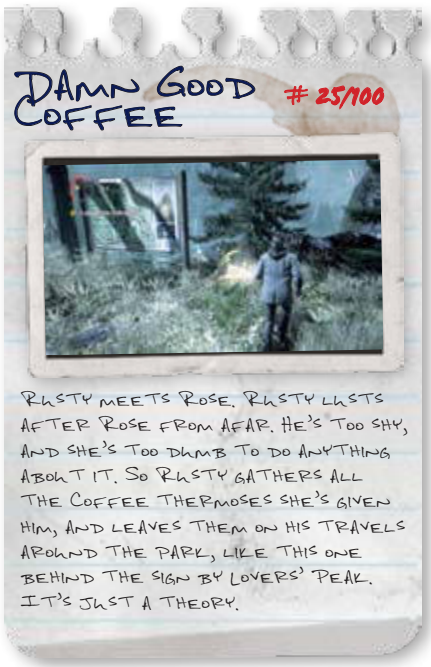
"See? Nothing to it." Mott remarked.

Wake's patience with the kidnapper was at an end: **"Let's cut the act now. Where's my wife?"**

"I knew you were gonna say that. I read it all before. You're a hell of a writer. Congratulations. You're gonna bring about something glorious and terrible, once we get you some…proper editorial control."

It took a second for Wake to try to understand what Mott was saying. And it still wasn't enough time: **"What the hell are you talking about? Where's Alice?"**

"I want the entire manuscript…" Mott demanded, shoving a finger in Wake's face. **"Or she's gonna suffer bad."** Mott made the "throat-cut" motion. It drove Wake over the edge. Literally:



"You touch her, and I'll…" Wake lunged at Mott. The rotting fence gave way, and they both fell, landing hard on the leaf-strewn stone path below. The fall knocked the wind out of them. Mott was up first. Glancing behind, he saw Wake reaching for his dropped revolver, and fled. Wake struggled to his feet, pointing the gun at the empty ground where Mott had stood. He knew the woods like the back of his weather-beaten hands; Wake couldn't hope to catch him.

Part 7: Into the Wild Woods

Activity Log

- Make it through the woods
- Reach the top of the mill
- Make it through the woods (again)

"You're gonna give me the manuscript or you'll be sorry!" Mott's voice echoed over the rock waterfall Wake was close to.

Wake yelled a response in kind. Then he spent the next few moments regaining his composure; collecting a flare, some batteries, and other scattered items.

"He had Alice. And he wanted the manuscript because he thought it held some magical power. But I had no manuscript to give him. I had to get back to Barry, and figure out my next move."

Activity: Make it through the woods



[Fig 2.69]

An interim plan was established. Wake cautiously looked about the rocky path, taking care to stay away from the cascading water to his left. He took time to gather a few more items he could use, and moved to the rocky promontory overlooking the rushing river, almost missing a faint series of dots on the rock wall. Wake turned to face the waterfall, flashlight bright, and spotted another cluster of daubed marks on the structure of the platform he'd just fallen from **[Fig 2.69]**. Heading around the support poles, Wake descended a large boulder pile, and saw a grotto in the side of the rock face ahead of him. The mark of the torch glowed brightly; marking the spot where a Chest lay. Wake pried it open, gathering more equipment for the trek ahead.



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Back at the rocky promontory, he cautiously stepped to the small clump of mossy grass and bracken, then stooped to take a Manuscript Page. Two logs spanned the crevasse, and this looked safer than dropping down to the lower rocks on his right. Slowly treading across the higher fallen log, he almost slipped and fell as the air around him seemed to fill with mad, echoing whispers. Wake reached the small rocky plinth jutting from the basalt cliff on the far side of the river, then returned to the woodland path via a second, doomed tree.



[Fig 2.70]

The air was thickening with both fog and the haunted hissing of dark spirits. Wake could easily lose himself in these pine barrens, so he stopped to take a breath, and feel his internal compass; this told him the direction to head. Moving to a path with a small, odd-shaped man-sized tree trunk section **[Fig 2.70]** (which, on closer inspection, had bear traps embedded in it, of the kind that had wounded Max the dog), Wake began his journey through the dark woods. He had gone no farther than 30 or so steps, softly treading along the path as it wound to the right, around scattered boulders and thick, ancient trees, when something glinted on the floor in front of him. He took a step back, and heard a snap.

"Aargh! What the hell? Rusty had warned me about these traps. It hurt like hell. I was stuck."

Searing pain spread up from Wake's ankle as a bear trap snapped shut around his foot. He thought he'd seen them all; through a haze of pain he remembered seeing a mossy glade, with a line of eight or ten of these devices, all primed and ready to bite. Alas, he neglected



[Fig 2.71]

to see one on his right. The forest erupted with hushed voices, then more of a growl as a huntsman in black stepped out from behind a thicket, and closed in. Wake needed to extract his savaged ankle from the trap. Right now. Bending down, he hammered on the trap jaws, prying them open, and removed his foot before the teeth snapped shut again. There wasn't even time to wince; Wake swung round, catching the incoming huntsman just as his axe was in full swing. Staggering the foe back, he wiped the Presence from the enemy, and shot it twice until disintegration.

There were more bear traps, fortunately all along the same trail. Slowing down and using the flashlight's beam to spot the tell-tale glint of metal allowed Wake to avoid any further pain **[Fig 2.71]**. Hobbling forward, Wake checked his internal compass to ensure he was heading the right way, just as two more doomed outdoorsmen stepped out into Wake's light. They were slain quickly, but Wake took extra care not to circle the foes at speed; he needed at least one foot intact for the rest of this hike. During this time in the woods, Wake could have sworn he'd heard the spluttering engine of a small aircraft, and the shudder of an explosion deep in the forest. Had something crashed up ahead? He stepped off the trail, to the rocky cliff overlooking the river. There was no evidence at all, just two sagging structures in the distance: an old mill with a flock of birds circling around its roof and a large, dilapidated storage barn.



[Fig 2.72]

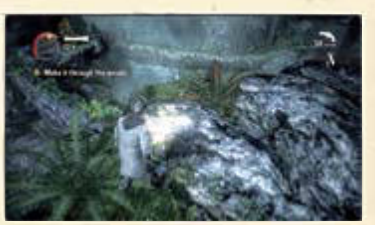
The path, although difficult to follow, soon ran to a promontory, and Alan navigated his way with the river on both his left and right, to a vista point overlooking the rapids **[Fig 2.72]**. The perimeter logs on the cliff edge looked too low to be safe for the public, and they hid a Manuscript Page well. The fog had dissipated slightly, after the last bout of combat, and this allowed Wake to peer into the gloom. Farther along the river lay the sad remains of the old water mill. Wake also checked a couple of large wooden barrels nearby, obviously placed here decades ago to add an air of ambience, and seating, to the view. They were now repositories for ammunition and flashlight batteries. On the opposite side of the path, sat a single barrel. On top of it was a small stack of Beer Cans. "Out, damned Mott!" Wake murmured through gritted teeth as he leveled his revolver at the can cluster, and blasted them apart. He was impressed he'd both remembered, and bastardized, a Shakespeare quote.

Departure. # 26/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Alice's Fear of the Dark

On more than one occasion, Alice had tried to explain to me how it felt to be afraid of the dark. To her darkness wasn't simply the absence of light, but something more tangible than that. It was something you could touch and feel.
Worse than that, it was something with a mind of its own. Something malicious and malign. For her, things changed when they were wrapped in darkness, they turned into something else, something foreign, and nothing was safe or innocent anymore.
I'd never really understood what she meant until now.



CLINGING TO A ROCKY PROMONTORY, JUST AFTER THE DROP FROM THE LOVERS' PEAK LOOKOUT PLATFORM.

A Can do Attitude # 3/12



Damn Wake's a reckless fool. But he needs coaxing. I left a can pyramid on the old barrel by the mill vista. That'll keep the precious author from straying too far.

Wake's vista had revealed that the path to the mill lay across the river. From the barrel with the scattered Beer Cans he spotted a path leading a few feet to a fallen tree spanning the dark rapids. Once across, he turned and looked at the old mill again; a trail light beckoning. He took a few fresh steps into a copse of bushes, and was surprised by rustling. Two smaller entities leapt from the thicket, brandishing small circular hooks. A huntsman backed them up. Wake had perfected the act

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[Fig 2.73]

of burning off the darkness, then flicking on his flashlight for a second to accurately aim at a foe before firing. This guaranteed the shot would hit. He was pleased with this strategy; it minimized bullet expenditure and halted an enemy charge at the same time.

Wake was now deep in the woods, and a partially indistinct trail of dead leaves was his only guide. As he crept forward, the ominous breeze started once again, and the trees began their merry dance of branches. Wake remembered passing a small tree stump on the left side of the path as it curved left, before a fallen tree blocked his way. He was in a small clearing, complete with an overturned barrel and an empty, closed trunk **[Fig 2.73]**. The attackers were almost continuous, and merciless. He needed to flee to higher ground.

Wake moved up from the clearing. Zombified foot-soldiers charged. Moments later, four more lives had been snuffed out. Or was it five? Wake was losing count. However, he kept his wits and spied a shack up on a ridge farther along the path. A shortcut was also present; the trunk of a fallen tree. He reloaded his revolver in case of an ambush, and ventured up. Seconds later, three more parasitical humans pounced, but Wake was ready to shine his light and deliver them to rest.



[Fig 2.74]

The two derelict huts were covered not only in a thin vapor of mist, but a thicker layer of camouflaged netting. Rounding the first hut, Wake almost fell over the rusting remains of an old generator. He clasped the cord and pulled three times, and the generator rattled into life, making a tremendous noise, but lighting up the small camp **[Fig 2.74]**. Wake soon realized just how handy this was, as he'd only stepped a few feet away from the protective light, when something large and

Damn Good Coffee # 26/100



WE'RE STILL PRESUPPOSING RUSTY'S INFATUATION WITH ROSE (AND WHAT THE SHRINK CALLS "PLAIN OBJECT LIMERENCE" BUT WHAT I CALL "PLAIN OLD CRAZY") CAUSED HIM TO PLACE THESE THERMOSES WAY OUT HERE. THIS ONE, IN THE REMOTE HUTS CLOSE TO THAT PLANE CRASH, IS STRETCHING THIS THEORY TO ITS LIMITS.

pitch-black congealed in front of his face. Wake backed up, and the specter of a large man was banished. Another appeared close to the second hut, near a dead tree stump with a bear trap attached to it; Wake now recognized this protrusion, and its significance that bear traps were placed here before being set; the ground nearby was possibly dotted with them.



[Fig 2.75]

This second entity was larger and bulky: a frightening visage of a six-and-a-half foot tall man without a face, hidden by a logging visor and helmet **[Fig 2.75]**. A massive, two-handed axe passed inches from Wake's outstretched arm. He backed up, panicking and losing his footing. With focused flashlight dexterity, Wake managed to burn and turn the logger. The mental strain Wake was under was still heavy; especially when he picked up the latest Manuscript Page and read of horrors wielding motorized saws in the forest not yet traversed. Before continuing, Wake spotted a Coffee Thermos in the first hut, then ransacked the other hut, finding ammunition, batteries, and a hunting rifle.

Departure. # 33/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Sarah Thinks About Wake

Sarah didn't care about the legal threats Wake's agent had made. She let Wake go without argument because there was something about him she couldn't quite put her finger on, something that reminded her of her father.
She didn't think Wake would hurt his wife. Then she thought about the way he waded into Hartman, that hair-trigger rage flaring up without warning.



ON THE SLIVER OF ROCK BELOW THE PERIMETER LOGS, AT THE VISTA OVERLOOKING THE OLD MILL.

Departure. # 27/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Hears a Chainsaw

The night had been one desperate situation after another. I was exhausted and my body felt as though it had been chewed up and spat out.
The flashlight was heavy in my hand, and each pull of the trigger sent a painful shock up my arm. But I was finally out of the woods and things were looking up.
That's when I heard the chainsaw.



INSIDE THE SECOND DERELICT HUT, ON THE FOREST TRAIL CLOSE TO THE AIRCRAFT CRASH SITE.

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Part 8: The Plane Truth



[Fig 2.76]

Wake was still thinking about the sickening crash he'd heard booming through the forest earlier. And when he stepped onto a set of wooden planks overlooking a mist-filled wooded dell, he looked to the right, and stopped dead in his tracks. What he saw stretched the boundaries of his sanity:

"I had heard the plane fall. It made no sense. It was clear that it had just fallen here, but it was very old and obviously hadn't flown in decades. Looking at it sent a shiver down my spine."

Alan decided to investigate the prop plane's final resting place, auditory hallucination or not. The trail continued under a half-fallen fir tree to his left, but he dropped down a series of large, natural rock steps (taking a flare as he went), slowing as he heard the tiny ricochets of small stones under his feet. He turned right, away from the direction his internal compass urged him to go. Wake continued forward in a state of befuddlement, focusing on the wreckage **[Fig 2.76]**. The beam of his flashlight revealed a headless aircraft skeleton slowly decomposing in the moonlight. Forty years of tree growth, along with the general state of the wreckage, told Wake this craft had been lying in the woods since the 1970s, or even earlier.



[Fig 2.77]



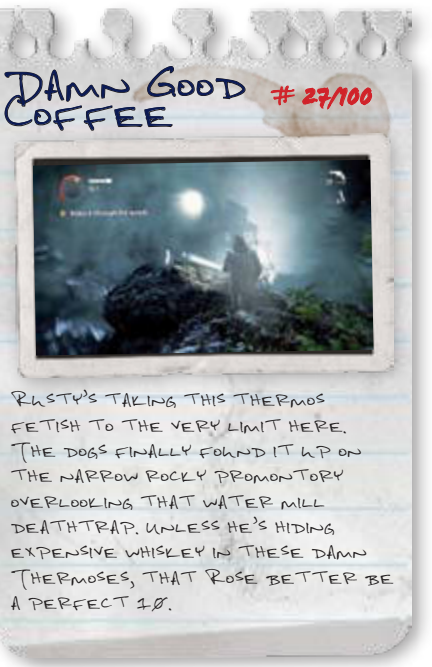
[Fig 2.78]

The craft looked like a twin-prop seaplane being slowly consumed by nature. A old Mallard? The cockpit had detached, possibly at the time of the crash judging by the plant life surrounding it. Wake peered at the cockpit intently. There was another small, odd patch of sticky black residue that fizzed and dissipated under a flashlight beam. Wake slowed to a timid stroll as he neared the body of the aircraft **[Fig 2.77]**, and it started to creak, pitching to the right; the left wing thudding into the ground with a rumbling thud, kicking up dust. A second later, a groaning tear announced the detachment of the right wing, which sheared off from one of the engines, as the plane slowly pivoted like a seesaw with severe metal fatigue. He seared off another black limpet on the body of the plane, and continued forward.

Wake studied the far rock wall carefully, as he'd caught a glimpse of a golden splash of color. He ducked under the far wing, moving around to check the tail, which had also broken off years ago. It too, had dark, greasy globules to singe off. Wake turned and stepped into the jagged fuselage opening itself. Edging up the precarious tube, Wake reached the middle, and shuffled forward toward the other hole where the cockpit was once attached. The plane tipped forward, and for a moment, Wake thought it might spit him out, and crush him afterward. But he dropped down onto the soft ground. The movement had caused the other wing to completely detach.

Wake resolved to make his tangential trip count and circled back around to view the rear of the plane again. The fuselage was still perched on a series of stepped basalt rocks, and it was simplicity itself







[Fig 2.79]

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The Bright Falls Record — Page A2 / Wednesday July 22, 1970

RENOWNED ACADEMICS CONFIRMED DEAD IN ELDERWOOD PLANE CRASH

By Cynthia Weaver, Special to the Bright Falls Record.

Local officials in Bright Falls said no one survived after the plane apparently struck trees and plunged into a thickly wooded canyon as it approached Watery airport. The weather conditions were described as "thick, dense fog." According to eyewitness and long-time resident Carol Troup, she heard the plane's engine sputtering then saw it pitch wildly before descending into the fog bank over the Elderwood National Park. Mayor Milford said the crash was the most tragic event of the county's post-earthquake history.

The plane, a Gosling A550 twin-prop seaplane, was carrying three passengers and two crew, and included Doctor C. D. Ward, Deputy Chief Seismologist from the University of Marple; Professor Richard Hallorann, a fellow of the Randi College of Preternatural Research; and Hallorann's assistant, Mary Derleth.

The crash comes two weeks after both Ward and Hallorann concluded their (separate) field studies. Promising "incredible and shocking" updated information on the recent submerging of Diver's Isle out on Cauldron Lake after the recent seismic activity, Professor Richard Hallorann confirmed to this reporter that the evidence "would change our perception of reality." It appears that both the academics' dossiers and all field evidence have been lost.



The first pictures of the crash site, deep in Elderwood National Park, show the plane in different pieces, caked in some kind of black mud.

Treacherous terrain and severe weather conditions in the area are hampering recovery efforts. A local sheriff's spokesman commented, "We've never seen weather so damned unpleasant. There's no way we can remove the plane from the crash site; we will remove all evidence and leave the wreckage in the woods."

Photolog: A rummage around Watery Records Office revealed this old newspaper article from 1970, detailing the small plane crash in Elderwood forest. But why did Wake hear the plane just now?

to climb up to the broken wing. Wake leapt to the wing, and carefully navigated across **[Fig 2.78]**. He leapt to the relative safety of the rocky bluff adjacent to the plane. A jutting rock plinth held prizes worth climbing for: a Chest with flares inside. He dropped down to the ground below after this mini-expedition.

Spatial awareness was crucial in the dense forest, and Wake used the glow of the light by the huts to situate himself. Close to the bluff was a short rocky path ending in a sheer drop, forcing Wake to head to lower ground. But first, he decided to scramble to a half-fallen tree trunk. Testing his dexterity, Wake edged out along the trunk, which offered impressive views (and a deadly drop). Pausing near the sprouting bracken at the end of the trunk, Wake scanned the ground; he saw a depression in the ground, trees severed and torn from the crash, and a distant dot of light on the forest floor. Gingerly backing up, Wake stepped down, and moved around to the trail just below the huts where he found a flare, and ventured onward.

A single, lonely little light pierced the mist, and provided a tangible focus for Wake to head to. It was a gas lantern hanging from a dead tree. But as he neared the landmark, the forest stirred once more, coughing up dark spittle forms. Producing the recently acquired hunting rifle, Wake burned through the Takens' protective shell, and a single blast took the foe down **[Fig 2.79]**. He tried lining up one Taken behind another, catching both with a single round.



[Fig 2.80]

The forest continued to vomit out hopeless Taken and Wake knew he'd want to conserve his hunting rifle ammunition. Quickly, he moved behind the dead tree, and almost tripped over a small, modern generator that needed two swift cord pulls to roar into life. The clearing Wake had stumbled toward was now filled with light. The Taken dissolved, or cowered back, snarling from a safe distance. The woods still breathed with inhuman gasps, but Wake felt safer knowing he could retreat into the light. He spent a moment collecting batteries and bullets.

Pressing on, Wake chose to scramble up along the top of the cliff by the river's edge, heading toward a new light source **[Fig 2.80]**. Reaching the tip of the cliff corner, Wake gazed at the water, shimmering with an odd, evil depth. The trees had started their swaying, and Wake knew he must face further combat. Wake moved back to the path, and followed it between evergreen saplings, nudging left at the log, and returning up to the narrow jutting ledge to secure another Coffee Thermos. Thirty feet farther on, back on the path, a second log announced the end of the woodland trail. Wake heard a voice: a hostile, garbled mockery of the human tongue:

"Hunting your own food...can save money."

Three hunters, *Taken in their prime*, stepped into Wake's reality, and were snapped back into hell after the winning combination of light and lead. Wake had conquered the lower woods. But he hadn't yet found what he'd come for.

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Part 9: Trouble at Mill

Activity: Reach the top of the mill



[Fig 2.81]

Wake reached the old mill, and studied it with a mixture of fear and elation. The mill looked like it was held together by yarn and the sweat of ancient craftsmen. The wooden exterior of the many-tiered building was peeling, and some planks had collapsed, rotted, or disappeared altogether. He hoped the mill would hold his weight. Crossing the plank, Wake stopped to ease his fatigue in the warmth of the floodlight. Softly tiptoeing to the ladder, Wake heard the mill groan in protest. Atop the ladder, Wake moved to a section of deck with a few small, scattered boxes **[Fig 2.81]**. As his back foot landed, the deck wobbled alarmingly, made a sickening crack, and listed to the right at an almost 45 degree angle. A spool rolled off, disappearing into the roaring black rapids below. Wake fought to keep his balance, and the deck slowly righted itself. Swallowing his fright, he quickly moved around and dropped down between the large stacked crates below.

There were some worrying creaks as Wake negotiated through a compact opening, moving carefully past slat walls of wood. On the ground lay a disgusting mass of black, a boosted flashlight soon clearing it away.



[Fig 2.82]

In the center of the room was an old pock marked elevator used to move pulp between floors. Over in the corner, there was an old piece of rolling machinery caked in dust with some ammunition on it. Ascending the stairs, Wake reached the next floor. It was just a narrow perimeter ledge running around the edge of the structure, dotted with cloth sacks and coated with a patch of black offal to burn.

Stopping at the next set of steps, Wake poked his head through an adjacent doorway, into what was once a grinding room **[Fig 2.82]**. Wake navigated past the rusting cogs and silent contraptions, dispatched two puddles of dark ooze, and moved to an opening in the exterior wall. This led to a tiny, partially enclosed balcony: the perfect place to find a Manuscript Page. With nowhere left to go on this floor, Wake, always aware of the less-than-solid status of this condemned building, crept back through the grinding room and began a second ascension.



[Fig 2.83]

The next floor was even more precarious than the last. Determined not to lose his footing and plummet to a crumpled and agonizing death, Wake edged toward a strange, cylindrical object. Examing the octagonal weight, and the chain with his flashlight, Alan realized it was a primitive method for summoning the elevator. With a carefully placed kick, he toppled the weight off its perch, sending the chain winch clattering, and the elevator up to his floor. Pleased, Wake jumped onto the elevator **[Fig 2.83]** (it held his weight, which was a miracle) and leapt to a ledge on the other side, piled high with sacks; one of which held a Manuscript Page: a clue to the problems Barry was currently facing back at the cabin.



[Fig 2.84]

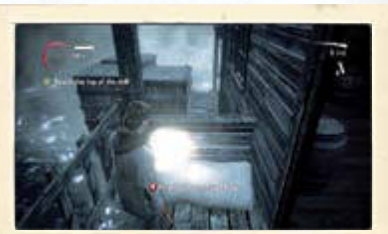
A thick layer of dust and detritus coated the small machinery room Wake had entered. Amid the clutter of items, Wake seared off another puddle of dark effluent, then spotted a couple of flares on a circular chute as he crossed to the raised area at the back of the room. On a small, rectangular table in the far corner was another Coffee Thermos. Turning around in the gloom, Wake spotted the rungs of a ladder in the opposite corner **[Fig 2.84]**, and climbed up.

Departure. # 34/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Deputies at the Logging Site

The logging site was a mess. The modular office had been pushed off the cliff.
Deputy Thornton climbed up from the wreckage, excited, breathing hard from the exertion. "Nobody there. It's weird. Don't you think that's weird?"
Bored, Mulligan let out a mighty snort. "Hell, it's always weird, Thornton. Just a question of sorting out what kinda weird it is this time around."



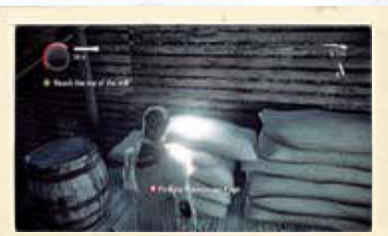
ON THE TINY, PARTIALLY ENCLOSED BALCONY, OUTSIDE AND HALFWAY UP THE OLD WATER MILL.

Departure. # 28/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Barry in Elderwood

When Barry saw the darkness attack the Visitor Center, it made him a believer. The man Al said he'd shot—they hadn't been just locals on crank.
Somehow, the world had changed. Like the channel had been switched without a warning. You think you're watching a sitcom and you're really watching a horror show.
When the birds started attacking the cabin, Barry wasn't surprised, just terrified.



ON THE PILE OF CLOTH SACKS, JUST AFTER LEAPING ACROSS THE OLD ELEVATOR INSIDE THE OLD MILL.

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[Fig 2.85]

Thick dust crumbled from above as Wake pushed himself up to the mill's attic. The smell of damp was more prevalent up here. Wake inspected the lattice window, and a stack of cloth sacks, close to the hole they'd been winched up from.

Stepping farther into the small attic shape, Wake scared a bird from its perch. As it flapped lazily out of the broken window opposite, Wake let out an incautious yell. A loud crunching noise startled him, and he swung his light round to target a section of the gabled roof. The tiles had finally fallen through, creating an impromptu skylight **[Fig 2.85]**. After burning through two more patches of black ooze, he peered through the hole to see a second looming structure and more mountain. Stepping onto the exterior roof deck, and moving around and onto a cliff trail, it became clear Wake's wander in the woods wasn't over yet.

Activity: Make it through the woods (again)



[Fig 2.86]

The small storage yard for the old mill was a maze of crates both large and small, and all slowly crumbling into dust. The leaves provided a soggy path. As Wake moved past a tree his light glanced off the side of one of the crates, illuminating a strange inscription hastily soiled on the wooden side: "**THE DARKNESS WEARS HER FACE.**" The hidden message was both cryptic and alarming. Wake had only an inkling of what it meant. However, what was more alarming was the gigantic logger, armed with a two-handed axe, who was charging toward him. Wake boosted his flashlight beam as it backed up, but then charged.

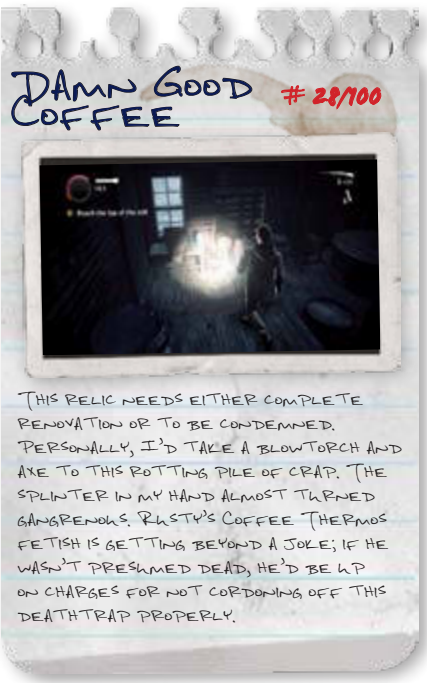
Wake managed to dodge **[Fig 2.86]**, and used the crates as cover as he gradually whittled the behemoth's armor. He stayed behind the crates, or on the nearby open ground as he fought the beast. Once it was over, Wake investigated a large storage barn, in a similar tumbledown condition to the mill. There were almost as many gaps as siding planks in this single room shed, but there was a hunting rifle to gather. Sensing something vital was concealed behind the crates piled up on one side of the barn, Wake clambered over them and dropped down the other side. He was rewarded with one more Manuscript Page, lying on a sealed trunk in one corner.

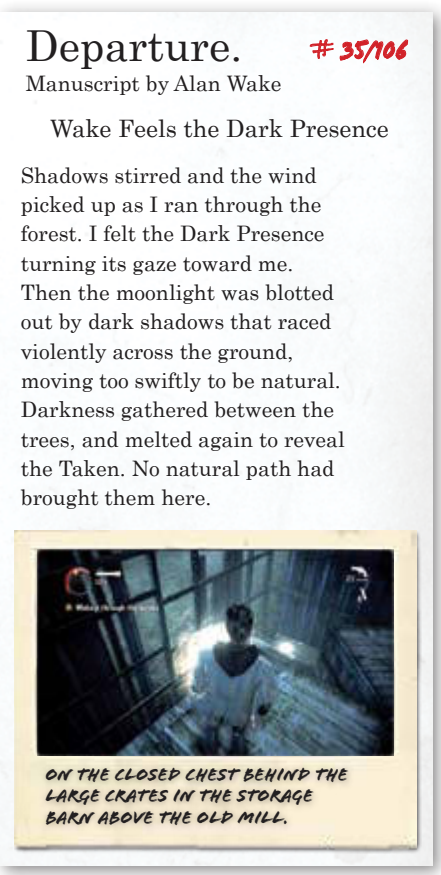
Back outside, Wake moved into a small area of overgrown field grass and dilapidated planking and posts. Using the planks as a makeshift stile, Alan jumped the fence, landing on an area of decking, startling a group of unknown creatures that filled the air with squeaks and flapping sounds. From past experience, he knew to keep moving. Wake made a beeline for another emergency box, taking what he could carry before moving toward a steep incline.



[Fig 2.87]

Wake looked up at a large, natural rock arch, and was caught somewhat off-guard as an unnatural figure strode out from behind a boulder, scattering barrels and spools. Sidestepping the rolling obstacles, Wake boosted his beam on this large, imposing logger, and his brethren **[Fig 2.87]**. These Taken were powerful enough to shrug off multiple revolver rounds, so Wake softened them up with bullets before finishing them with a hunting rifle shell to the head. Once he was safe again, Wake climbed the steep slope, passing a stack of logs as he strode under the huge rock arch, his eyes set on a covered lookout above, at the summit.





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[Fig 2.88]

The path flattened out at a vista point below the summit, and Wake took a moment, then gathered a flare, and a variety of necessary ordnance from the emergency box. Peering over the edge of the perimeter fence, he realized that the gushing waterfall and platform across the gorge were the locations where he and Mott had fought the darkness, and then each other. Determined to find the kidnapper, Wake moved to the wooden gate, and pushed it open. He didn't realize he'd blundered into a trap until he heard an oddly familiar, terrible throaty yell:

"Chainsaws are noisy!"



[Fig 2.89]

Wake knew something was oddly out-of-place as he heard thuds and cracking branches from behind a blockade farther up the path. After a tree cracked and toppled down, Wake took proper notice, witnessing trails of black ectoplasmic matter dance. A second later, something large and terrifying clattered through the wooden blockade; a behemoth of a mountain man, clutching an equally imposing chainsaw. The Taken wasn't alone; two smaller foes, clad in jogging sweatshirts flanked the beast, forcing Wake to deal with them first. Fortunately, they fell quickly once their protective smoke was removed and their heads torn through by a hunting rifle. This left the wild-eyed chainsaw-wielder.

The smoke was dense around the foe, and even a focused flashlight didn't seem to slow him easily. Grabbing a flare from his pocket, Wake held it aloft, and the beast was forced back. As the red light dimmed, the creature charged forward. Wake stepped left, around some planks propped up against a rock to use as partial cover, before lighting another flare, and burning the evil residue off the enemy. Backing up and firing, Wake emptied his hunting rifle **[Fig 2.88]**, then took aim with his revolver. It took about eight bullets to drop this fiend.

Wake almost didn't realize he'd destroyed another Taken as he continued around the curving path, and up the earthen steps to the summit lookout **[Fig 2.89]**. "Elderwood National Park Service Department of Interior" the sign atop the lookout read. He was about to join his carved bear friends and collapse in the healing light, when his cell phone rang. It must be Barry.

The voice sounded panicked: **"Al, the porch's covered with birds, they've gone all Hitchcock on me."**

Alan was firm with his friend, though Barry hardly needed to be told the right course of action. **"Stay hidden. I'll be there soon. Just make sure you keep the lights on!"**

Part 10: The Unkindness of Ravens

Activity Log

- Return to Barry
- Find garage keys
- Return to Barry (again)
- Save Barry from the birds
- Defeat the birds

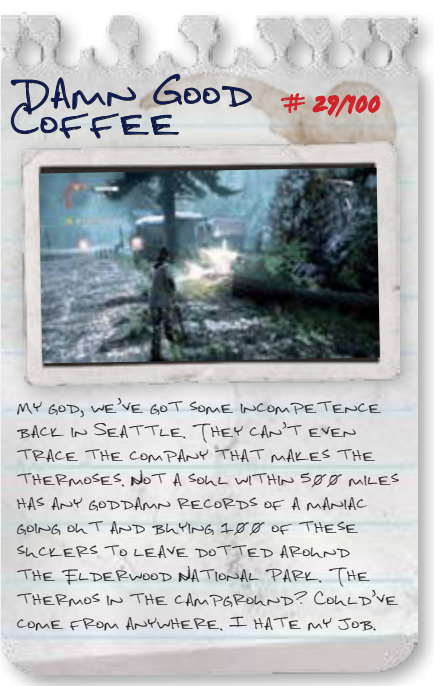
Activity: Return to Barry



[Fig 2.90]

Barry's predicament was pressing. Wake jogged forward, heading to a sturdy-looking footbridge at the edge of a camping ground. Crossing the bridge, which spanned another jagged waterfall, Wake frightened three more birds. Entering the grounds **[Fig 2.90]**, Wake passed a small empty tent, on his way toward a trio of metal caravan trailers. At the near end of the middle one, he inspected an emergency box, spilling the contents into his coat pockets. Catching a glimpse of a picnic table on his right, Wake stopped to take a Coffee Thermos. These were now weighing him down, but he felt the odd compulsion to take each one he found, as if hunting them for some strange grand prize. Wake startled more birds, and a chorus of ominous cawing echoed through the park.

Alan felt relief that he was out of the woods but he wasn't out of danger yet. The fastest way to reach Wheeler was by vehicle. The campground had a covered garage, but it was firmly locked.



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Departure. # 29/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Nightingale Fires at Wake

The FBI agent's command froze me
in place. I considered surrender.
It was all falling apart anyway;
I could give in, let someone else
deal with it.
But it felt all wrong. Call it
instinct: his posture, the way he
held the gun. He was no friend.
Shots ringing in my ears, I
leaped for the hole in the fence
and stumbled onto the darkness
beyond.



NEXT TO THE TRASH CAN, BY THE "CLOSED FOR RENOVATION" SIGN, AT THE WOMEN'S RESTROOM ENTRANCE IN THE CAMPGROUND.

TELLY TIMES

5 SEPTEMBER, 2004 # 5/14



Episode 3: Inside the cabin study, one man types, and another man listens. But they are the same man. Now showing in the men's restrooms of Elderwood National Park campground.

8:10 pm
Writer in the Cabin

"A story is not a machine that does what you tell it. A story is a beast with a life of its own. You can create it, shape it, but as the story grows, it starts wanting things of its own. Change one thing, and you set off a chain reaction of events that spreads through the whole thing. The characters have to be true to themselves. The events need to follow a logic that fits the story. A single flaw and the magic is gone. The story dies. Alice dies."

9.0 Nine O'Clock News

with Tom Rivers; Weatherman

"I'd have to get the car from the locked garage. It would get me back to Barry faster. And the headlights were a welcome bonus."

Activity: Find garage keys



[Fig 2.91]

Wake ran onto the tarmac, quickly scanning the area left and right for signs of a set of keys. To his left, Smokey the Bear indicated an "Extreme" fire danger. Wake was almost thankful the unrelenting mist ensured there would be no fiery inferno in this story. To the right was a parked trailer. Behind him, light streamed in thick, alternating lines from behind the wooden gate. In front was a sealed perimeter gate and restrooms **[Fig 2.91]**. Wake succeeded in scaring another feathered fiend, and as he moved to the women's entrance, he spotted another Manuscript Page. This was prose about the call of a nightingale.



[Fig 2.92]

Light danced off the restroom walls in confused bursts. The place was completely dark but cramped, making sudden turns troublesome. Wake found some ammunition on a counter. The stalls rattled alarmingly. But nothing appeared. The rear changing room held nothing. Slowly advancing into the men's restroom, Wake saw the light was on, but flickering. This was more helpful. The open stalls held nothing, neither items or horrors. In the changing room at the back, the television was on, and the keys to the garage were lying on the bench nearby. It took a second for Wake to realize the show featured a familiar character; the Writer in the Cabin:

Wake took these words to heart, despite not having any knowledge of saying them. He felt he had to fully commit if he was going to fall down the rabbit hole. Perhaps "commit" was the wrong choice of words. After Wake had finished his pep-talk, the television blinked out, and the light shattered. Something stirred in the stall. Stepping forward, a Taken burst out from its cell, threatening to savage Wake with a vicious and sharp hook **[Fig 2.92]**. It garbled something as it was beaten back and executed.



[Fig 2.93]

It was time to leave. Fleeing the restroom, Wake dashed across the tarmac driveway. The birds had returned to mock him, but scattered as he ran. Wake narrowly missed a stabbing as a foe stepped out from behind the trailer, lunging at him. Dodging away, Wake spun around, planting light, then bullets, into the foe. At the garage gate, Wake fumbled with the keys and felt as though he took far too long to unlock it. Inside the garage was a park ranger's pickup truck. It looked like a modified Ford F150: Sweet. Wake slid into the driver's seat, and quickly started the engine. It roared to life, and Alan accelerated through the garage gates. He quickly mastered the rudiments of this vehicle; accelerating forward, then braking and reversing, and finally turning while moving.

Activity: Return to Barry (again)

A Taken had burst through the campground gates, and was heading his way. He flicked the vehicle's high-beam on, and the foe cowered in the light for a second, before being squarely rammed by the pickup **[Fig 2.93]**. As the foe flew over the hood, it melted away. He passed a second vehicle and a large red sign advertising Deerfest. Full down on the throttle, Wake spun the car right, checking the road farther away from the cabins, but a jackknifed logging big-rig blocked his route. Perfecting a handbrake turn at speed, then stopped the truck, got out, and quickly grabbed the Coffee Thermos by the big-rig's rear axle. Back in the truck, Wake raced past the Deerfest sign again, heading down the road.

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Damn Good Coffee #30/100



What is this? Is this some kind of damn game? Someone just placing these things to mess with me? Or someone? It sure feels like it sometimes, but for the record, there's no way this Thermos could have been placed here until after the big-rig jackknifed. But I guess I just bag and tag. Anything else is above my pay grade.

Bright Falls Light & Power #8/30

"When you possess light within, you see it externally," wrote the French author Anaïs Nin. A gift for those troubled by the darkness, bewildered on the path they are taking, and wish to truly see the light.



A Can do Attitude #4/12



Emil needs the pages, and he needs me to persuade our great author to part with them. I've left another subtle reminder on the picnic table over in the corner pasture, down from the visitor center.

Accelerating hard, Wake followed the apex of the turns and kept looking out for incoming corners. Up ahead, a group of Taken clambered onto a collision course with the truck. Wake simply flicked on the high-beams, and rammed the entity in the middle; he didn't need to slaughter every possessed soul out here **[Fig 2.94]**. Or did he? Backing up, he swung the vehicle round, and struck again until the road was free of foes. He passed a vehicle with its brake lights on. Any of these other vehicles could be replacements if the battery ran out on his current rig. The road dipped slightly, and Wake skidded left, narrowly avoiding a parked big-rig, with its load of lumber intact. Driving up on the trail, Wake launched the vehicle over a ramp, and almost lost control.



[Fig 2.94]

As Wake bounced up onto the grassy pasture on the hillside, the shadows of pedestrian foes glinted off the vehicle's headlights. Wake boosted the high-beams, and accelerated into each of them, using a mixture of off-road driving talent and reckless endangerment. He ran through five, six, eight of these fiends, accidentally taking out some hay bales in the field, too. His truck was belching smoke after so many hit-and-run attacks, so Wake carefully drove it to the parked red SUV back at the first bend, and swapped vehicles. This SUV had a tighter turning circle and was easier to skid. He liked it.

Then he was back on the main thoroughfare, driving back down to the collection of logging trucks, and heading off road, to the right this time, as Wake had noticed a small shed close by, near a cluster of rocks, barrels, and a pine tree. The headlights bounced off the building's frame, exposing a trio of daubed arrows. Wake parked right next to the shed, got out, and the Taken appeared to thwart him. Wake backed up the nearest one, dropped a flare at the building entrance to keep them at bay, and searched the interior of the small shed. In the corner was a Chest. Heading back out, Wake managed to successfully dodge for the 20th time. "**Missed by a Mile**," he yelled, struggling to get back into his vehicle.



[Fig 2.95]

Screeching forward, Wake shot across the road, onto the section of grassland with the ramp and trail, and careened across to the far corner, where another red SUV was parked, recently unhitched from its trailer. Close by was a trail light and picnic tables; a welcome respite in this almost constant carnage. On one of the tables, Wake spotted some Cans of Beer, arranged in a small pyramid. He knew what to do.

Swapping vehicles again, Wake drove across and over a ramp, leading back onto the main road, and over a steel bridge, steering right at the far end so as not to miss a parked trailer. He slowed to avoid logs rolling off a stack to his left, behind the trailer, and jammed on the brakes, narrowly missing a crash with another big-rig, this one parked across the thoroughfare **[Fig 2.95]**.

To his left were the remains of the gates leading back to the visitor center. He'd inspect them in a moment. For now, he remained in the relative safety of his SUV, and weaved around the big-rig, and under the hiking trail sign. In the small picnic area, he secured another Coffee Thermos. The trail led up some wooden steps to a trail light. Straying too far from the vehicle wasn't a wise plan, so Wake hopped back in, and slowly drove around a log pile, halting at the blocked entrance to a tunnel on the main road. Disembarking, he peered into the gloomy concrete archway, and spotted something at the foot of yet another big-rig; this one blocking the entire tunnel about 30 feet inside. It was a Manuscript Page.

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[Fig 2.96]

Grabbing it, he spun around. The Taken were finding him again. Striking down one on his way back to the vehicle, he made a sharp turn around and through the picnic area, and swung the vehicle right, careening through the remains of a gate to the parking lot below the visitor center. This was the place he'd taken in the morning vista while talking with Rusty, earlier in the day before he'd had to murder his second Bright Falls resident. Not to mention countless hikers, hunters, joggers, and loggers.

Wake sped past the closed gate on the opposite side of the parking lot, getting out to swap red off-roaders, before heading up the winding switchback, and passing a trail light en route to the visitor center entrance. This hadn't been some kind of terrible dream; the center and ranger office were still in ruins, although the electrical poles had finally shorted out. Narrowly avoiding the stone planter, Wake weaved past the wheelbarrow, and up the trail Barry had taken to reach Rusty's cabin. He didn't stop until he was forced to jam on the brakes; a trailer was rolling slowly toward him, blocking the road near the first abandoned off-road vehicle. Wake would have to walk the rest of the way. Or preferably, run.

Ramming the vehicles only crushed his truck's front. Wake stepped out of the vehicle and instantly felt exposed. He stepped between the trailer and off-roader, and checked farther up the road. Someone had been here, parking a white pickup with the warning lights still flashing **[Fig 2.96]**. Wake shone his flashlight on the driver's side decal. It read "Bright Falls Light and Power." The insignia looked familiar, but Wake couldn't place it.... On a small container near the truck, which Wake tried—and failed—to start, were a number of flares and a gun to fire them with.

"The flare gun was probably the best weapon I could imagine against the dark things I was facing."

Wake loaded the flare gun and carrying it close. It would save his life a couple of steps later. Three forms coalesced from behind a boulder, and attempted to hack him down. A second later, the biggest Taken was reeling from a direct flare strike, when his lesser brethren fizzled behind him. A few more steps, and another group of Taken ambushed Wake, storming out from the bushes close to the ruined cabin **[Fig 2.97]**. Wake elected to run, sprinting up to the trail light that thankfully stayed lit. He didn't want to waste any more of the flare gun ammunition. After a moment Alan turned to continue his final dash uphill. He got only a few paces farther forward before his cell phone rang.

It was the kidnapper. Wake yelled into the phone as he continued to walk up the road: **"You son of a bitch! Where's my wife?"**

"Enough horseplay, Wake." Mott's tone was matter-of-fact. **"You deliver the manuscript and you can have your woman back. Simple as that."**

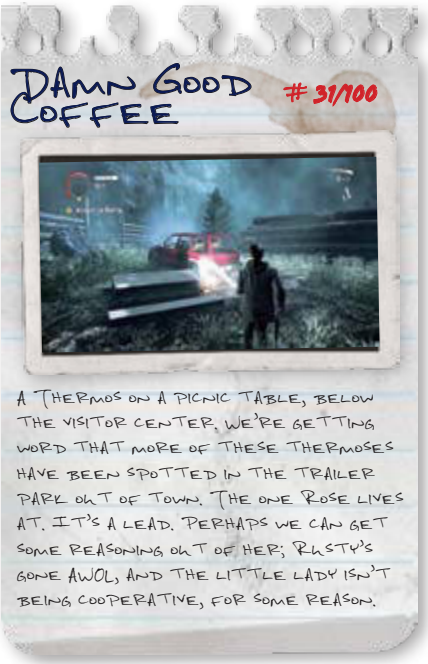
"I don't—listen, listen." Wake was panicking. He was nowhere close to being able to give over his work. **"I'm gonna need time to finish it. I still need to write the ending. I need...a week. I need a week."**

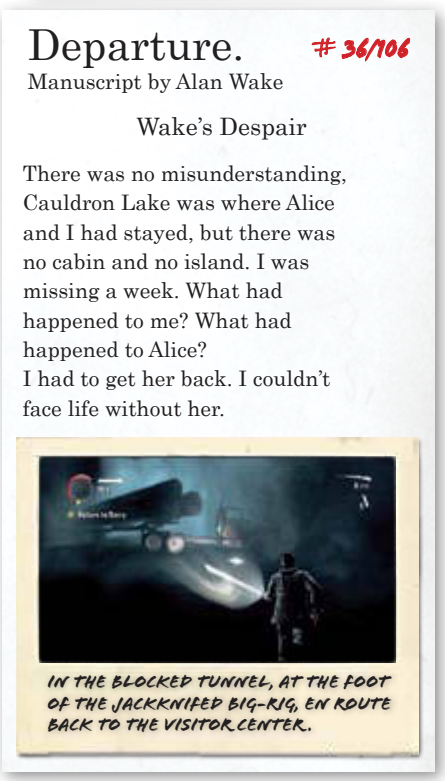
A flock of wood pigeons took off from the penultimate cabin, as Mott became subdued, taking in what Wake had said.

"It's not done?"



[Fig 2.97]





"I need a week." Wake replied, sternly.

"Two days!" Mott countered. **"The old Bright Falls Coal Mine is nearby. You can find it easy, city boy. The main building, there at noon. You bring the manuscript, you'll get your wife. If not, well.... Get me?"**

"Yes. Yes, I get you."

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[Fig 2.98]



[Fig 2.99]

He had bought himself some time, but there was no hope of gathering—or writing—enough pages to satisfy the kidnapper. But Wake had more pressing and immediate concerns. He saw the cabin on the top of the hill. Above it, a huge swarm of birds was circling. **During a particular vivid Nightmare, while Wake was contemplating a method to rescue Barry, he almost missed another Manuscript Page. This one was simply lying on the road. It made for troubling reading.**

"Barry had talked about birds over the phone."

Wake reached the parking spot where Barry's rented vehicle still remained. Wake noticed the power was off. He could hear Barry wailing inside. He'd rib him later about that, if he wasn't burying him. There were hundreds in this swarm **[Fig 2.98]**. At the bottom of the steps, someone had scrawled a message on the rock wall. It read: "THE DARKNESS CONTROLS THE TAKEN."

Activity: Save Barry from the birds

Below it was a container. Additional flares and a gun were placed here. Wake took the hint, tooling up with these items, and reloading his flare gun as he raced up the wooden stairs to the front garden, and disturbing a half-dozen birds from the roof guttering. The Dark Presence had possessed the birdlife, they were merely puppets; content to shriek and scream, and to tear and peck. Wake spotted some batteries on the picnic table. Swinging left, an odd cluster of yellow dots on the corner of the cabin caught his eye. They hadn't been there before. He quickly ran across to the back garden, and was surprised to come across one last torch symbol, painted on the rocky perimeter behind the wishing well. He delved into the Chest for additional flare gun ammunition. He was gathering it when he heard Barry. He was faintly babbling again from inside the cabin:

"Al! Al, I'm so glad you're here! A couple of them got in here before I blocked the chimney! This isn't normal! These birds are weird!"

Activity: Defeat the birds

The wind began to roar, blocking out even the caws of the birds. Wake took a few steps toward the cabin deck, but decided he'd make a stand in the garden, where the flares he was saving would strike these ravens with an unobstructed line of sight. Then they came; the unkindness of ravens, a band of black birds flying too close to be natural, announcing their attack with a piercing squawk **[Fig 2.99]**. Wake was unprepared for the first attack, forgetting to equip his flare gun, and firing ineffectually at the birds as they swooped and cut into his head and hands. As they flew away, he was able to boost and focus his light and drop a few stragglers out of the sky. But this wasn't the way to kill this demonic flock.

"I thought the pigeons back home were bad! Al, make 'em go away! Please!"

The unkindness of ravens announced their bombing run once more. Wake waited until the birds were almost upon him. Then he dodged the attack, swung around, and fired a flare into the midst of the mass. The air turned bright crimson from the flare, and many of the birds winked out of existence with a flash. Wake reloaded and waited again. Another attack came. Wake predicted the swoop, stepped out of the brunt of it, and lit a flare to burn these beasts. The battle was beginning to turn. Meanwhile, Barry had his own problems. Which he insisted on sharing. If Alan wasn't fighting for their lives he'd have to laugh.

The relentless mass of ravens continued their suicidal runs. Instinct took over; the moment Wake heard the screech of an incoming attack, he dodged, either firing or lighting a flare, and letting the birds burn up in the red light **[Fig 2.100]**. Again and again, ravens dove into the smoke and red flame, fell into the ether, and the remaining birds flew away, attempting another attack. After countless of their number were culled, the swarm started to depart, vanishing into the forest below. Wake checked his face and neck for bleeding, and yelled out to Wheeler:

"Barry? You can open the door now. They're gone."

Barry pushed open the door. He looked like a scolded schoolchild. **"Hey, Al. I'm—I'm sorry for thinking you were having a psychotic episode, man."** Wake didn't respond. He'd trekked through so much of Elderwood he felt like a **park ranger.**

The sun finally rose behind Rusty's cabin. Barry had already left for Bright Falls: **"I sent Barry to the town to ask around about a man fitting the kidnapper's description. He'd go through the archives of the local paper. Perhaps he could learn something—anything—about the island and the cabin that had disappeared. The man wanted a manuscript. I had to try to write him one to get Alice back."**



[Fig 2.100]

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Departure. # 30/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake at the Dark Presence's Mercy

The Dark Presence had touched the girl to lure the writer into a trap. Now it was night and he lay helpless, drugged, lit only by the flickering of the TV screen filled with static. Shadows coalesced in the room as the Dark Presence leaned close to the writer, ready to touch him again: "Back to work, boy."



ON THE TRAIL BACK UP TO RUSTY'S HILLSIDE CABIN, AFTER THE PHONE CALL FROM MOTT.

Wake toyed with his pen, staring vacantly down at a sheaf of equally blank pages. **"I tried to write."**

A quick, pounding pulse raced through Wake's head: **"Aargh!"**

"For me, the supernatural had always been nothing but a metaphor for the human psyche, a tool to use in writing fiction. Now it was happening for real, and I couldn't put a single word on paper." Now Wake was trapped in two cabins, writing two books. But only one had a chance of saving Alice.

Barry headed back to the SUV from the Bright Falls bank. His cell phone chirruped. It was Rose, a welcome voice for the agent with even more welcome news.

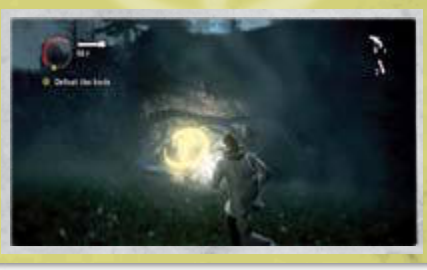
Rose spoke slowly, deliberately. **"I've found Mr. Wake's pages."**

Wheeler stood up from leaning on the SUV. **"Oh, you sweet, brilliant girl!"** He was already opening the driver's side door.

"Could you and Mr. Wake come get them? I live in the trailer park outside the town."

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 9/30

The 49th mayor of Seattle, Norman B. Rice, said "Dare to reach out your hand into the darkness, to pull another hand into the light." A task I take with a great deal of pride and meticulous care. The Chest is behind the wishing well, in the back garden of Rusty's cabin.





An Unkindness of Ravens

the biggest of all the family Corvidae, as big as an owl, and two times the dimensions of a crow. They tend to remain airborne longer than crows, soaring in thermals, and they're known for a variety of aerial assaults and antics. Crows usually reside at lower altitudes, while ravens seek higher climes.

The formation of a roosting collection, occurring in many habitat regions (particularly the Pacific Northwest), is known colloquially as an "unkindness." Usually this indicates a flock of more than a hundred. Similarly, a group of crows is known by the collective noun "murder," terms originally coined in the mid 15th century, in the first color printed book of medieval Europe: *The Boke* [*sic*] *of St. Albans*, which detailed such elements as hawking, hunting, and heraldry in some degree of complexity. The terms were then utilized by other derivative tomes in perpetuity. Although speculation, it is hypothesized a "murder" refers to the crows' tendency to feast on carrion, while "unkindness" refers to an erroneous belief that ravens remove their offspring from the nest; a complete falsehood.



Photolog: Excerpt from the book: *An Unkindness of Ravens: Nomenclature Etiology of a Most Avian Kind*, by Professor Jorg Neumann, 1947. Copyright Roundabout Press.

Barry took off, accelerating hard, heading back to the cabin. **"We'll be there in less than an hour!"** he said, with glee. With a few final words he hung up. The agent was so excited he didn't notice the odd way Rose said goodbye:

"Have a great day. Hope you come back soon. Welcome to the Oh Deer Diner." Rose wasn't in the Oh Deer Diner.

She was in her trailer. She slowly placed the phone receiver back on the base unit, and stood in her small kitchenette, motionless.

Lifeless.

Her eyes were elsewhere.

"Good girl," said the old woman, dressed in funeral attire.

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Episode Three: Ransom

Statistical Evidence						
Evidence Type	Number Available (Chapter 3A)	Number Available (Chapter 3B)	Chapters 3A+3B Total	Episode Start Total	Episode End Total	Grand Total
Manuscript Pages	11(1*)	11(2*)	22(3*)	36	61	106
Coffee Thermoses	9	11	20	31	51	100
Can Pyramids	1	1	2	4	6	12
Chests	2	3	5	9	14	30
Radio Shows	3	2	5	4	9	11
TV Shows	2	1	3	5	8	14
Signs	0	3	3	6	9	25
Songs	2	1	3	7	10	16

* Second number refers to Manuscript Pages available during Nightmare.

Chapter 3A: On the Run

Part 1: A Thorny Reception



Sparkling River Estates Trailer Park

Activity Log

- Talk to the manager
- Follow Randolph
- Talk to Rose
- Leave the trailer
- Get to the car

Barry's SUV drew up to the wire fencing surrounding the Sparkling River Estates trailer park. It was another morning of bright sunlight. The two friends talked about their next move, about Alice, and most importantly, how Rose slotted into the puzzle: Not all the pieces seemed to fit together:

"How the hell did she get her hands on the manuscript, anyway?" Wake asked Barry. He had every right to be nervous but Barry wasn't worried:

"I don't know. She's resourceful!" Barry replied, stepping onto the entrance driveway, and heading around the front of the hired monstrosity of a vehicle. **"I told you, you were too hard on her. Listen,"** he said, lowering his voice; **"I found out all sorts of interesting stuff while I was digging around..."** Barry's voice trailed off as Wake's cell phone rang. He flipped it up to his ear, motioning for Barry to stop talking.

It was Sheriff Breaker. She let Wake know that an FBI Agent Nightingale had shown up and was eager to talk to him. Alan wasn't thrilled, though he kept it to himself. This guy was another player and another potential delay to getting Alice back. Wake signed off, promising to get to the station soon.

"Let's make this quick, huh?" he told Barry, as they closed the front gate behind them.

Activity: Talk to the manager



[Fig 3.1]

"Help you folks? Name's Randolph. I'm the manager." Randolph was a thick-set, pinkish man with receding ginger hair and a paunch his black t-shirt mostly covered. Clad in an orange fishing jacket and camo pants, he had a pocket for every occasion. Not that he needed them this time.

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[Fig 3.2]

"We're looking for Rose, works as a waitress down at the diner?" This was Wake's best attempt to be polite under the circumstances. He thought he'd nailed it.

Randolph put up a token show of concern. Alan introduced himself and that seemed to open the door. Wake's ego could sometimes control his mouth, but on this occasion, he was obviously the most famous person in at least a 100-mile radius.

"The writer, huh? I heard on the radio you were visiting. Well, I'll show you her trailer. That Rose, she's a nice girl." Randolph turned and limped down the gravel thoroughfare, expecting them to follow **[Fig 3.1]**. Was it a war wound? It was more likely to be gout. **"Always pays her rent on time."** He added.

Activity: Follow Randolph

"As I was saying, Al..." Barry didn't like being interrupted. Especially by cell phones. And additionally because of all the information he'd dug up during Wake's dry spell at the Elderwood cabin. As Wake read the Sparkling River Estates sign and followed Randolph, Barry spilled some beans: **"I found all sorts of weird stuff from the local newspaper's archives. This place is crazy! Disappearances, mysterious deaths, urban legends come true...and, get this, most of this stuff takes place around Cauldron Lake."**

After eavesdropping, Randolph turned and offered his take on the oddities swirling around the caldera: **"Well, you ain't wrong, mister. The Indians thought the lake was a doorway to the underworld. I'm the God-fearing type myself. I don't hold with that sort of thing."**

Barry stared down Randolph for a second before turning back to Wake: **"Yeah, okay... anyway, there was an island there, owned by a guy called Thomas Zane. Now, some of the articles I found about him make him out to be a famous writer. But I ran a bunch of searches, couldn't find a single thing he wrote. Zane was heavily into diving, so much so that the place came to be called Diver's Isle. But the volcano under the lake erupted in 1970, and Zane went down with the island."**

Wake hadn't told Barry everything about his evening on the lake. Or about the nightmare he'd had before arriving in Bright Falls. He'd seen a poster of a diver's helmet during that dream. Zane seemed inextricably linked to his tasks, his investigations... to perhaps his destiny? What was real was drowning in the lake of his own fiction. He was floundering in the vessel of his mind's eye, and the waves were getting choppy.

As they passed the flagpole, they saw a boat flipped on its side, blocking the rear of the estate grounds **[Fig 3.2]**. It had missed trailers on either side by inches. Wake's daydream vanished with a start. He focused on the boat, as Randolph tried to explain what it was doing here:

"Yeah, how about that! It was there in the morning, as if it had fallen from the sky. But it would take a tornado to lift something like that. We're damn lucky it didn't crush any of the trailers."

Wake remembered the tornado he'd witnessed in his nightmare. Randolph was heading off to the left, but Wake stopped again, looking over to the right instead. On the nearby picnic table near the small barbecue was a Coffee Thermos. He took it without Randolph spotting him, and returned to his chaperone.



[Fig 3.3]

Randolph hobbled off to the left. Wake and Wheeler followed at this enforced leisurely pace. Alan scanned the tree line; the oaks, alders, and birches were turning. Soon the place would be awash with autumnal color. Randolph moved to the rear of the trailer, and unlocked the gate he'd padlocked after the nighttime troubles **[Fig 3.3]**.





Episode 4: Barbara Jagger's Hut. Another seeks editorial control of a complex incantation. Now showing in Rose Marigold's bedroom, inside her trailer.

8:10 pm
Writer in the Cabin

"I can't tell reality from dream anymore. But it seems I have an imaginary editor to help me. She's an old woman in a funeral dress. I call her Barbara Jagger. She's very strict. I'm writing faster and faster. My manuscript is being heavily revised. The edits are getting very aggressive and each day there's less of me and more of her. I hate it, but I know she's right. She promises me I can save Alice this way. She knows more of this than I do. About the complex incantation I'm attempting, about this place. She has worked with another writer under similar circumstances: Thomas Zane. The genre of the story seems to be shifting. It's turning into a horror story. I'm getting close. I can feel it."

9.0 Nine O'Clock News
with Tom Rivers; Weatherman

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[Fig 3.4]

Barry Wheeler, P.I. took this opportunity to wow Wake with more facts. **"It gets better: a local girl, Barbara Jagger, drowned in Cauldron Lake just a week earlier. They were lovers."**

Passing some plastic furniture, Randolph decided to add to the conversation again: **"Sure, Jagger's a local spook story: 'The Scratching Hag!' Comes for you in the dark. Childish stuff like that."**

Barry continued, fuming slightly at the constant interruptions; **"I'm just getting to the best part: all of the articles about this stuff were written by Cynthia Weaver. I asked around, and she's that crazy bag lady you met..."**

"What, the Lamp Lady?" Randolph replied, as if Barry was speaking directly to him. **"She can be a little loopy, but she's not homeless or anything."** Randolph moved around to the trash bins, shooing some birds waiting for a free feed.

Barry finished his thought, his voice missing that enthusiastic spark: **"Yeah, anyway, she knew both Jagger and Zane before they both died and she had some kind of breakdown."**

Wake found this information interesting, and certainly useful. He stepped around a clump of trees, and briefly inspected a rather depressing child's play area. The weather hadn't been kind to the toys scattered about; in fact the entire trailer park had a faded, depressing quality to it. Randolph was heading toward a white and fawn-colored static home **[Fig 3.4]**. A small satellite dish poked up from the roof quite a way, struggling for a signal above the surrounding trees. Randolph let them know it was Rose's place and, a little late for safety, asked what the wanted with her. Barry gruffly reassured the older man.

Activity: Talk to Rose

Wake stepped onto the property. The trailer was made of corrugated metal sheeting with a coat of grime, and a porch with peeling white posts and rusting iron accent work. He looked left; Rose had bought her outdoor table and Adirondack chairs from the same supplier as Rusty over at the visitor center. It was perhaps wise not to mention Rusty to her.

Rose's porch had seen better days; there was a planked section of floor missing that could easily sprain an ankle, and Rose might have been a spectacular brewer of coffee, but her horticultural skills lacked even a basic knowledge. Passing the tiny plant graveyard, Wake rapped on the sliding plastic front door. Rose slowly tugged it back a few seconds later.



[Fig 3.5]

Rose spoke slowly, much differently than before. She certainly lacked the excitable charm she'd exhibited during their first meeting **[Fig 3.5]**. She was probably on drugs.

"Rose. You have my manuscript?" Wake snapped, not wanting this to take any longer than it needed to.

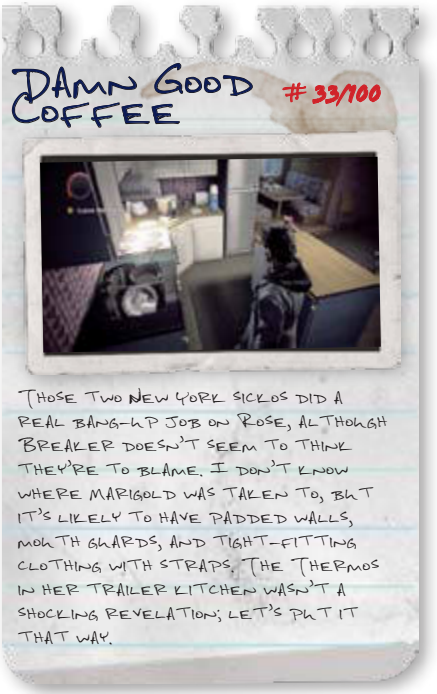
"Oh. Oh, yes! Yes?" Rose's brain seemed to be a mesh of faltering and misfiring synapses: **"Please, come in,"** she mumbled.

Wheeler and Wake sat on the comfy chair and sofa in Rose's cramped living room/kitchen. This was the first time Barry had tasted Rose's coffee. **"Hey, this is really good!"** There was a slightly odd, bitter after-taste, but he could get used to this blend. He quickly finished up his mug. Wake had taken a sip, and wasn't in any mood for chit-chat about how great he was. Getting her attention he quickly got to the point.

"My manuscript? I really need it."

"I understand." Rose continued. She sounded dazed. **"I know what you need. A muse to inspire you."**

"Oh for..." Wake threw up an exasperated hand gesture. She was obviously drunk. Or worse. **"Barry, she doesn't have anything!"**



"Yeah, uh." Barry felt a twinge of discomfort. He was having trouble focusing. **"Hey, Al?"** Barry stood up. The room began to spin. His tongue felt stuck to the bottom of his mouth. **"Al, what's..."** Blackness surrounded his peripheral vision. **"Whoa..."** he managed to utter, before he collapsed, slamming his head into the coffee table.

Wake tried to stand. He looked down at the dregs of his coffee mug, sloshing about. He could only manage the word **"What...?"** before stumbling forward and falling to the carpet. Face up on the floor, Wake remembered Rose, still clutching her coffee pot, slowly looking down at him, emotionless as a shop mannequin.

Wake woke underwater. Floating upside down above him was a frightening mechanical contraption. It took a second to realize it was a man inside an old GYM-style diver's suit. He'd seen it before somewhere. On a poster, he thought. A voice from within the suit began a helmet-to-head conversation in an unnerving, reverberating voice: **"It's coming for you, hiding in my Barbara's skin. I'm too weak to stop it. You must turn the lights on."**

A pulsing noise startled Wake. His agitated view sped past the sunken cabin he was drowning near, and listened to the snarl of a woman's voice. He heard her behind him, and spun round. She wasn't there. She tapped him on the shoulder. He twisted around in an instant. The figure was gone, but the voice echoed on. **"I promised I'd come and visit you and your lovely wife. You must finish what you started. I insist."**

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[Fig 3.6]

The diver spoke to him again. He could make out the urgency of the tone, even through the odd reverb: **"You must turn the lights on."**

"Turn the light on." Wake heard himself say.

He woke on a bed, looking up at a purple ceiling, and listening to television static. A wizened, veiled face peered down from above. **"Back to work, boy." [Fig 3.6]**

Wake yelled and leapt off the bed, scrambling for the light switch. He turned around, finding himself in an empty girl's room. The light illuminated a mobile hanging from the ceiling. Wake was quite alone. In a nearby room, he heard faint snoring.

"I felt nauseous, hung over. Only anger kept me going."

Activity: Leave the Trailer

Wake watched as the television to his right turned on by itself. He saw himself pacing in the vanished cabin:



[Fig 3.7]

While he was watching himself giving advice... to himself from the television, Wake wandered Rose's bedroom. In spite of his usual ego, Alan wasn't thrilled by the altar Rose had erected above her headboard **[Fig 3.7]**. In the corner near the small metal trash can and circular mock-leather ottoman was a vase of sunflowers. They mimicked the ones in his New York home.

"Rose took a day from me. I had less than twelve hours left to meet the kidnapper. All I could do was get Barry into the car, work something out once I got on the road."

Departure. # 37/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Randolph Calls the Police

Mr. Randolph liked Rose, that
little smile she had, how she was
still sweet when life had tried
so hard to make her bitter.
It wasn't any of his business
what she did in her trailer, but
those strangers, the writer
and his smartass sidekick,
looked like trouble, and they'd
been in there for hours, way
past her normal bedtime. He
reached for the phone and called
the Sheriff's station.



AT THE THRESHOLD OF ROSE MARIGOLD'S TRAILER GROUNDS, AFTER LEAVING.



.....

Wake had no manuscript, and no time. Wake entered Rose's kitchen and noticed Barry hadn't moved. The moaning he'd been hearing was coming from the agent. **"Barry was out of it. He was way too heavy to carry."** Barry twitched and began to snore periodically, punctuating his sleep with murmuring that made it clear he wasn't having nightmares.

The Night Owl

The Voice of Pat Maine
All Night, Every Night



TRANSCRIPT # 5/11

"I just stepped outside to catch a breath of fresh air, and let me tell you, the weather's getting heavy! Nights like this make me especially glad I'm here talking to you and not home in bed. Once the weather takes a turn like this, I can't sleep at all; it's all...tangled bedsheets and dark thoughts, punctuated by the occasional plunge into nightmare. Is it just me? Well, perhaps it is, but I hope I can make the night a little easier to get through.... Caller, you're on KBF-FM."

"Hey Pat, it's Walt Snyder."

"What's on your mind, Walt?"

"Well, I ain't the way you are, but, well, uh, I can't sleep either, you know? I've been just staring out of the window here, trying to make sense of it all, but...I ain't been drinking, either, you know, I just..."

"Well, you sound like a man with a problem, Walt."

"Yeah. Yeah, uh...I had a, uh, you know, an argument with Danny, you know Danny, and then I got in trouble with the law, you know, and I'm...I'm just...well..."

"I hear something like that, Walt."

"Yeah. Well, you know, he's, you know, Danny's my best friend and they let me out on bail today...and now I'm just alone here at the window, you know, waiting. Man, there's something in the air tonight, man!"

"Man. I was just outside looking up at the sky above our broadcast tower thinking the same thing. What're you waiting for, Walt?"

"I...I don't know. You know, something's gonna happen. You know? I gotta, I gotta...I...I think I better go."

"Well, Walt, maybe..."

"No. Thanks, Pat."

"Haaahhh. Well, good luck to you, Walt, hang in there. Let's take a little break, folks, this weather's really something else, huh?"



IT MIGHT BE THE TREES, SAM, BUT PAT'S COMING IN A LITTLE TINNY OVER AT THE REAR OF THE TRAILER PARK.

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[Fig 3.8]

An altogether more forlorn and wretched victim sat on the kitchen floor, near the banquette **[Fig 3.8]**. Rose was curled up with her knees to her chest, head bowed, and was quietly talking to an invisible customer with emotionless, drained charm.

Wake watched the pitiful sight: **"I couldn't work up much hate for Rose. Something had used her to get to me and left its mark."** Rose was a shell. Still functioning, but broken by whatever had touched her. There would be no more cheerful greetings at the Oh Deer Diner. Except within the poor girl's addled mind: **"Thank you. Have a nice day. Come back soon."** She began to rock back and forth slightly.

Wake could do nothing for Rose. He made a quick check of the kitchen counter, taking a Coffee Thermos to add to his ever-swelling collection hidden in the back of Barry's SUV, and left the premises. Out on the porch, Wake glanced up at the sky, and across the trailer park. Mist had settled, but he didn't sense danger from the dark. He kneeled down to take a single sheet of Manuscript Page (it was a start, but nowhere near the number of pages he needed to give Mott) and tried to figure a way out of here.

"My gun and flashlight were gone. I'd have to find a way to get Barry into the car as quickly as possible. There was no time to waste."

Activity: Get to the car



[Fig 3.9]

The fallen yacht blocked a direct path out of Sparkling River Estates, so Alan retraced the steps he'd taken a day earlier with Barry and Randolph, crossing the patch of dirt ground near the refuse bins **[Fig 3.9]**, toward the gate at the side of one of the trailers. On the back porch, Wake was puzzled to discover a radio. Switching it on, he recognized the slightly comforting sounds of Pat Maine, and his Night Owl show. Feeling slightly intrigued after listening, Wake moved to the gate and easily pushed it open. He spotted the dim light and gave Randy's Dogs a quick look-over, but there was nothing in the cafe courtyard.

The nearby trailer was locked too. Wake passed the picnic table where he'd found the Coffee Thermos, and the flagpole. He heard nothing but woodland wildlife chirruping away as he passed by a variety of weathered gardening tools, tanks, and cheap furniture. The trailers were locked, and no one was home; Wake found this odd, but moved onward, toward the entrance gate. Wake was almost at the gate, when the sirens pierced the night air.

A patrol car pulled up outside the main gate. Randolph was there, waiting for them. He turned to Wake, glaring at him with an accusatory stare: **"God knows what you've done to that poor girl."**



[Fig 3.10]

There were three squad cars. Out of one marched a stocky man with a short salt-and-pepper haircut, and a weather-beaten face. His jowly cheeks and deep bags under his eyes betrayed the agent's hard lifestyle and occasional alcohol abuse. He was clad in an FBI coat, and pointing a standard-issue Revolver at Wake's head, through the gate **[Fig 3.10]**.

"This is Agent Nightingale, FBI! Get 'em up, Hemingway! You're under arrest." Wake slowly raised his hands above his head, stepping slightly behind Randolph, who was bent over slightly, pretending to be invisible. Nightingale shouted again, he was flanked by Sheriff Breaker and a deputy, all training their service revolvers on the two men.

Randolph stumbled forward as Wake shoved him, then quickly sprinted off along the perimeter fence. Breaker held her fire, but Nightingale unloaded. One of his shots almost caught Randolph. None hit Wake, who increased his pace, and leapt the fence. He landed hard, and skidded down a rocky embankment.

Randolph looked shocked. He'd almost gone from good samaritan to collateral damage. Randolph was pissed. But Nightingale was furious. And carried a badge and gun to ensure the cripple didn't cause him any problems.

Part 2: Fugitive in the Forest

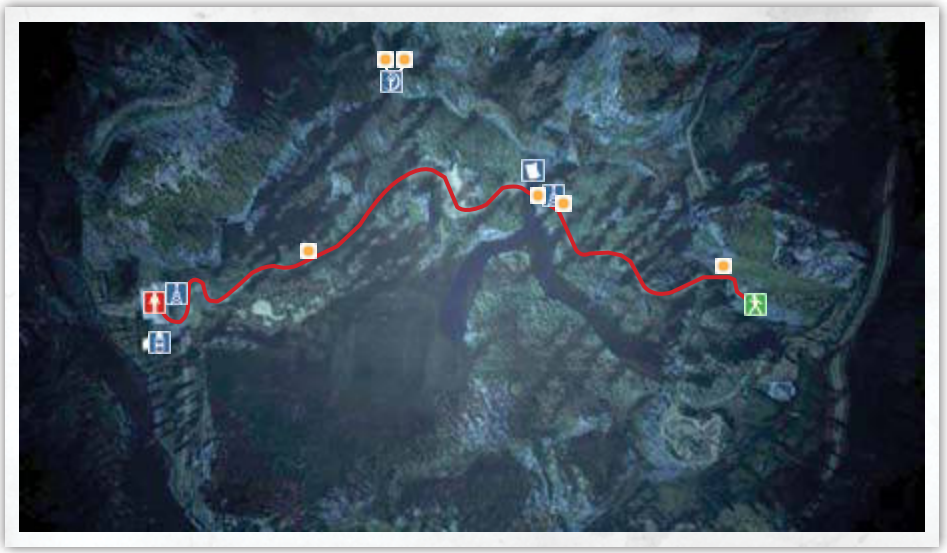


Police Car to Ranger Tower

Activity Log

- Escape the police
- Reach the radio station
- Destroy the gate
- Reach the radio station (again)
- Talk to Pat Maine

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Ranger Tower to Radio Station

Activity: Escape the police



[Fig 3.11]

"I hated to leave Barry behind. But there was no way I'd miss my appointment with the kidnapper."

Wake surveyed his environment quickly. With the helicopter circling overhead, he'd need a miracle to elude the law enforcement forces. To his right, he saw flashlights criss-crossing the wooded slopes in all directions. Nightingale's voice, amplified by a bullhorn, boomed through the woods.

Wake knew he'd be shot if the approaching police officers and agents spotted him. He sprinted up the dry creek bed to his left, following its course **[Fig 3.11]**; this seemed the surest path to prevent the law from catching him up.

He recognized Nightingale's voice shouting commands, and continued to Sprint until he ran out of breath. He heard movement behind him.

Up ahead, he noticed the flashing lights of a patrol car through the mist; there must be a road up there. More officers on foot were approaching from the left.

Slowing down meant facing arrest, or worse, so Wake continued up along the creek bed, dodging boulders, flashlight beams, and finally bullets as they struck the ground close to his feet **[Fig 3.12]**.



[Fig 3.12]

Wake's lungs were burning, but he pressed on, slowing for a few paces before Sprinting again. Up ahead, was a wooden bridge. Standing atop the bridge, shining a flashlight directly on him, was Nightingale.

"Stop running!"

Wake ignored the request, dashing under the bridge as a bullet struck the ground inches from him.

"Freeze!"

Still Wake ran, like his life depended on it. *Because it did.* Wake was dead if he stopped, and dead if he crept out of the trench he was running through. He heard the familiar shot of a flare, and an explosion of red behind him. Floodlights strobed the trees.

It was brighter than daylight in the woods. Wake ran until the stitch in his side became unbearable, and slowed to a jog. The police were combing the area, but their shouts were getting a little fainter.

"Everybody, I've got him! Wake, don't move!"

"He ducked away! He's running!"

Departure. # 38/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Dark Presence Sleeps

For decades, the darkness that wore Barbara Jagger's skin slept fitfully in the dark place that was its home and prison. It was hungry and in pain. It dreamed of its nights of glory when the poet's writing had called it from the depths and given it a brief, terrible taste of power and freedom. The rock stars had stirred it from the deep sleep the poet had sunk it back to in the end.
When it sensed the writer on the ferry, it opened its eyes.





[Fig 3.13]

The dry creek ended abruptly at a wall of rocks too steep to climb. Checking left, Wake saw a trail leading off into the mist. The irony of being hunted by flashlights, and using the mist to hide himself in, like the forces he'd been fighting up until this point, wasn't lost on him. He followed the trail through trees and brush **[Fig 3.13]**. He landed after a four-foot drop, and heard the police one last time.

"He's gone! C'mon, guys, we need to head him off."

He was gone, but not forgotten. By two forces. He was beginning to feel overwhelmed, until he spotted a piece of paper on a log, poking out of the undergrowth farther along the path. He grabbed the Manuscript Page.

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[Fig 3.14]

An ill wind whipped up around Wake, twitching the branches of the evergreens, and calling a thick mist. It became so black that Wake slowed to a fast walk. Ahead was a rural road, and he felt the ground around him shake. In front of him, a patrol car cartwheeled across Wake's field of vision **[Fig 3.14]**, coming to a crumpled halt in a heap of twisted metal. The headlights flickered and died as Wake ran onto the road. The vehicle was empty. Wake had a good idea where the driver may have disappeared to. Over the roar of the unnatural wind, the vehicle's emergency channel radio crackled to life. Over the wireless Alan heard Sheriff Breaker chastise Nightingale's shoot first policies.

Wake backed away from the remains of the vehicle, and looked up the road, to his right. Something caught his eye. He quickly ran up to the fallen trees blocking the road, and procured another Manuscript Page. Wake returned to the wrecked car, and moved to the stairs cut into the opposite embankment. At the top of the stairs was a trail light, a comfort as the dark presence rushed down, into the valley. Although eerie, Wake's current position on a high ridge above the valley opposite the main highway from Bright Falls looked to be relatively secure. It needed to be; Wake had no tools to fight the invading dark.



[Fig 3.15]

Wake was a few steps out of the cone of light when he saw a flare shoot up from the valley floor **[Fig 3.15]**. Thick undergrowth and the dense clusters of trees prevented him from seeing movement on the ground but he could hear the police.

"Search the area!" Wake heard someone yell. It was followed by the barking of dogs. This was bad; they'd find his scent for sure. The shouting of orders continued as Wake progressed along the ridgeline. Thirty or forty feet farther on, Wake could see flashlight beams struggling to break through the low-lying fog.

The familiar, guttural thunder of doom and desperation crushed hope and clarity. The screams followed soon after.

"Oh, God, help me! Help me!" Something had grabbed one of the men in the dark. **"What is that?"** someone shrieked. Wake stopped and forced himself to watch as muzzle flashes glared and flashlight beams blinked out, one by one. The ground rumbled and shook as the men faced down unbearable evil.

The growling and shaking faded. No more sounds of the police could be heard.

Wake made a mental note: **"This horror was everywhere I went, circling me. The cops didn't stand a chance; they were after a writer, not a monster."**



[Fig 3.16]

Alan wasted no time running along the ridgeline, away from the massacre. The trail continued on what looked like a solid, wooden bridge. On the opposite side was a trail light, which shattered when Wake was halfway across. As Wake only had foul language with which to fight, he slowed down. A momentary relief soon vanished a little farther up the trail, as Wake saw the crumpled remains of a patrol car teetering on the edge of the cliff he was navigating **[Fig 3.16]**. It had been dumped here by some impossible force. Wake walked in on a radio conversation in progress. Apparently Nightingale thought Alan was a deputy-destroying machine.

"Wait, are you seriously telling me that geek writer just took out my deputies? Are you kidding? I mean, have you seen this guy? He wears a tweed jacket! Over." Sheriff Breaker sounded like the FBI man was testing her patience.

The conversation was tense, but Wake now knew Breaker might actually have his back. The bent metal vehicle had nothing Wake could use, so he continued along the winding trail, slowing to stop himself from tumbling off the edge. In the distance, he heard birdlife, and the faint rotation of metal blades...which gradually became louder and louder. And then deafening.



[Fig 3.17]

An FBI attack helicopter hovered up above the ridgeline, and almost blinded Wake with its worklight. It pivoted around slowly.

"There's nowhere to run!"

Wake decided to test that theory.

He was shocked as a burst of shotgun fire strafed his position, ricocheting off the rocks he'd been standing on a second ago. Wake quickly dived behind a jutting rock outcrop. The shots continued until an ear-splitting shriek threatened to envelop the entire valley. Alan watched as dozens of ravens moved in a deviant mass toward the helicopter, mobbing the rotors and the interior passenger bay and cockpit. Muffled yells were drowned out by the sickening sound of the rotors shearing apart, throwing the helicopter into a wild tailspin. Wake peered out from behind cover **[Fig 3.17]**, then walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, and watched the unkindness of ravens stalk the doomed craft as it plunged into a ravine just below a well-lit area of woods (most likely the highway). A plume of fire and smoke erupted through and above the trees.



[Fig 3.18]

The trail ended at a wooden lookout tower, a fence blocking his way inland. Wake could see the blinking radio mast attached to the summit. This wasn't Lovers' Peak, but the lookout tower required an inspection. Running around the rocks, Wake discovered little of use under the structure, so decided to ascend the entrance steps. At the top, welded to the tower deck, was a pair of high-powered binoculars, used by tourists to view the river valley **[Fig 3.18]**.

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Departure. # 44/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Rose Visited by the Dark Presence

Rose didn't know how the strange old lady got in her trailer. And she looked...wrong, somehow. The woman showed her teeth in an approximation of a smile and traced a finger down Rose's cheek. "Pretty girl," she said. Rose felt as if she was falling asleep, but her knees didn't buckle. The crone spoke in a whisper, her words ice cold and dark in Rose's ear.



Damn Good Coffee # 34/100



Wake quickly figured out how to properly move, look, and zoom the binoculars through three magnification settings, the most powerful of which provided a close-up of the crash site:

"It was a shock to see Stucky's Gas Station again. I had been there two nights ago. It seemed much longer than that."

After scanning the valley floor, which included a rocky plateau in the mid-distance with a large searchlight on it, and a possible Coffee Thermos (neither could be reached yet), Wake moved around to a second binocular stand on the opposite corner **[Fig 3.19]**. This offered the clearest views thus far of the mountain summit, and the blinking radio mast attached to the peak. On the left side of the forested glade was a light. Under high magnification, it looked like a tall neon sign in three sections, set next to a building. This was a landmark he could use, and judging by local maps back at Rusty's cabin, this was the likely location of the radio station.



[Fig 3.19]

Wake now checked the interior of the lookout tower. There was a bed, a rudimentary compass on a small table, and a rusting pellet stove with a Coffee Thermos placed next to it. Of greater importance was a powerful radio, identical to the one in the Sheriff Station. Wake switched it on to see how the cops were handling their predicament.

It seemed the Keystone Cops had managed to apprehend his agent and Rose, although it was through luck rather than their good police work. He hoped Barry had snapped out of his malaise enough to threaten legal action.

"We got Wheeler and Rose here. Wheeler's drunk or hopped up on something." Wake shook his head at the mention of his friend's lack of clarity. "Speaking of which, that Fed had a pretty distinctive whiff of Eau de Scotch about him, if you know what I mean. Over."

They spoke of getting the doctor to check them both out. Alan was certain Rose wouldn't fare as well as Barry in the long run. Before signing off the deputy revealed that Nightingale wanted to talk to Wheeler. They didn't seem to think much of the FBI man's habits but it sounded like his federal juice ensured their cooperation.


[Fig 3.20]

Activity: Reach the radio station

At least Barry was safe for the moment. But Wake was back to being on his own. He dashed down the steps from the lookout tower, and found an open gate in the mesh fence. This stone path he found, fringed on each side by grass and boulders, curved around to the right. On the way there, Wake looked again at the flashing metal tower:

"I imagined that the broadcast tower in the distance was part of the local radio station. Maine seemed like a decent guy. Perhaps he could give me directions to the coal mine."

A few steps farther around the corner, Wake spotted an iron gate. Nothing appeared unusual until Wake approached closer. Without warning, the gate started to violently shudder, pushing a nearby metal barrel out to greet him **[Fig 3.20]**.

"Unnatural shadows clung to the gate. The darkness that was after me was trying to stop me. I wouldn't get through without a light."

Activity: Destroy the gate

The way was blocked, and without a flashlight, the darkened mass writhing on the gate couldn't be banished. Wake had little choice but to run left, up to the top of the hill he'd spied with the binoculars. Searching the exposed summit, Wake spotted something large and mechanical. Closing in, Wake had stumbled on a large, mobile searchlight. The power indicator was pulsing red, indicating no power.

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[Fig 3.21]

It took a moment to spot a thick, outdoor electrical wire running out from the searchlight, across to an old, weather-beaten shack. Wake moved toward it, then changed direction, heading left to grab the Coffee Thermos he'd caught sight of behind the tree, on the boulder. Back a few paces, he moved under the shack roof and found an old-style generator. After three quick tugs of the starter cord, it spluttered and shook. It didn't sound too happy but it was running. Wake quickly exited the shack, ran over to the searchlight, which was working well, and grabbed the steering bars. Wake had just managed to spot the seething gate when the generator coughed a gout of smoke and the light flickered off.

Wake returned to the shack, spotted that the generator engine had become uncoupled, and gently persuaded it back into place with a swift kick. This seemed to do the trick. Grabbing the light again, Wake moved it so the beam was shining directly on the now-protesting gate **[Fig 3.21]**, and let the light rip apart the darkness. He boosted the beam and the gate was finally freed from its dark master.

Activity: Reach the radio station (again)

Through the tormented gate lay a dozen wooden steps cut into the hillside. Descending the first staircase, Wake ran around to a second deck area, offering another look at the glowing sign up ahead, and the radio mast on the distant mountain. As Wake stepped off the lower staircase onto firmer earth, the Dark Presence appeared again, snarling at Wake from its entrapped double gate **[Fig 3.22]**. On his right, Wake saw a light emanating from an old storage shed. The beam came from a flashlight sitting on a small table across from a rain barrel. Wake didn't question the ease in which his predicament had been solved; either he had a friend plotting his course for him, or he really was writing this adventure ahead of time.



[Fig 3.22]

One at a time, each of the gates wailed, shook, and finally protested their last as a boosted flashlight flushed the dark essence away (although he could have simply stopped after banishing one, and saved on batteries). A few steps through the gate, Wake noticed something crushed and metallic along the left side of the forest path. It was another cop car, partially torn apart and empty. It slid off the boulder it was balanced on, and Wake heard voices over the radio.

"Team one, this is Sheriff Breaker, report, over."

"Team two, come in. I need a report, over."

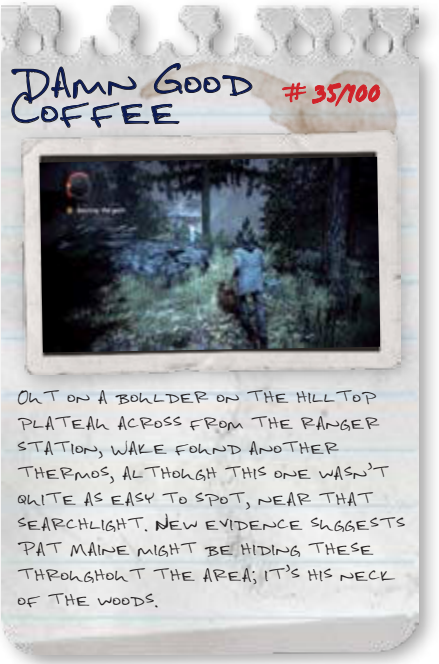
"C'mon, guys, talk to me. Come in, please. Over."

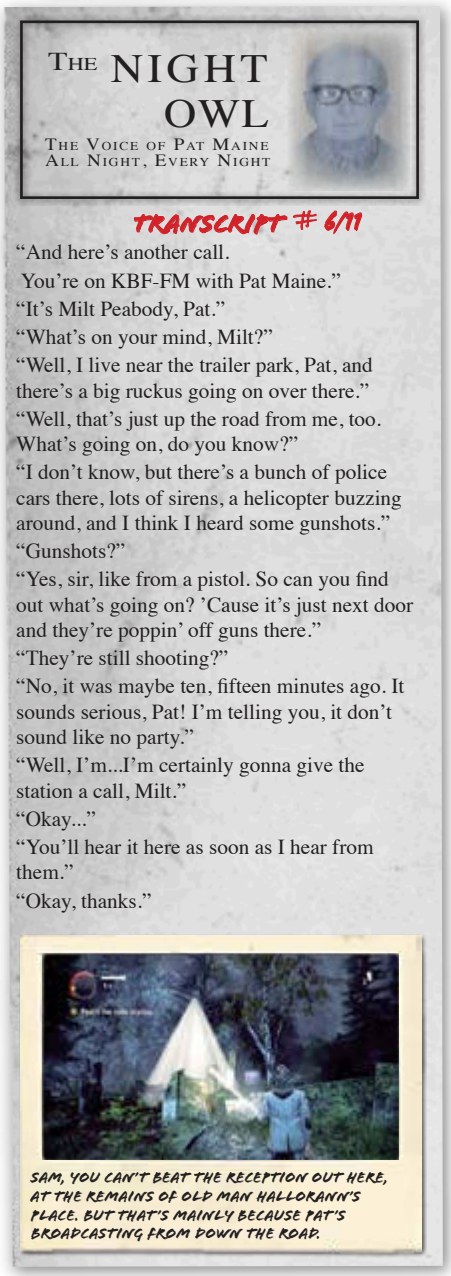
There was no response. The vehicle had really taken a beating; tires, doors, and the trunk had been wrenched off. Wake spotted a small, metal object on the ground. Carefully picking it up, he discovered it was a flashbang grenade **[Fig 3.23]**. There were three more. These looked to be an insurance policy against any potential possessed officers he might encounter. But for now, he pocketed the grenades, and took off down the trail once more.

Wake descended into a small, boulder-filled gulch, moving along the trail, which was quite wide at this point, and flanked by rocks and bracken. He stepped over the hood of the cop car. Wake really wanted to lob a flashbang to see what would happen. A little farther down the trail, as the fog descended, he got that chance. Following the curve of the path, Wake was set upon by a trio of federal agents **[Fig 3.24]**. They served a new leader now, and scuttled toward Wake



[Fig 3.23]





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Departure. # 45/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Rose Touched by the Dark Presence

Touched by the Dark Presence, Rose was lost in a dreamland where everything was drawn in black and grey crayons. The old lady had promised her that all her wishes would come true. She would be Alan Wake's muse. She was smiling so hard it hurt her face. She crushed a bottleful of sleeping pills into the coffee. Deep down inside, she was screaming in terror.



ON THE FLAT CLIFFS ABOVE THE SMALL RIVER GORGE, JUST AFTER THE RUINED BUILDING, BUT BEFORE THE RADIO STATION.

with hand picks. Wake dropped a flashbang in front of them. A second later, the wooded glen was lit up with a magnesium flash. The foes disappeared instantly.

Continuing along the trail, Wake was careful to keep his remaining flashbangs safe, they were the only weapons he had. The topography changed as the trail continued, but the forest thinned out a little as Wake reached a marker post next to a clump of bedraggled birch trees. On his right were steep cliffs; spruce and fir trees clamped onto the rock face. In the small clearing, Wake saw the trail light. It illuminated the moss-covered foundation of an old stone house. Humans had long since died out in this part of the woods. Picking between the grassy rubble, Wake found an odd staging station; a t-shirt, a few small crates, and a cluster of flashbangs he eagerly gathered, sitting next to an old radio. Naturally, it was tuned to KBF-FM. He listened to Pat Maine. The reception was excellent, but then, he was close to the station itself.



[Fig 3.24]

Wake spotted a wooden bridge beyond the wooden marker posts, and headed that way. Pausing on the bridge Wake looked left and right, and saw a piece of paper on the cliff edge, across the way. Almost too pre-occupied with securing it (the more pages he had, the more he could hopefully placate Mott), Wake didn't see the agents closing in.



[Fig 3.25]

"You are under arrest."

The voice growled a command it no longer understood. Four "officers," clad in their uniforms but no longer lawmen, converged on Wake's position. With only flashbangs at his disposal, and wanting to save as many as possible, Wake attempted a normally counterintuitive tactic: He backed up, willing the four Taken forward, with his flashlight to his side. Moments away from a mauling, Wake dropped the bomb **[Fig 3.25]**. The **Sound and Fury** of the explosion took all four of them out. Wake almost started feeling pleased with himself as he moved to the edge of the crevasse he'd just crossed, and took the Manuscript Page. Reading of Rose's mental torment wiped the smile away.

Passing an old hunter's perch, Wake could tell from the thickness of the mist that more Taken were waiting. Cutting through the fog with his flashlight beam, he pushed on. He continuously moved toward his objective, staying on track, especially with only a handful of flashbangs. Sure enough, low gurgling in accusatory tones announced the arrival of more doomed patrol officers. Wake ducked under a thrown knife, coaxed a trio of officers into his ring of light and fire, and vanquished them.



[Fig 3.26]

The woods were closing back in on him. He caught glimpses of the radio station sign and the lights of another abandoned squad car. Before he reached the vehicle, he chanced upon a daubed paint dot on the ground, and on the rocky outcrop he was passing. Wake spotted an overgrown trail to his right **[Fig 3.26]**. Dotted arrows drove him up the path, and finally (after expunging more Taken with a flashbang), Wake reached a partially collapsed cave. Stepping inside, he ran to a small portable generator and started it with three swift tugs. This bathed the entrance in bright light, stopping any further incursions. The sign of the torch revealed another Chest to be opened, and its contents removed. TRUST NO ONE IN THE DARK, and WALK IN LIGHT the secret graffiti read.

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[Fig 3.27]

Wake took the flares and batteries he craved, and returned to the top of the gulch. He moved to another squad car, thrown onto a felled tree trunk. Alan knew what to look for, peering into the open trunk just as three more Taken appeared. He simply yanked the pin, dropped the grenade, and continued to gather flashbangs as his ordnance exploded.

The enemy were closing in on him like the living officers never could. Wake hustled to a patch of dirt ground on the other side of the radio station's perimeter fence **[Fig 3.27]**. Foes skulked around here, near the cable spools. Dropping another flashbang behind him, Wake dodged a thrown knife and a closer swing from a pick-wielding officer, and sprinted over to the far right side of the fence, pushing open a metal gate close to a gnarled silver birch. The enemy refused to throw themselves into the floodlight.

"I hoped Maine could lend me a car to get to the coal mine."

Activity: Talk to Pat Maine



[Fig 3.28]

The drab building at the end of the road had faced decades of rain, snow, and blistering summers, and was weathering nicely. Augmented by a neon sign, and a larger, vertical illumination advertising "The Voice of Pat Maine, All Night Every Night," the place was modest but offered a commanding view of the next valley over, as well as the stars above. Wake quickly passed some outdoor furniture **[Fig 3.28]** and a large pile of pressure-treated lumber, and spotted a Coffee Thermos under the big sign. As he did, he listened to Pat's show, wafting through loudspeakers under the building's awnings. Maine had a charming, homespun attitude and a warm, friendly voice, instantly at ease with his callers, even the insane ones. He was Bright Falls' answer to Garrison Keillor.



[Fig 3.29]

Wake moved up onto the porch, and into the building **[Fig 3.29]**. All the doors were locked, and he moved swiftly through the main hallway. Maine was standing up in his studio (the doctor had told him the benefits of standing while working, the sedentary job was causing some health problems). As Wake passed the window, he caught Maine's eye.

"Oh, here's a little surprise! The famous writer Alan Wake just walked in. Folks, I'm going to see if I can talk him into an interview. C'mon in, Mr. Wake."

Wake waited, just to see what Maine would say next.

"Ah, it looks like Mr. Wake is gonna need a moment before we can talk, so let me give you a little background, while he prepares himself. You've all heard the name, of course: Alan Wake is the author of a very successful series of Alex Casey crime novels. He's changed gears, though. He's now working on a horror story."

How could Maine know this? Wake wanted to confront him, but still he waited.

"Now you probably know that Mr. Wake is a somewhat controversial figure. He had a few ugly encounters with the paparazzi in recent years, although speaking for myself, it's hard to blame him for that."

Another pregnant pause. Maine started again; the last thing he wanted was dead air.

"Regular listeners will remember that I met him on the ferry last week. He's avoided the worklight pretty well, but here he is, taking some time out of his vacation to talk to us."



[Fig 3.30]

As all the other doors in the place were locked, he didn't have much choice. Wake returned to the studio door, and Maine buzzed him in **[Fig 3.30]**.

THE NIGHT OWL

THE VOICE OF PAT MAINE
ALL NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT



TRANSCRIPT # 7/11

"And we have another caller. You're on the air."

"Pat, it's Lorna Miles."

"Why, hello, Lorna. What do you have for us?"

"Well, I just don't see why the cops bother with the trailer park."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a trailer park. Of course you're going to have trouble in a place like that. I mean, what do you expect? The sheriff should be helping us normal citizens instead of wasting resources on those people."

"Well..."

"Let the trash sort themselves out. I'm sorry, but my granddaddy settled in Bright Falls in nineteen eleven."

"Well, thank you very much for that compassionate viewpoint, Lorna."



HEY SAM, IT'S DAVE. THAT OLD WITCH LORNA IS ON AGAIN. OH RIGHT, THE RECEPTION. YEAH, PRETTY GOOD! DIDN'T EVEN NEED A RADIO FOR THIS ONE!

DAMN GOOD COFFEE #36/100

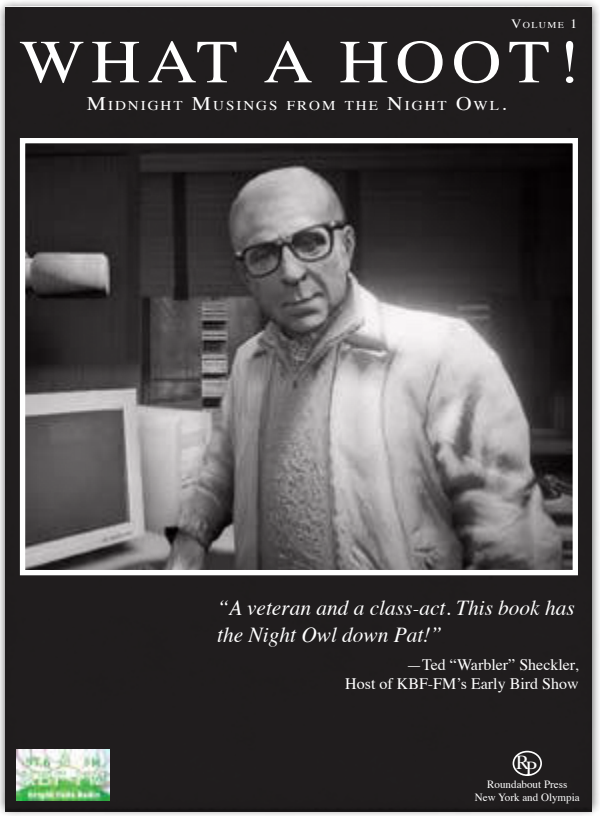


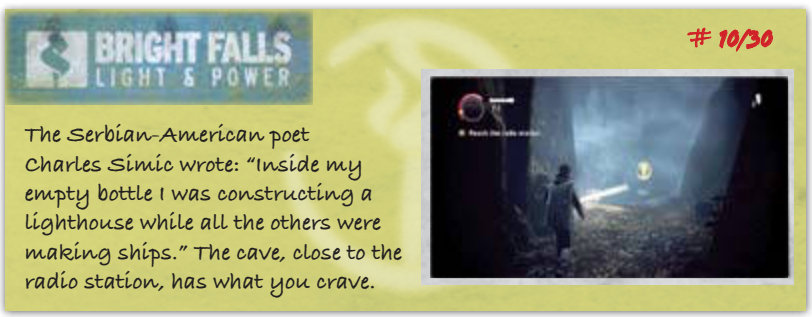
THIS ONE WAS RESTING AT THE FOOT OF THE RADIO STATION SIGN, NEAR MAINE'S VEHICLE. PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING STRONGER THAN COFFEE IN THIS ONE. IS PAT A BOOZER? WASHINGTON STATE HAS SOME PRETTY STRICT LAWS GOVERNING THE CARRYING OF ALCOHOL IN A VEHICLE. AS NIGHT-INGALE FOUND, TO HIS COST. HA!

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Photolog: Pat Maine rules the roost here, at KBF-FM's radio shack close to Highway 91A. Also shown is his autobiography, out now, and published by Roundabout Press.





Wake didn't even have time to agree to anything over the sounds of wailing sirens and doors slamming. Nightingale stomped out of his vehicle, yelling through a bullhorn.

"Nowhere to run now, Dan Brown! You back away from Maine. Don't hurt him." Nightingale obviously thought that the trick of shouting and waving a gun around would work better this time.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, everyone calm down!" Pat said through the station's speakers, trying to diffuse the tension.

Sheriff Breaker, strode up to the FBI agent, and tried to reason with him. Maine lowered his hands. Nightingale paused, then fired off a shot, straight through the station window.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" Breaker shouted at Nightingale, after disarming him. **"There's a civilian in there!"**

While Pat crouched down, Wake turned and sprinted for the broken window. He leapt over the shards of glass, landing outside. Running to the corner of the building, he slipped and skidded down another ravine.

Wake picked himself up, dusted himself off, and started all over again. Nightingale was hopping mad, yelling now without the aid of his bullhorn, from the bluff above, next to the radio station.

"I had fallen off so many cliffs it was ridiculous. That's what you get for naming a book *The Sudden Stop*. It was probably good I hadn't had the chance to tell Maine where I was going. I'd have to lose the cops and find my own way to the mine."

Part 3: Noisy Spirits



Radio Station to Train Depot

Activity Log

Reach the train depot

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Activity: Reach the train depot



[Fig 3.31]

Wake dropped off the rocky outcrop, leaves and grass clinging to thick basalt underneath. The moon was out, and the mist had retreated. In the distance, Alan saw a jagged and dangerous crag in front of him **[Fig 3.31]**. Looking over, he watched a train meander across an old iron bridge in the mid-distance. Wake studied the terrain to come. Midway between the crag and the bridge was an old dilapidated barn. Behind that were the lights of the train depot, dominated by a huge water tower. Over the edge of the crag, water flowed back and deep. A few paces farther down the path, Wake retrieved a Manuscript Page pinned to the fence.



[Fig 3.32]

As he descended the path, the perimeter fence on Alan's left stopped him from losing his footing and falling to a messy end. As the path turned right, Wake came across an abandoned emergency box, propped up against the fence. Wake eagerly grabbed what flares he could. Moving farther downhill, Wake noticed the mist return. The Taken wouldn't be far behind, and he stifled panicked thoughts. Up ahead lay an old truck, parked near a dead tree. Close by was a generator. Wake ran to it, but was interrupted as three Taken stepped out of the fog **[Fig 3.32]**. Wake tried to start the generator, but the ethereal agents were too fast. He didn't like to waste flashbangs, but he had to drop one to survive.

It was only afterward that he realized he could have lit a flare; a far more common item that would have kept the foes from invading his personal space just as easily. Lesson learned. He pulled hard on the generator's cord until the light attached to the dead tree flickered on. There was a flare on the crate near the generator. Two more of the damned warped into view. He quickly shone the flashlight on them, and backed up, into the light. The shades retreated. Over at the truck, which looked like it would fall apart if someone sneezed, was a crate. On it was ammunition and a revolver, to his great relief.



[Fig 3.33]

Farther along the path, Wake banished another Dark Presence. He wondered why these damned souls took the same form. Perhaps the Taken were doomed to a perpetual limbo, trying to free themselves by slaying the man in the light. But no matter; the path had forked. To the left, the path became peppered with clumps of crabgrass and thistles; a blanket of green leading to the train depot. But to the right was a steep shale embankment, pitted with bracken and grass. Sprinting up the right path until he lost his breath, then turning around to view the mist below, the generator light at the rusting pickup, and the two Taken he'd dismissed back for more. The flashlight burned away the smoke. Shots rang out. The Taken fell.

Wake gasped for breath as he continued up the path in the shale. Pausing as the path flattened, he stopped and took in the vista **[Fig 3.33]**, seeing the bridge and water tower from this upper elevation. But he wasn't at the top yet. After another switchback, Wake found himself on an even more impressive plateau: This was obviously a spot for sightseeing, as someone had left a Coffee Thermos behind. Checking the scenery again, he spotted the radio station directly below him. The train yard's buildings were now visible, as was the expanse of interconnecting waterways of the sound in the far distance.



[Fig 3.34]

Stepping away from the vista, Wake's lungs were burning. It was all this clean air and exercise. He spun around to look up. Straining his neck, Wake saw he was nearly at the radio mast, towering above him. A minute later, he was panting to the summit. On one of the tower's concrete pads he found another Manuscript Page. Close by lay some scattered flares. It was an out-of-the-way spot, but this was one more page he could use to bribe his wife away from Mott's claws. The jog back downhill wouldn't be so bad either, he thought. That was, until the birds came.

Departure. # 39/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Nightingale in the Radio Station

Nightingale stared through the broken studio window into the dark woods. He turned around, started to walk out, but Maine grabbed his arm.
"Young man, you almost shot me! You don't shoot off rounds at people like that. What's the matter with you?"
Nightingale shook his arm free, marched out. His cheeks burned with rage and humiliation.



FURTHER DOWN THE PATH FROM THE TRAIN DEPOT VISTA, PINNED TO A FENCE.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 37/100



I SHOULD REALLY CUT DOWN ON THE CANCER STICKS. MY LUNGS WERE BURNING WHEN I FOUND THIS THERMOS, UP ON THE PROMONTORY ABOVE THE RADIO STATION, CLOSE TO THE MAST. I WAS HOPING FOR A VIEW TO MAKE UP FOR MY UNRELENTING TREK, BUT THERE WAS THICK MIST. AS USUAL. AND YES, I CAN ONLY LOOK FOR THESE DURING DAYLIGHT HOURS. CRAZY PLACE, BRIGHT FALLS, WA.

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Departure. # 46/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Walter Fights Danny

Danny had stepped out, but what stumbled back in was something else, something alien, a monster. Walter tried to kill it, first with his fists, then a chair.
It wouldn't die; instead, it kept coming, unaffected by the beating it had taken. After Walter managed to kick it down the cellar stairs, fear took over. He ran, got behind the wheel, gunned the engine. The booze wouldn't make him forget, but he knew he had to try.



ON THE CONCRETE PAD OF THE RADIO MAST, AT THE SUMMIT ABOVE THE RADIO STATION.

A Can do Attitude # 5/12



Emil says this is a good place to stack them; on the old truck in the shed near Gunderson's barn. There are a lot of them there. He'll be distracted. Delayed. Frightened. Susceptible. Gives me a fighting chance.

He'd reached the upper vista when the unkindness of ravens set upon him. He dodged immediately, spotting the evil presence in the air before the divebomb. He almost ran straight off the side of the mountain. Regaining his footing, he whipped around, lit a flare, and Sprinted away from the attack, using his flashlight to fend off any determined birds **[Fig 3.34]**. The second attack occurred near the lower vista, and came from multiple groups. He lit the other flare he'd scaled the mountain to find, and ran quickly down into the mists. Standing his ground was a mistake, and taking shortcuts by leaping across sections of path at the switchbacks was the easiest way to break both his legs.



[Fig 3.35]

Back at the fork in the trail, Wake faced a quartet of Taken, burning them up with a mixture of flashlight boosting and revolver fire, before he continued along the main path, listening for sounds of wildlife. But there was something up ahead he hadn't heard before; a buzzing sound. He reached a barn, dilapidated even for these woods **[Fig 3.35]**. But that wasn't the cause of the buzzing; in front of the barn was parked a modern pickup with markings on both doors that read "Bright Falls Light & Power."

"There was no sensible reason for the power company work lights to be here. It was almost as if they'd been left for someone like me to use."

Wake gratefully switched on one of the work lights. It kept running for about 20 seconds before automatically shutting off. This would be handy in a pinch. In the back of the flatbed, Alan found a revolver and a flashbang. He reloaded and ran through the crabgrass with the barn on his left, Wake's flashlight caught the end of a clue on the barn wall itself: **"THE DARKNESS CONTROLS THE TAKEN."** Wake circled the barn. There was another work light on the opposite side, near a pickup truck in bad shape. Wake spotted a smaller tool shed. It was close to a third work light. Another section of wall had received a coat of invisible paint. This one read: **"IN LIGHT YOU CAN HURT THEM."**

"And in the darkness bind them?" No, that was something else. Wake checked the tool shed, which was slowly rotting off its frame, and found some bullets on the floor. On an old trunk, someone had left a display of beer cans. Wake had an idea who; and aimed at the bottom-middle can. The pyramid flew apart. Wake felt a little better; in fact, with five Can Pyramids successfully struck, he felt like a real **Carny**.

Wake took the brave step of heading inside the barn. It wasn't as treacherous as the old mill, but it seemed like every rural outhouse in the Bright Falls region had been sorely neglected since 1970. Making careful footfalls, Wake inspected an old table, and lucked out; he picked up a shotgun and ammunition. The moment he took the weapon, the attackers returned.



[Fig 3.36]

The pallid corpse of a law officer swung his pick. Had Wake not ducked, it would have pierced his skull. Wake Sprinted outside to gain more room to maneuver and dodge. Finding the closest work light, he flicked it on, catching two Taken in the beam. With darkness burned from their bodies, Wake raised the shotgun, and felled them both with a shot. Suddenly a huge deputy sheriff, resplendent in a cowboy hat, raincoat, and massive, two-handed fire axe, strode through the light, and attempted to sever Wake's neck. The first shot knocked it back. The second killed it.

Others had joined the throng **[Fig 3.36]**. A small, hooded beast. A park ranger. A large logger with a plaid jacket and double-handed weapon. Wake heard the whistle of incoming axes, and dodged them. Moving to the pickup truck, he switched on the light, and the second near the tool shed, and took a stand. Aiming and firing at the foes was going well until a giant man in overalls, carrying an equally impressive shovel, tried to brain Wake from the side. He coaxed this foe into the light, fired his last shotgun shell into the behemoth's face, switched to his revolver, fired like bullets were plentiful, and finally toppled the foe.

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Wake was winded, but still breathing. He knew the darkness would be back to torment him elsewhere. He needed to reach the train depot. Although there was a gap in the fence near the tool shed, it only led to a viewpoint. On the opposite side of the barn, close to the woods and path, Wake thought he spotted something farther up along the trail that led back to the barn. Running past both pickups, he saw something pinned to the perimeter gate, and ran up to it. The Manuscript Page predicted a frightening battle to come.

Departure. # 47/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Attacked by a Bulldozer

The bulldozer's engine roared to life. Mud and rocks flew as it fought for traction. It crashed the concrete wall and landed heavily in the yard.
If it were an animal, it would've shaken its head after the impact, fixed its eyes on me, and charged. Of course, it had no head, nor eyes. Shadows crawled on its form, twisting it into a monster.
Then it came for me.



PINNED TO THE PERIMETER GATE, AT THE DEAD-END TRAIL JUST AFTER THE DERELICT BARN AMBUSH.

Damn Good Coffee # 38/100



COOPER'S OUT FOR THE DAY ON A "TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION" SEMINAR. AT LEAST HE CAN'T BOMBARD ME WITH ANOTHER BIZARRE HYPOTHESIS THAT MAKES ME QUESTION MY OWN EXISTENCE. ALTHOUGH I THOUGHT ABOUT IT ONCE OR TWICE WHEN I WAS RUNNING AROUND THE WOODS NEAR THE OLD GUNDERSON BARN, LOOKING FOR A SMALL SHED WITH THE FAVORITE THERMOS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.



[Fig 3.37]

The gate was locked. Wake turned, judging where the depot was in relation to the direction he was facing, and set off into the woods once more. An internal tomtom of adrenaline was beating through his body as he trekked into an extremely dark section of forest **[Fig 3.37]**. It was devoid of fog, so he knew he was probably safe. Spotting another crumbling shed, Wake was surprised to find a Coffee Thermos on a brown barrel. Exploring off the beaten path was usually a mistake, but Wake was drawn to the edge of the rocky outcrop to his left. As the trees parted, he stood on the edge, looking across to the depot, and almost didn't see the slate roof of an unexplored house below him. He couldn't slide down from this point, so retraced his steps back to the trail.

The trail was descending, and opening up to expose the river valley ahead. Pausing in the returning mist, Wake saw something luminous to his right. On a small boulder, someone had placed another Manuscript Page. Continuing down the path, Wake saw the railroad tracks from the edge of the precipice he was traversing, rounded a corner, and gave thanks for the gift of light. Specifically, the trail light and emergency box attached to it. Inside were batteries and ammunition aplenty.



[Fig 3.38]

Wake was steps away from the Safe Haven when his cell phone rang **[Fig 3.38]**.

A woman's voice crackled on the other end of the line: **"...most stubborn man I've ever met."**

"Alice? Alice!"

"Alan...Alan I'm so afraid...he keeps me in the dark...please help me...I look at you, Alan, and it's not you...something else...looking out from behind her eyes." These were snippets of emotional heartache, delivered with an odd cadence, and through a terrible static.

"Alice, I'm here!" Wake yelled.

"...so alone here. It's all gonna go to hell...you need to be careful...cooperate."

"The connection had been terrible, but that wasn't the only thing that hadn't been right with the call. She sounded wrong, somehow. But she had called me."

Invigorated, alarmed, and suspicious, Wake continued to follow the railroad tracks down below. He took in the delightful sights and sounds of the train depot.

The trail split into two. On a tree stump to his right, Wake took another Manuscript Page. He realized the barn he hadn't searched was to his left. He followed some hidden splashes of paint on a tree stump, and two painted arrows daubed on each side of the main doorway, then stepped through the remains of a small cottage. Was every woodland shack in worse repair than the cabin from *Evil Dead*? The trip wasn't wasted; one shelf held bullets. But the real prizes were the flares and batteries inside a hidden Chest with the torch sign above. Wake retraced his steps, waking the Taken as he scrambled back to the junction, and dispatching three more foes, passing a fallen tree, to continue down the trail.



[Fig 3.39]

"I could see a railway bridge up ahead, and a warehouse of some sort on the opposite shore. I hoped I could find a car from there."

Nearing the bridge, Wake passed the green weather-beaten barrel, and began to see words forming on the concrete support wall **[Fig 3.39]** under the right end of the bridge itself. "Follow" had been daubed here. Wake obliged, climbing the metal ladder to the mesh walkway directly under the railroad line itself. Mist was blocking out the lights ahead, which which was worrisome. Edging forward, Wake followed the patchwork of mesh floor sections as best he could. A few steps forward, a tremor crescendoed gradually. Wake drew his revolver. But the sparks above and squeals of wheels against old track indicated a train was passing harmlessly overhead.

Wake wound along the support platforms, moving around a pockmarked canister and other piled debris. With a creak, a section of piping fell from its mooring, almost striking

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Wake. It must have come dislodged after the train passed over. But when the section of platform ahead of Wake shuddered and ripped up to block his path, Wake knew the incessant prowling of the dark essence had begun again.

"The darkness that was pursuing me was growing stronger. And it was taking over everything in its path."

Wake cautiously moved to (and stayed on) the left section of platforms. A large sheet of particle board slid down from its propped position. Wake stopped, then stepped over it. A wrenching sound to his right indicated sections of piping bursting apart. Time slowed. Alan staggered to the (thankfully inanimate) green barrel on the left side of the bridge, and watched as pipe, iron girders, and sections of the platform itself, rose into the air. Wake fired a shot at one of the poltergeist objects. It ricocheted off, pathetically.



[Fig 3.40]

One of the sections of pipes turned and flew at him, knocking the wind out of him. Backing up and wincing in pain, Wake swung his flashlight around. The light burned the pipe, and it seemed to scream. He boosted the beam, and after a few seconds the shuddering pipe disintegrated into a shower of sparks. Boosting his beam on the nearest poltergeist object, he drew the presence out of it, ready to dodge if it attempted to strike him. One-by-one, the angry screams of dark matter were subdued **[Fig 3.40]**.

Wake now had to fear every gate, plank, and pipe in the Pacific Northwest. But he was still alive, and ready to scale the short ascension to the base of the huge water tower. A few steps later, Alan was lighting up a floating barrel and wheelbarrow, filled with dark energy. Backing up, Wake used trees and boulders as cover. This prevented him from being wounded while allowing him to swing the boosted flashlight around to dispel these possessed objects. Wake moved to the top of the path. **Running up along a high bluff, Wake's Nightmare was constant, but with this increased difficulty, lay additional bounty. Stuck to a tree stump on the far right edge of the bluff was a**

Departure. # 40/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Sarah Distrusts Nightingale

Sarah trusted her gut, and her gut said agent Nightingale was an asshole. He felt wrong, and it wasn't just the smell of stale booze. It was in the way he flashed his badge, pulled rank, the look in his eyes when he wanted answers.
Where was Alan Wake? What was this about an accident? Where was his wife? And most importantly, why did she let Wake go?
He wouldn't answer her questions. "Federal business" was all he'd say.



ON A SMALL BOULDER, ALONG THE WOODED PATH BEFORE THE VIEW OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS AND RIVER VALLEY.

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 11/30

Be just and fear not, as Francis Bacon once said "In order for the light to shine so brightly, the darkness must be present." The remains of the small cottage have a hidden gift. Two types of light, to thwart the dark.



Manuscript Page, visible only under the most extreme conditions. Wake took it, remembering his first job writing for that hack TV show, Night Springs.

Departure. # 41/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Attacked by a Possessed Object

The pipe wrenched itself loose from the bridge's steel framework. Wrapped in darkness, it floated in midair, twitching spastically. For a moment, I didn't understand what I was looking at.
The heavy object lurched at me with impossible force. I threw myself out of the way, but just barely.
When I turned my flashlight on it, it shook in a dark rage, before it flew at me again.



ON A TREE STUMP AT THE TRAIL JUNCTION OVERLOOKING THE RAIL BRIDGE.

Departure. # 48/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake and Night Springs

Even after all this time, hearing the *Night Springs* theme caused a surge of conflicting emotions in me.
It had been my first real writing gig. Barry had known a guy who knew a guy, and suddenly I'd been a semi-regular writer on the show. I'd always been ashamed of the job, felt it was trash. I had wanted to be an artist, a novelist.
I'd been naive back then. It had taken a long time to learn to be proud of the work.



STUCK TO A TREE STUMP, ON THE FAR RIGHT EDGE OF THE BLUFF UNDER THE WATER TOWER.

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[Fig 3.41]

Moving across the bluff, past a gas canister, Wake slowed to inspect it. It appeared to contain a pressurized, flammable substance. Stepping back a few yards, he brought his revolver out, and tagged the side of the can. It fell on its side, shooting a great gout of flame out, before exploding with an almighty loud bang. It was a possible godsend in combat. Wake spotted another Manuscript Page, lying on a group of girders. Wake scanned, but couldn't see much through the perimeter fence. Riveted into the concrete foundation behind him was a ladder. Climbing to the top, Wake hopped over, onto the top of the foundation. Wake navigated the clumps of grass and scattered metal debris **[Fig 3.41]**, to the massive central spigot array in the center, near some batteries and a revolver. Sitting at the base of it was a useless car. But there was also a thicker, heavy-duty flashlight. Wake swapped it out, keen to see the benefits.

The new flashlight's beam was stronger! Alan dropped down into a slightly overgrown storage yard, and made a quick, counterclockwise search, ignoring the shattering of lights. Moving up, past a gas canister, onto a concrete ramp to a platform area, Wake discovered a Coffee Thermos on some pallets. Moving along the platform, with some railroad freight cars on his right, Wake exited the platform, and searched the area in front of the lean-to with the thick, belching smoke exiting the chimney. The odd flare, and an emergency box near a Stop sign provided supplies. When Wake tried to open the security gate the trouble started.



[Fig 3.42]

A large, imposing deputy, and two flanking minions, forced Wake back into the storage yard. He could have run into the next area, but didn't want to be overrun. Alan learned the benefit of his new flashlight rather quickly, as it slowed down an incoming axe thrown by one of the lowly entities. The big guy was fast and unrelenting. Wake focused the light, pushing the beast back then gut shooting it with the shotgun. The smaller foes only deserved revolver fire, or the explosive blast of a gas canister Wake was manually aiming at. These worked well at catching and wounding the multiple foes Wake was coaxing into the canister's area of effect **[Fig 3.42]**.



[Fig 3.43]

At last, Wake was through into the train yard. He needed to a vehicle to reach the mine in time. Wake heard the ill wind whip up, moaning. The forces of dark were active but focused elsewhere. As Alan looked for an entrance into the main depot yard, his beam touched on a pile of wood, barrels, and girders, none of which moved, thankfully. Once in the warehouse though, two damned souls stormed Wake's location, knocking over a table **[Fig 3.43]**. With little room to move, Wake focused his beam on the bigger foe, and brought it down with a shotgun blast just before it connected with an axe. Strafing around was necessary here—it kept Wake from backing into a corner, and kept foes' wild swings from connecting.

The warehouse was filled with stored goods and waste from the train yard. Moving into the stairwell section, Wake saw strange words daubed on the far wall: "**IN LIGHT YOU CAN HURT THEM**." Climbing to the top of the stairs, Wake examined the foreman's office, which offered a good view over the yard Wake was to navigate. While he was collecting flares and revolver ammunition from the tables at the window, he peered through the glass, across the yard, to a gate. He could just make out a pickup parked under a light. It offered escape. The rest of the room featured random detritus and a television. Snapping it on, Wake stood back, and lost himself in another episode of *Night Springs*.

Departure. # 42/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake and the Dark Presence in the Lodge

I slammed the door shut right in his smug face. He pleaded for me to open the door. True to form, the asshole actually thought I would obey.
I had no sympathy left. No guilt, either, not for him. I took a moment to savor the scream. I bet I had a smile on my face.
It was all that I had time for.
The Dark Presence was inside the lodge with me.



LYING NEAR A PILE OF RUSTING GIRDERS, CLOSE TO THE LADDER UP TO THE WATER TOWER FOUNDATION.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 39/100



THE THERMOS ON THE PALLETS IN THE STORAGE YARD WAS AN EYE-OPENER. THERE WERE SIGNS OF A FIGHT. SOME BRIGHT SPARK HAD FIRED BULLETS INTO SOME OF THE PRESSURIZED GAS CANISTERS. IT'S A WONDER NO ONE WAS KILLED. OR SOMEBODY'S SKILLFUL AT HIDING BODIES. AS FOR THE PHANTOM THERMOS CONJURER OF BRIGHT FALLS? WE'RE NO CLOSER TO FINDING THE CULPRIT.

Wake pushed the door to the outside deck open, and studied the yard below. There were large stacks of logs, lumber, and other heavy goods, ready to be loaded onto freight trains. Wake almost passed by another Manuscript Page, sitting on the top post of the deck steps. The steps ended abruptly; he couldn't climb back up to the office once he dropped down to the ground.

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Peering around the yard, Wake noticed the wind had started up again. Time to leave. But first, on the patch of grass, he opened the emergency box attached to a large cargo container. Sweeping the batteries, bullets, and flares into his pocket with his flashlight, Wake headed onto the tarmac and began crossing the yard. A severe rattling from the left perimeter of the yard startled Wake, who watched in horror as a loading bulldozer, without anyone at the controls, rammed the gates. The dozer smashed through the wooden gates. It was on a collision course with Wake **[Fig 3.44]**.

The Taken had also returned; three officers of the law were gurgling commands. The dozer charged, but Wake placed himself behind a large wheeled trash bin on a collision course with the dozer. The dozer slammed into the bin. This gave Wake valuable moments to burn the darkness off his pedestrian adversaries, and drop them with rapid pistol rounds. The dozer backed up, then charged again. If he'd not kept a constant check on the dozer's location, it would have struck and severely wounded him. As it was, he deftly avoided the machine's charge, and the dozer struck a wall. Wake dropped a flare, and the dozer shuddered.

Loitering by the gate, Wake quickly opened the emergency box welded to a dark blue cargo container, just to the right of the exit gate. Wake could flee this nightmare at any point, but he wanted to prove that he controlled his destiny. The box held flares, bullets, and more batteries. There was a third emergency box in the far left corner of the yard, but that was dangerous to waste time opening, as the dozer could easily pin him there. An axe sparked off the container as Wake finished his frantic thievery. Circling around behind a set of large pipes, Wake forced the dozer to ram the pipes, moving back and then dropping a flashbang. This took care of more Taken that had appeared.



[Fig 3.44]



[Fig 3.45]

The dozer eventually fell away, shattering into tiny orange shards, and allowing Wake to gather what supplies remained, including some batteries at the gate switch, before opening the gate itself. He'd faced possessed **Heavy Metal**, and rocked it. Passing two elderly grain silos, the first with a Coffee Thermos sitting on its foundation, Wake stood in the light for a moment, then ran to the pickup **[Fig 3.45]**. Just like before, it had the insignia of "Bright Falls Light & Power." Wake entered on the driver's side, praying there were keys inside. The engine started. The pickup left the train depot as night faded.

TELLY TIMES

7 MARCH, 1994 **# 7/14**



Episode 3 of the quirky American show. This week's episode: A train depot warehouse is the scene for "A Family Occasion."

8:10 pm
Night Springs
with Alan Wake

Departure. # 43/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Attacked by the Dark Presence

A darkness surged toward me, sucking everything loose from the ground into its depths, tugging at my clothes.
I saw the flare the kidnapper had dropped and threw myself toward it just as I felt my feet leave the ground. The darkness embraced me with the force of a tornado. Somehow I managed to light the flare.
The darkness roared and cast me away. I fell, toward the dark waters of the lake far below.



ON THE BANISTER POST AT THE TOP OF THE DEPOT WAREHOUSE DECK STEPS.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 40/100



IT WAS STUCK BETWEEN THE FOUNDATION AND METAL FOOTING OF THE GRAIN SILO, BY THE TRAIN DEPOT EXIT. A FEW OF THE TEAM GOT DRAFTED OVER TO RAIN COVE POINT. APPARENTLY THERE'S SOME KIND OF DISTURBANCE GOING ON OVER THERE. MEANWHILE, I'M SCOURING THE EARTH, LOOKING FOR NONEXISTENT PATTERNS IN PLASTIC THERMOS PLACEMENT. WHAT GIVES?

"I had never been this glad to see the sunrise. I had a couple of hours to get to the coal mine."

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Chapter 3B: Mirror Peak

Part 4: Biding Time at the Coal Mine



Road to the Mine

Activity: Go to the Coal Mine



[Fig 3.46]

The sun had crept up into the heavens as Wake drove. He paused to check his bearings by a lone billboard along the mountain pass west of Mirror Peak. **"The coal mine wasn't far, now."** On a closer peak, Wake was sure he could make out the remains of a wooden lookout. **"Today, I would meet the kidnapper, and he would give me Alice. I wouldn't give him any other choice. A drowning man will clutch at a straw."**

Staring at the section of state map on the "Welcome to Bright Falls" sign, Wake realized he had much farther to go. Wake returned to his truck, reading the sign on the right **[Fig 3.46]**. It stated he was heading in the correct direction to reach the coal mine museum. **"Little by little, without realizing it, I had come to believe that the story in the manuscript was coming true. The current of its narrative had taken me deeper and deeper into dark waters. Alice had been taken from me. Barry was probably in jail. I was a fugitive from the FBI. The whole world, taken over by the Dark Presence, was trying to destroy me. It all felt real, but it matched a textbook case of insanity."**

On this road reckless driving wasn't to be encouraged, as they were short on safety barriers, and long on drops around here. Wake noticed the chance to pull over when the road split into two parallel trails. Parked at the fork point was a military-style off-road vehicle, close to a second, ancient pickup in bad shape.

He ignored the other vehicles, gunning the engine as he approached a set of detour signs and logs suggesting a right swerve; the bridge ahead was out. Possessed by the spirit of Luke Duke, or simply too slow to react, Alan plowed through the barricade and committed to leaping the gap. Unfortunately, everything went wrong and the truck fell into a logging track 20 feet below. Wake, extricating himself from the truck, realized he'd been wrong; he'd been possessed by the spirit of Sheriff Rosco P. Coltrane.

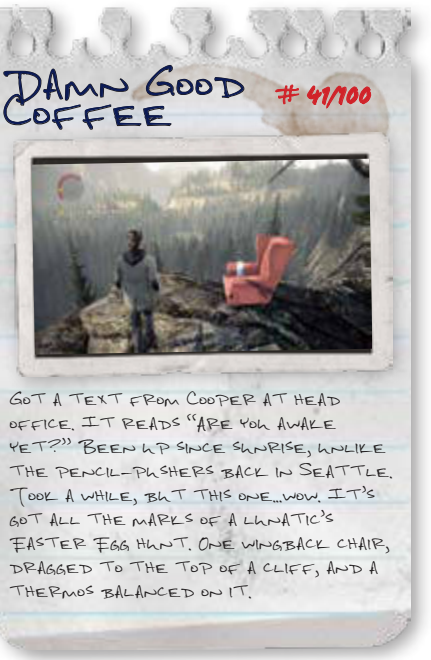


[Fig 3.47]

It was a long walk back up to the off-roader. Taking the left road, Wake carefully followed the loggers' track exactly, driving to the left corner leading through the small ravine where his pickup lay. Wake paused at the left turn; he'd glimpsed something. He carefully weaved his military-style vehicle through the trees, and stopped a few feet from an extremely long cliff drop. His eyes hadn't been playing tricks on him; he had seen a red, stuffed leather wingback chair on the edge of the precipice. On it was a Coffee Thermos. After all that had happened to him, he didn't ask why. He took the thermos, reversed back onto the trail, and drove through the small ravine

Activity Log

Go to the Coal Mine





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THE NIGHT OWL
THE VOICE OF PAT MAINE
ALL NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT

TRANSCRIPT # 8/11

This is Pat Maine, and you're listening to KBF-FM. Folks, I want to apologize for kind of abandoning you to that looping music track last night, but I was...detained. You see, I encountered a big shot G-man with an itchy trigger finger who could use a lesson in manners and a boot in the ass; not necessarily in that order, either. Now, folks, I know I'm not being very informative here, and I apologize for that. I really should just keep quiet, but...I'm just so peeved right now, because some people just shouldn't be carrying badges. I'm just glad that our Sheriff Breaker was here to straighten things out. And if someone I met last night is listening, let me just say I'm sorry if my mouth got you in trouble. I'm pretty sure you're not the bad guy here. Godspeed, son; I hope you know what you're doing. Now, on a lighter note...I'll be talking to Doctor Nelson all morning. But first, a little music."



CAN YOU HEAR ME, SAM? I'M AT THE LOGGER'S HUT CLOSE TO PAYNE'S LOOKOUT. GETTING A BIT OF STATIC, BUT THE RECEPTION ISN'T TOO BAD.

and up the other side. Following a narrow, indented looping circle, Wake arrived at his first building: an old logger's storage barn no longer in regular use **[Fig 3.47]**. In fact, the only object not spending its fifth decade baking in the September sun was a portable radio. He turned it on, hoping Pat Maine was on, talking about the events of the previous night. There were two other vehicles parked near this old, blue barn, although only one was road-worthy.

Wake chose the SUV, and drove onto the road. Straining his neck around to check the road behind him, he realized he was on the other side of the ruined bridge and ravine. He set off along the road to the coal mine. He only got as far as a newly discovered and intact bridge; the scenery to his right was nothing short of spectacular. Driving around the low visibility corner at low revs, he followed the road up to the rise at the top. On his right was a ranger tower. Parking next to the tan sedan, he bounded up the steps. He almost didn't notice the mine works on his left, the old corrugated roofs glinting in the morning sun. But the real, soaring mountainous vista was on the opposite side of the tower deck.

This was pure Ansel Adams country, these were the views so magical and awe-inspiring that they spurred the creation of nature books. There were some spectacular photo opportunities here...if only Alice were here to enjoy them. Wake shook his head: He was wasting time staring. He had to keep to a tight schedule involving a possibly murderous meeting with Mott the kidnapper. He consoled himself by heading into the ranger tower **[Fig 3.48]**, and switching on the radio he'd spotted through the window. Maine was on again, ironically talking about the steps to take to finding a true love.

Back on the ground, Wake decided to try the tan sedan for the rest of the journey. The vehicle certainly was more prone to skidding, but it got him down the road to the first building in the coal mine museum. This mine tower, and chutes balanced precariously on the rocky outcrop, looked to be one of the first shafts constructed for the mine, and was far from the main entrance and cluster of buildings. Wake parked close to the clump of rocks, near the disintegrating jalopy. Wake wanted to take in the view from the edge of the cliff, near the left side of the tower where the covered chute was hanging. Wake could see the buildings of the museum, and high on a far hill across the valley was a wooden mine tower from the prospecting days. It looked creepy even in daylight.



[Fig 3.48]

THE NIGHT OWL
THE VOICE OF PAT MAINE
ALL NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT

TRANSCRIPT # 9/11

Welcome back to KBF-FM; hope you enjoyed that tune. Now, Doc, you were talking about life and finding that special someone, that soul mate.... Well, you were talking about that. I was saying I don't buy it! Well, see, to me, that's strange, because I always pegged you as a hopeless romantic."

"Heh! You got me there, Pat. But I think love's where you look for it. And you need to do a lot of looking, sure. But the idea that there's that one special person out there for you, and if you miss that chance, it's gone forever and you're forever incomplete...I mean, isn't that depressing? Or, heck, childish, even? There's plenty of fish in the sea."

"And apparently, a fisherman has a fishing analogy for everything. But what you're saying, isn't that a little harsh?"

"Well, no! What I am saying is that your potential for finding that connection isn't limited to what's essentially a chance encounter. How's that harsh?"

"Yeah, well. I guess that's a nice thought. But let me say something personal here..."

"Okay...?"

"Now, well, I...I don't disagree with you, exactly, but I can't really fit that together with what I feel, what I...what I felt for someone. Because she was the one. She was. And she...I let her drift away from me. Maybe I didn't put in the work, I don't know, but...well, since then, and it was a long time ago, but... but since then, there hasn't been anyone. Not like her. And I'm not saying I dwell on her, or haven't moved on. I like my life. I'm not living in the past. But I do miss the way she... completed me."

"You can't argue with the heart, Pat."

"I'm sorry, folks. I had kind of a scary experience last night, and let's just say it's shaken a few things loose."



DAVE HERE, SAM. I'VE TUNED RANGER STATION 3 TO PAT'S SHOW. IT SEEMS TO BE COMING IN FINE, NOW. NO, THE ONE NEAR THE OLD COAL MINE.

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[Fig 3.49]

Passing the old barrel, Wake entered the mine tower **[Fig 3.49]**. The shaft had been completely filled in. Unlike the old mill, this structure had been properly maintained. When he headed up the wooden steps, nothing creaked alarmingly. Though with no railings Wake almost fell crossing the catwalk. The staircase continued up into the rafters, ending at a ledge where the old shaft winch was accessed. A Manuscript Page lay on an old trunk, and he had a better view of the mine facility, and the strange prospecting mine tower on the bluff across the valley.

Pulling away from the small mine tower, Wake drove farther down the road, and around a long, sweeping left-hander, and through the entrance to the Bright Falls Coal Mine itself **[Fig 3.50]**. Pulling right, Wake stopped in the visitor parking area, close to the two chemical toilets. **"I was early. I was supposed to meet the kidnapper at noon in the main building. The coal mine was quiet. It was a museum, now."** Wake wandered across to the first part of the museum; a large hole in the rock wall to Wake's left, where the first shaft had been dug out. Pausing next to a relic of the past (a mine cart marooned at the sealed shaft entrance) Wake saw a sign, but

Departure. # 57/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Mott on the Ferry

For Mott, spying on the writer on the ferry had been a disappointment. His boss had made Wake out to be something special. He'd gotten a good, long look of the wife, though, and liked what he saw. Mott had fantasized about goading Wake into a fight, but it hadn't happened. Still, he'd get his chance to see if the writer had anything in him. He'd been promised as much.



ON AN OLD TRUNK, AT THE TOP OF THE FIRST MINE TOWER STRUCTURE, BEFORE THE MINE ENTRANCE.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 42/100



I'M GETTING TO SEE ALL THE THRILLING ATTRACTIONS AROUND HERE. FIRST THE TRAILER PARK. THEN A TRAIN DEPOT. NOW AN ABANDONED MINE. YES, IT'S SARCASM. THIS JOB SUCKS. ANOTHER THERMOS HIDDEN BY THE HANDS OF A CRAZY PERSON; THIS ONE'S TUCKED AWAY BY THE BLOCKED MINE ENTRANCE, NEAR THE PARKING LOT.

Departure. # 49/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Sarah in the Radio Station

With Nightingale gone and the night wind blowing in through the broken studio window, Maine stared at Sarah. The Sheriff looked away. Maine's voice shook with barely controlled anger. "That boy's doing more drinking than thinking. I hope you know what you're doing, Sarah. He's got a sickness in his eyes. You take my word for it: he wants Wake for a reason, and it's not for anything good."



ON THE WOODEN WALKWAY, NEAR THE RUSTING TRACTOR, BY THE COAL MINE MUSEUM ENTRANCE.

Bright Falls information signs # 74/25



While there were some earlier residents in the area, the true genesis of the town of Bright Falls came with the founding of the Bright Falls Mining Company and the opening of the Bright Falls coal mine in 1878. Although the work was hard and dangerous, many immigrants—Germans, Poles, Italians, Finns, and Swedes, among others—worked the mines.

Bright Falls information signs # 75/25



While lucrative at first, the mining steadily declined in the 20th century; the seams were rich, but hard to get at, and the volcanic activity in the area made the mine shafts particularly dangerous.

Bright Falls information signs # 76/25



In 1970 a volcanic eruption below Cauldron Lake, while relatively minor, caused most of the deep mining tunnels to collapse or flood. 32 miners lost their lives in the calamity, and all mining around Bright Falls came to a final stop. Now many of the remaining buildings are protected as historical landmarks.

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also caught a glimpse of a Coffee Thermos sitting in a dark corner, just left of the boarded-up tunnel. He snatched it, then turned to read the visitor sign:

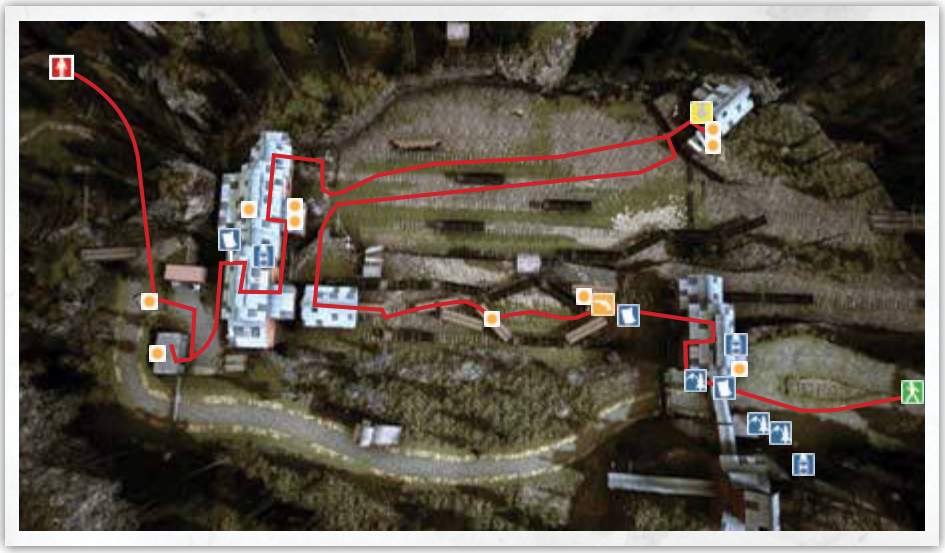
Stepping around to the wooden display case, Wake inspected a second sign, and then peered through the glass at a cabinet of mining artifacts.

The building ahead of him connected the mine tower he'd previously visited to a lower warehouse building. This was now the main museum entrance, and was guarded by an ancient tractor, now little more than a collection of metal flakes and perished rubber held together by history. By the side of the building, Wake stumbled upon another Manuscript Page. At the corner of the walkway, a plaque commemorated the last days of the mine some 40 years ago. Wake climbed the wooden steps, and entered the museum building itself.



[Fig 3.50]

Part 5: Darkness Stalks Those Who Are Awake



The Bright Falls Coal Mine



Mine Exit to Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town

Activity Log

- Leave the building
- Reach the Mirror Peak lookout
- Turn off the power
- Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (again)

Wake entered the main museum—the place he was told to wait. Dragging a chair to the middle of the room, he sat down. **"I didn't want to go outside. The cops had to be looking for me. The day dragged on. Different scenarios ran through my mind, ways of how I'd torture the kidnapper to get Alice back, or the different horrible things he could've done to her. I imagined her dead. I had no way of knowing if she was still alive. It was killing me."** The day dragged on, the sunlight moving the shadows across the room. Wake finished his pointless wait with an angry chair-kicking. **"I was running on blind hope. It was all a waste of time. The bastard never showed up."** Wake was a man with furious rage building up inside him. The pacing continued until Wake's cell phone rang. He snapped it to his ear in a second:

It was Mott, barking more instructions: **"Change of plans. You know where Mirror Peak is? It's the big mountain north of where you are. You follow the path from the mine, you can't miss it. There's a lookout point there. I'll be waiting."** Wake wasn't standing for this. He put up a raging front, but Mott knew he held all the cards. Hanging up after a final dig, the kidnapper left the writer in a fury. Wake was running on pure adrenaline and needed something to crush, to tear limb from limb. But he also needed to do what he was told: **"I had to get to Mirror Peak."**

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The room shook violently. A warped scream announced the arrival of the Dark Presence.

"It was close, maybe closer than ever before."

Activity: Leave the building



[Fig 3.51]

Ignoring the caution sign at the mouth of a small chute, Wake dropped down to the floor below **[Fig 3.51].** This large, single chamber was filled with an accumulation of items. However, past the closed trapdoor, over in the far corner, the remnants of a tidy storage facility still remained. In fact, there was some ammunition, flares, batteries, and a Coffee Thermos to steal. On the far wall, an old switch pulsed with a pinprick of green light. Pulling the switch lever, Wake turned to see the old coal chute trapdoor in the middle of the room slowly rise. The drop looked manageable, so Wake descended, landing outside, under the building.

Activity: Reach the Mirror Peak Lookout

It took a moment for Wake's eyes to adjust to the gloom of the train yard. Skeletal carriages were arranged haphazardly, resting in the overgrown mine depot. Up ahead, something glowed; it was a Manuscript Page on the gravel before the carriage maze began. Mist was moving across the yard. The Dark Presence was active in this area. Sure enough, as Wake weaved among the dead carriages, pausing for a moment to gather a revolver and a full complement of bullets from an open trunk full of ammunition, a quartet of the dead appeared to waylay his progress permanently **[Fig 3.52]**. Wake spent most of his (and his flashlight battery's) energy casting the darkness out of a particularly large workman with a helmet and impressive shovel, while gray-skinned logging workers attempted to outflank him. Ducking cant hook swings, Wake boosted a full beam and wiped these foes out as adeptly as he could, using a small mine cart to dodge around, and the pressurized gas canisters as an explosive way to end a couple of the Takens' miserable lives.

When the last Taken fell, Wake stopped at the mine cart to change his flashlight battery. But the Dark Presence had grown stronger and entered the fabric of the cart. On the opposite side, a large machine cog burst out from a carriage and flew across at Wake. He dodged it just in time, hoping the thin metal track-changing levers would absorb some of the impact. This allowed Wake to focus his flashlight on the cog, then the cart. Both exploded in orange flakes of light. The only way onward was through the hole in the side of the carriage, although Wake chanced upon a couple of flashbangs. Ahead was a carriage, half turned over, with grass poking through the sides. Heading through, Wake was startled as two more Taken dropped down, landing in front of the open carriage exit **[Fig 3.53]**. They didn't stand a chance; Wake burned off their shadows and plugged them in the head with a revolver round before they could turn around.



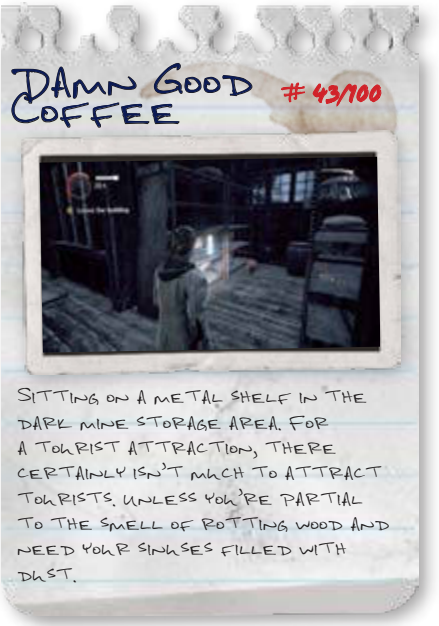
[Fig 3.53]

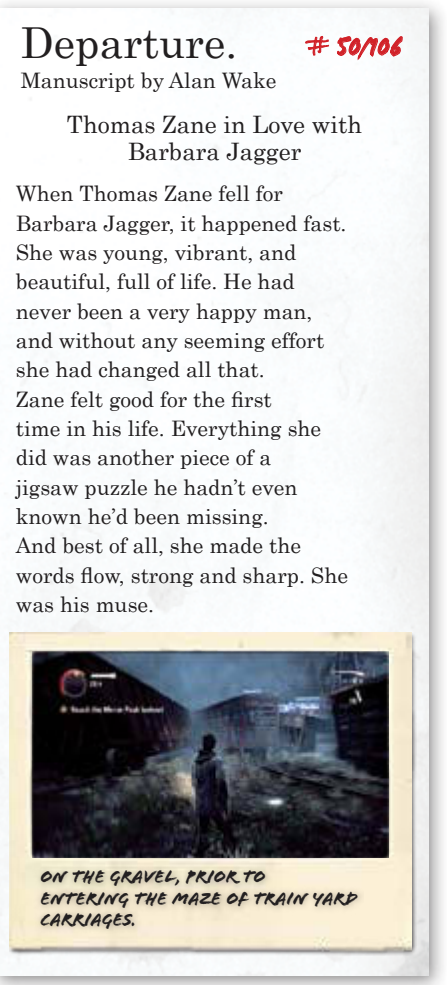
Wake approached carriage number 49236 with caution; something large, metallic, and alive was crashing against the sides and roof. Wake couldn't couldn't dispatch it from outside; his flashlight beam was too wide to penetrate the gaps. But the poltergeist form couldn't harm him from this prison. The bad news was that Wake needed to enter the carriage to continue his progress. Reluctantly, he climbed the ladder on the carriage's side, and opened the latch on the roof trapdoor. Dropping into the carriage, Wake survived a vicious strike as a rusty refrigerator and a cog slammed into his back. He quickly exited the carriage and burned through the two noisy spirits with a boosted beam of light.

A door in the corner of the loading bay, accessed from the carriage, allowed Wake to step outside, into a patch of grass. He'd only taken a few strides forward when a grinding scream over the wind startled him.



[Fig 3.52]





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[Fig 3.54]

Ahead, behind a tall fence, something black and billowing smoke was prowling the area, crashing through the edge of the forest, uprooting large trees. The presence faded, leaving Wake bewildered. The noise gradually faded, but the fallen electrified pole in the lower train yard was crackling on a section of fence that had fallen. Wake inspected it after descending a set of steps, which ended abruptly with a small fall.

"The only way to reach the hillside ahead was to go through the building, I had to find a way to avoid electrocution."

Activity: Turn off the power

The pole was sparking, the power needed to be turned off before Wake could think about using the stairs. Glancing up, Wake noticed that both the pole and fence were receiving power from a series of electrical poles threading their way back to the generator building on the opposite side of the yard. Close by, a parked military-style off-roader was commandeered for protection. After safely swerving to avoid the obstacles along the tracks, Wake approached the perimeter gate, and more importantly, the generator building itself.

Four Taken appeared, and one began pelting the vehicle with projectiles. With some nimble driving, Wake switched to full-beam, then drove straight into the dark forms **[Fig 3.54]**. Wake spotted a small set of wooden steps and deck that led to a raised, weed-filled courtyard. The power breaker switch resided in an alcove on the right side of the building, near a large propane tank and a trunk with a flare gun and ammunition on it. Wake turned to the breaker and clicked the switch off. Back at the fallen pole, electricity writhed and sparked, before the pole shorted completely with a large, but brief flash of white light.

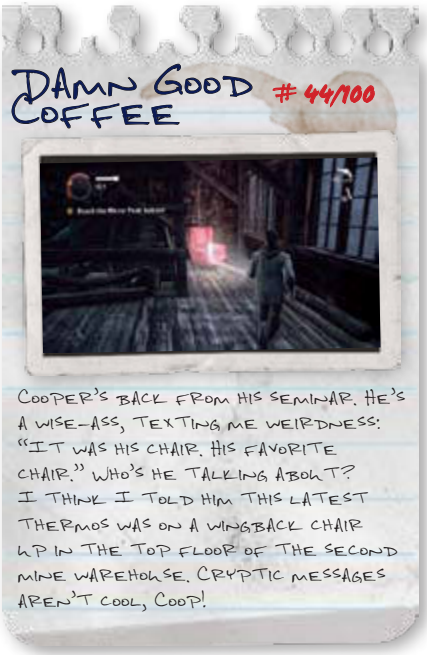
Activity: Reach the Mirror Peak Lookout (again)

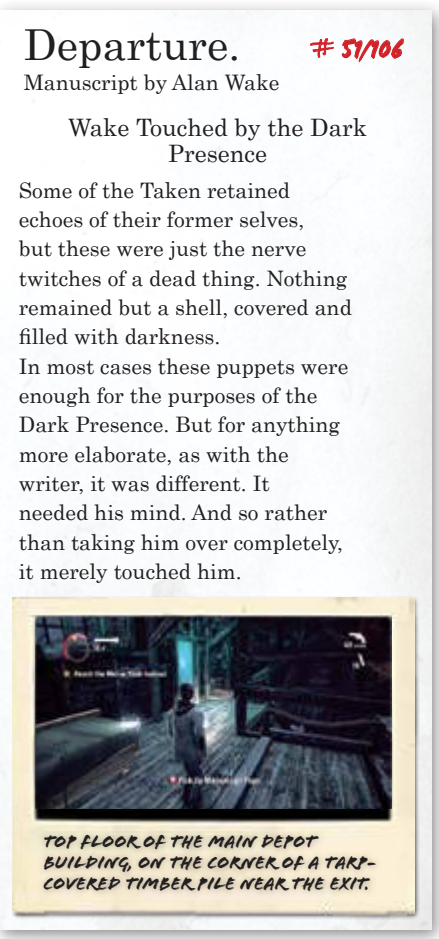
Unfortunately, shutting off the power plunged the area into complete darkness, and Wake only just closed the driver's side door when the vehicle was struck. Alan spotted a large mine cart tumbling to rest on the patch of nearby grass. Wake drove wildly along the yard, ducking slightly as a cart chassis floated off the tracks and hurled itself at the vehicle. E-braking to avoid the collision, Wake followed the chassis as it tumbled to a halt, switching to the high-beam, and burning the object until it exploded in orange fire. Over by the building entrance, a group of Taken lurked. Picking the biggest one, Wake charged it with headlights at full brightness, and rammed the entity. More evil pedestrians were struck (totalling 15, including the ones during his first nighttime driving), as Wake claimed his **Right of Way**. Wake spent minutes skidding to avoid more carts, before following their trajectory with his high beam. He finally got out, backed up, and fired a flare from his gun at the tumbling metal. The darkness withdrew.

Wake could have fought the Taken on foot, using the pressurized canisters to thin the enemy herd, but his life wasn't immediately threatened. So he scrambled over the fallen fencing, and dashed up the rickety wooden exterior steps into the mine building **[Fig 3.55]**. Entering a lean-to structure, Alan moved between the scattered cloth sacks and a toppled shelf. In the main room, he heard faint creaks and tapping from locations unknown. Passing a large coal chute, Wake thought he heard footfalls above. He checked the far shelves for batteries and bullets, and passed a tarp covering some lumber. Then the chair flew forward, badly scaring him. The white chair had been stationary. Then the boarded-up doorway behind the chair suddenly collapsed, disintegrating seemingly in slow motion.



[Fig 3.55]





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[Fig 3.56]

A large man wielding an axe stepped through the splintered doorway **[Fig 3.56]**. It took a few seconds of boosted light to banish the mark of darkness from him. Backing up, Wake launched a flare, although a flashbang would be a good alternative. Turning around, Wake spotted a straggler. A few seconds later, it was nursing multiple head wounds in the afterlife. Stepping through the recently reopened doorway, Wake moved past some shelves (where he snagged more batteries, flares, and ammunition), and up some steps. They brought him back outside, above the train yard, and ended at a closed door.

Thankful nothing was on the other side, Wake stepped into a second warehouse. The structure creaked as Wake inspected the ground in the far part of the chamber at the foot of a ladder. Another group of Taken appeared from the shadows and the ladder above. Taking care not to wound himself, he tagged the gas canisters dotted around the room, ripping through the Taken's protection, before finishing the remainders. Wake was about to climb the ladder, when he heard footsteps again.

Not knowing where these emanated from was almost more frightening than facing a foe. Behind the ladder was a small alcove. The wall bore an inscription, painted in a hidden stain: TRUST NO ONE IN THE DARK. At the top of the ladder, the second floor was almost as large as the one below. In one corner, Wake came across a fine leather wingback chair, oddly in pristine condition like the one on the outside promontory he'd found back during daylight. On it sat a Coffee Thermos. He scanned the wall above the tarp-covered lumber pile and saw one word, scrawled large: "Follow." The arrow pointed to another door. Clear, strange footfalls still echoed around this empty floor, as Wake spotted another Manuscript Page at the corner of the tarp-covered timber pile.



[Fig 3.57]

Dropping down from a partially disintegrated exterior staircase **[Fig 3.57]**, Wake spotted a rusting jalopy and chain-link fence beyond. Making a thorough inspection of the outside storage yard, Wake was only a few steps into his reconnoiter when he heard an almighty crack, and a large douglas fir fell out from the woods beyond, almost hitting the exterior fence. It was accompanied by a grotesque whining. Wake knew his respite from the dark wouldn't last long.

Poking his head into a small storage hut, he noticed shelves and a gate switch. He edged forward, gathering the supplies, and opened the metal box containing the switch. He gave it a hefty pull down, and the mesh perimeter gate trundled back from its closed position. A second later, a large spark arced out from the switch and staggered Wake back as the hut plunged into darkness. Stumbling blindly through the door, he was back in the yard. Beyond the open gate, someone had parked another Bright Falls Light & Power pickup on a dirt trail.



[Fig 3.58]

"It took me a moment to recognize the flashbang grenades. They were an ideal weapon for my situation, but there was no way they were standard power company equipment."

Collecting the three flashbangs, Wake scanned the turnout to his left. It didn't look like there was anything there except a fallen tree to see. Stepping forward, onto the grass verge, Wake could see another mine tower, perched on a high bluff. Investigating that was in his near future, but first he had to find a way up a mountain. The Dark Tornado had left a scorched mark across the landscape; a railroad carriage had been dropped like a child's toy on the path to Wake's right. Infernal residue still clung to the roof, and screamed as Wake dissolved it in light. Carefully passing the carriage, then checking a half-fallen tree for signs of movement, Wake reached a small



Photolog: The strange red barn, below the ghost town and close to the sinkhole. Photograph from the book *Tumbledown Barns of the Pacific Northwest*.

section of deck leading into a dry stream bed. Ahead was an old mine bridge, the span of which had collapsed decades ago. An odd, lower layer of mist coated the ground. Wake stepped down off the deck and before he knew it, the Taken were upon him.

The first wave wasn't too much of a problem. But more charged in from around the curved stream bed **[Fig 3.58]**. Wake was in danger of being overwhelmed, though one of the Taken threw an axe that missed him, but took down a Taken in its path. The rest felt the bright light and eternal darkness of a flashbang grenade, after Wake had "herded" them into close proximity of the detonation. Wake waded into the knee-deep layer of mist, passed the remains of the old mining bridge, and entered a small gorge of undulating ground rising sharply away and above him in the distance.

Wake followed the path around to the left. Large sections of boulder were punctuated by thickets of bushes and smaller, stunted trees. The path continued upward, around the large boulder, to a clump of evergreen trees. On the small rock at the foot of one tree lay

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 12/30

Ronald Reagan said: "When you can't make them see the light, make them feel the heat." Find the fire inside the cache within the mine tunnel, and use it only when you have to. Stay strong, and stay vigilant.



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[Fig 3.59]

another Manuscript Page. Continuing, a red canister rolled past Wake's feet. It didn't suddenly growl and fling itself at him, so Wake strode to a junction in the path. He almost left the wooded glade on the right path, as it stretched down across the sloping rocky ground to a bright light.

But Wake had seen a quartet of daubed dots on an archway post to his left, and moved onward and upward, passing a perimeter arch with a mine cart on each side. The path flattened out at a rock face with a deep hole burrowed into it **[Fig 3.59]**. To his right were the remains of the mine cart bridge. Across the river, on the far side of the gorge, was a red barn. There was an arrow painted on one of the carts. Above him was the small mine tower Wake had seen earlier. He entered the mine workings, startled by a swarm of bats.

The mine workings had been sealed but there were still secrets in these tunnels; Wake found one when he followed the old cart rails to a dead end, and the walls illuminated with the sign of the torch; as well as the phrase "TRUST NO ONE IN THE DARK." Wake pried open the Chest, filling his pockets with flashbangs. He got to use one of them on the four Taken at the opening. Using the large support arches to run around, Wake coaxed all four into close proximity, then burned them out of existence. He ran to the edge of the fallen bridge, and with extreme care and attention, leapt to the right plank and edged to the Coffee Thermos on the very end of the plank. Jumping to the other plank, Wake retreated back to the bridge, then used the attached steps to reach the gulch in the middle of the small gorge, where he'd spotted the bright light before.



[Fig 3.60]

The trails had merged. Wake opened the emergency box attached to the trail light, claiming the usual array of batteries and bullets. But once out of the cone of light, Wake came across something entirely new: a small abandoned trailer, complete with shotgun ammunition, near the rocky edge of the river. Crossing the river, Wake found two work lights, placed in almost a defensive position, as if a past battle had been fought at the bridge **[Fig 3.60]**. Leaning on the second work light was a pump-action shotgun. Wake eagerly swapped the weapon, leaving his less-powerful shotgun behind.

"I had no real plan. I was going to give the kidnapper all the Manuscript Pages I had for Alice. If that wasn't enough, I'd hold him at gunpoint and make him talk."

At the rusting car skeleton and giant spool, Wake encountered a small lake. Looking at the large crane arm protruding out of the water, he realized this was a huge sinkhole. It looked like the sinkhole was circular; and he could explore to the left or the right. He suspected the right path would circle around with dotted work lights to flick on, and periodic encroachment by the Taken. To conserve ammunition (and sanity) Wake decided to head left; that red barn he'd seen earlier was around here somewhere.

Damn Good Coffee # 45/100



WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE, AND WE'VE PULLED OUT PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE STILL ALIVE, HAS A RUTHLESS STREAK IN THEM. I CUT A GASH IN MY LEG FALLING OFF A PLANK THIS DAMN THERMOS WAS SITTING ON THE END OF. AND NO, I CAN'T GO DISCHARGING MY PISTOL, KNOCKING THE THERMOS OFF. FORENSICS NEEDS IT INTACT. YES, ON THE END OF THE PARTIALLY COLLAPSED BRIDGE, NOW A LITTLE MORE COLLAPSED AFTER MY TUMBLE.

Damn Good Coffee # 46/100



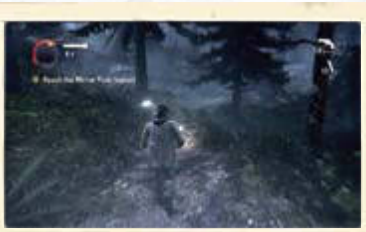
THE RED BARN NEAR THAT AMAZING SINKHOLE; THAT'S ANOTHER SPOT WHERE I SPOTTED A THERMOS. THIS MAY NOT BE RELATED TO THE OTHERS I'VE FOUND, AS THERE'S EVIDENCE THIS WAS A CAMPER'S HOLD-UP. BUT NO SIGN OF ANY CAMPERS. NOT EVEN ANY BONES, EITHER ANIMAL OR HUMAN.

Departure. # 52/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake and Barry in the Cell

I stared through the bars of the jail cell. Barry stood behind me, swaying on his feet, looking as ill as I felt.
Agent Nightingale stood on the other side of the bars with Sheriff Breaker. Nightingale had a stack of manuscript pages in his hand. He seemed unhinged as he gloated:
"Well, I've got you now, Raymond Chandler. It's all here, all the evidence, including conspiracy to murder a federal agent."



ON A SMALL ROCK, IN A FOREST GLADE PATH, ON THE WAY TO THE MINE TUNNEL AND SINKHOLE.

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[Fig 3.61]

Wake was up the grassy trail, almost at the work light when the Taken came. Spinning around to face the three of them, he edged back to the work light and switched it on. A bright beam streamed out...in the wrong direction! The next minute was spent coaxing the Taken around into the work light's beam, which easily burned off the outer layer of darkness. He took apart **Two for the Price of One** with a particularly well-aimed shot at two foes swaying next to each other.

Wake ascended the trail again, with the sinkhole to his right. Up ahead there was a work light, and more foes shambling their way up to him. Wake attempted the same tactics as before; drawing the Taken into the beam of the work light, before finishing them with a single spread of shotgun pellets. During this fracas, Wake had seen the red barn **[Fig 3.61]**. He ran off to investigate it, passing another large spool, and circling around a dead tree while he reloaded, and blasted two Taken. Inside the barn Wake filled his sport-coat pockets with shotgun ammunition. A thoughtful hiker had left a Coffee Thermos on a fold-out table, as well as some flare gun ammunition. A stained refrigerator in the far corner held a Taken waiting in ambush!



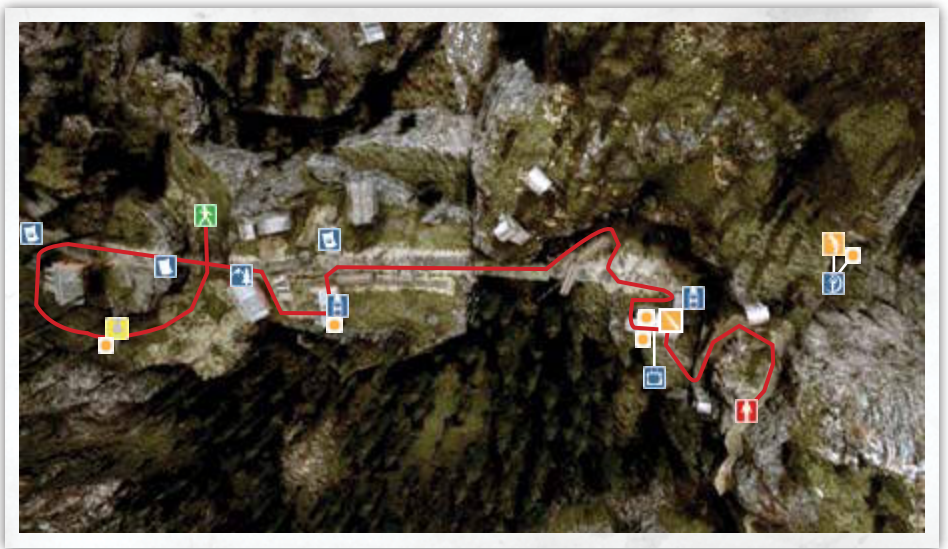
[Fig 3.62]

Alan decided to leave the mining area, and retraced his steps back to the work light, and then up and around, following the path as it curved right. Looking left, Wake spotted a cluster of work lights near a path indented into the hillside. Beyond that was light, and to the right was the other trail, rejoining. But behind Wake, six more ghoulish shades attempted to to stop him **[Fig 3.62]**. Wake stepped behind the only working light, and flicked it on. As they grouped, he detached the pin from a flashbang. Fifty of these foes had been felled by **Thunder and Lightning** by this point. The final entity felt a single burst of shotgun pellets.

Hiking up the narrow cut into the hillside, Wake caught his breath under the cone of light hanging from a tree. Refreshed, Wake moved up the winding trail. The atmosphere was less brooding, but the power of darkness was still omnipresent. A piercing roar echoed across the gorge. Wake recognized the old prospecting mine tower on the bluff that he'd seen last morning, and watched as two mighty evergreens were leveled.

"The Dark Presence was moving ahead of me in the same direction I was going. A cold feeling settled itself in the pit of my stomach: was it going for Alice?"

Part 6: Taming the Iron Horse at Gray Peak Gorge



Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town



[Fig 3.63]

Wake would need to quicken his pace. A cold mist settled as he ascended the hill. A partly destroyed old bridge towered above him as he moved past a cluster of old wooden crosses. This must have been the mine's graveyard.

Heading under the bridge, Wake moved up into the main graveyard bluff, overlooking a shadowy ravine.

A low baritone snarl mixed with ethereal roaring was familiar. But this Taken's movement was unusual. Wake was training his Flashlight on the foe, when it blazed across the ground, faster than Wake could aim **[Fig 3.63]**. It zigzagged, tried to step in and slash Wake across the chest, but he defended, focusing the beam on the foe. It was small, but dexterous. Wake spent the next minute tracking the Tele-flanker Taken, until the dark matter was finally wiped away. Two shotgun blasts later, it fell like the rest of them.

Activity Log

- Cross the ghost town
- Find a Key

Departure. # 60/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Reads a Page

I lifted the page in front of my eyes and read it. In it, I lifted the page in front of my eyes and read it. In it, I lifted the page in front of my eyes and read it. In it, I lifted the page in front of my eyes and read it. In it, I lifted the page in front of my eyes and read it. In it, I lifted the page in front of my eyes and read it.



PLACED ON THE ROCKFALL DEBRIS AT THE ENTRANCE BEHIND THE GRAY PEAK GORGE GHOST TOWN.

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Farther up the slope from the graveyard, a wooden arch staked a claim to the entrance to the settlement on the bluff. It was attached to a shed, which still had a working light. Flicking it on, Wake rested momentarily, then grabbed some needed batteries. He headed out of the run-down shed, and around the corner. The entrance to the old prospector's hamlet was alive with birdsong, but human activity had long since passed.

Activity: Cross the ghost town



[Fig 3.64]

"The place was dead, a ghost town. Had been for decades, maybe a century.

Passing a mine cart, and a long barn on his right with an adjacent water silo, Wake turned the corner to the right. Behind him were the remains of a railroad leading to nowhere; a filled-in tunnel. **During a particularly vivid Nightmare, Wake thought he remembered seeing an otherwise-invisible Manuscript Page placed on the fallen rocks at the edge of the tunnel. When he read the page, he felt faint. Sickened. But he continued.** To his left was a single-story barn with one wall gone. Half-buried in the track were railroad sleepers. Just then, something moved. The Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town was living up to its name; Wake watched with some trepidation as a patch of earth flew up in front of him. This was quickly followed by a collection of tires, barrels, and an old wagon wheel quickly picking themselves up, and launching themselves toward Wake's position **[Fig 3.64]**. They didn't seem "possessed," and came to a rest. The whole odd experience lasted only seconds. A moment later, Wake was left in no doubt about what he'd witnessed.

The elderly car rose from the ground, and hung in the air before it fell forward with a scream, heading for Wake. He brought out the flashlight immediately, dodging as the car pounded down next to him. Wake locked on for dear life, the car exploded into shards of orange. Behind where the car had attacked from, lay the roof of a building destroyed long ago. Wake climbed onto the shingle roof, and spotted a Manuscript Page at the edge of the bridge, near the telegraph pole, resting on a railway sleeper.



[Fig 3.65]

The bridge was on its way to the graveyard below, so Wake took a running jump, landing heavily but safely on the precariously sloping far side, and scrambling to the solid ground. He moved over and read the information contained on the historical sign. Ahead was a pile of cut logs, resting on a rusting railroad cart **[Fig 3.65]**. On his left was the windmill and mine tower. To his right was a ramshackle barn, complete with corrugated red sides. Most of the barns, sheds, and out-buildings looked like they'd been picked up and dropped. The bluff that the windmill and tower were anchored to offered amazing views, but none of the buildings on the left side were accessible. Strangely, although the ripped stumps remained, the toppled trees were nowhere in sight.

Wake moved to the right, running around between the barn and the second building, to another ruin of a barn. Inside, Wake spotted batteries, and a Coffee Thermos on a sleeper. Gathering what he could, he exited the barn. Across from this structure was a smaller, badly-aged shack. **Enclosed in some kind of Nightmare, Wake was having a difficult time of it, but a lone piece of parchment; a Manuscript Page he hadn't seen during his lighter, more hopeful dreams, lay there. He took it, and continued.**



[Fig 3.66]

Farther along the main tracks, Wake spotted another chute. Alan was more concerned by the sleepers in front of him; they spat themselves free of the ground, and joined a swirling throng of barrels and a metal trunk plus a refrigerator. The last two floating objects attempted to ram Wake, but the writer sidestepped, causing the poltergeist objects to impact the support strut. Wake brought his flashlight to bear on both objects, and they

Departure. # 53/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake and Casey

Things were never as simple in real life as in fiction. I had lost count of the times I had wished there'd be a clear reason for my writer's block. Something to fight, something to lash out on.

There wasn't. I was filled with doubt. I was nothing like the hero in my books. Alex Casey had gone through his life with single-minded determination, never wavering from his goal. Even now, I was angry at myself, angry at Alice, angry at Barry. I was fumbling and I had no plan.



ON THE EDGE OF THE BRIDGE, NEAR THE FIRST TELEGRAPH POLE, RESTING ON A SLEEPER IN THE GRAY PEAK GORGE GHOST TOWN.



8/25



Gray Peak Gorge

Originally founded in 1928, the Gray Peak Gorge mining town was one of the permanent settlements the Bright Falls Mining Company built for its workers. The nearby graveyard is a testament to the dangers the miners faced on a daily basis: most of the men who lost their lives over the years here were buried there—a grim reminder to be careful for those who remained.

Gray Peak Gorge was abandoned almost overnight when the Bright Falls Mining Company closed its doors in 1970.

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were banished. He edged a few steps farther; a steam tractor and two mine carts began to bob alarmingly in the air **[Fig 3.66]**. Wake knew he'd be crushed they hit him, so he fired a flare into the middle of the maelstrom. All three objects crackled and exploded. What would Barry Wheeler have done to lighten the mood, now that Wake had tackled 20 of these poltergeist objects? Some kind of movie reference. "**They're Heeeeeere!**" probably.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 47/100



WHILE I WAS SCOURING A GHOST TOWN, FINDING PLASTIC THERMOSES INSIDE A BARN SO UNSAFE I WAS AFRAID BREATHING HARD WOULD KNOCK IT DOWN, COOPER SENT ME ANOTHER TEXT: "THE TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF BOTH THE CREATOR AND THE CREATION IS CONSIDERED BY ME TO BE THE TRANSCENDENTAL OR METAPHYSICAL KNOWLEDGE." SAYS IT'S FROM A HINDU SCRIPTURE CALLED GITA. NO IDEA WHY HE'S WASTING MY TIME WITH THIS.

Departure. # 59/106

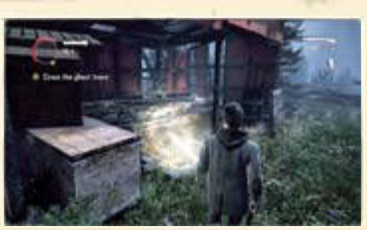
Manuscript by Alan Wake

Doc Examines Barry and Rose

Doc sat down heavily. He'd examined Barry and Rose. Barry was already recovering. Rose was another story: she was conscious, but she was barely present, almost delirious, disturbed, "touched in the head," they used to say.

It wasn't the first time Doc had seen someone in such a state, but it'd been over thirty years.

Doc poured himself a stiff drink. He hadn't forgotten a thing.



IN THE SMALL SHACK ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE TRACK, IN THE GRAY PEAK GORGE GHOST TOWN.

Alan needed to ensure he wouldn't be struck down by a heavy piece of machinery. Heading toward a dangerous-looking covered mine track, Wake expected the worst. But he crossed without incident. Ahead, train carriages forced Wake left, around to a boulder he dropped down from.



[Fig 3.67]

A huge, natural amphitheater of rock prevented his progress into the mountain. Down at ground level rested an old steam engine. As Alan stepped forward, the cylindrical engine part of the train shook, detached itself from the cab, and reared up **[Fig 3.67]**.

Standing in front of the possessed train was plain stupid. So Wake moved behind the dead bark of an old tree trunk. The engine leapt toward him, striking the tree. Wake lit a flare, dropping it at the foot of the trunk. The engine shook as the possession was forced from it. Wake ventured farther, to the miner's shack behind where the train had sat. But the driver's cab rose from the ground, prompting Wake to light another flare. A flashbang might have been overkill. Writhing by the flare light, Wake finished the iron horse with a burst of focused flashlight. The cacophony of screaming faded; he had tamed the **Iron Horse**. He could see lights on in the miner's shack, but the door was locked. Fortunately, the lean-to shed at the back of the property contained a key. Curious about where the railroad track led, Wake followed the remains of the rails to a caved-in cliff face, behind the lean-to shed. To the right, close to a section of old windmill fan, was a trunk with a Coffee Thermos. Wake took it, and then entered the miner's shack.

Activity: Find a Key



[Fig 3.68]

The miner's shack was a Safe Haven **[Fig 3.68]**. The lights were on, but nobody was home. Wake moved into the cramped living area. A couple of different side tables had batteries and ammunition to pick up. A

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 48/100



SPENT HOURS FINDING THIS, HIDDEN BEHIND THE LEAN-TO SHACK BY THE RUSTING WINDMILL FANS. IT DIDN'T HELP THAT I WAS CONSTANTLY HOUNDED BY HEAD OFFICE, WANTING A PROGRESS REPORT. CELL PHONE RECEPTION IS NONEXISTENT. ALTHOUGH IT DOESN'T STOP COOPER SENDING ME GIBBERISH. APPARENTLY, I SHOULD BE THINKING MORE METAPHYSICALLY.

TELLY TIMES

8 SEPTEMBER, 2004 # 8/14



Episode 5: The Poet of the Fall. A desperate author tries plagiarism to hit a deadline. Available to watch in the miner's shack, at the far end of Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town.

8:10 pm
Writer in the Cabin

"Anything outside of writing is a struggle. I feel ill. I managed to make my way downstairs. There's a shoebox filled with books and papers by Thomas Zane. It's very hard to focus but I managed to read some of it. He's a poet and a good one. He writes of muses and creators, summoning fabulous things from a magic lake, using its power to shape the world, of a realm of gods and dreams, and demons, dark things that wait for a chance to slip through, wearing the flesh of men as disguise.

Zane writes about himself, his girlfriend being taken over by a Dark Presence, about growing scared of the lake. Zane believes it's a mirror to the gaping void of darkness above, where some Lovecraftian presence lurks. I crawled back upstairs. I'll borrow these things for my story. They ring true. They fit."

9.0 Nine O'Clock News

with Tom Rivers; Weatherman

television was playing a black-and-white thriller already in progress. Wake had seen this show before...

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Part 7: Haunting Claustrophobia

Activity Log

- Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (yet again)
- Exit the silver mine
- Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (one more time)

Activity: Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (yet again)



[Fig 3.69]

To the rear of the miner's shack was a bedroom, and an exit door. Propped against the side of the bed was a pump-action shotgun, along with ammunition—a worthy swap for his rifle. Outside, Wake felt a chill. Looking over the edge of a long drop, Wake focused on the ominous power of the Dark Presence wailing through the forest below. The parallel path the presence was taking was beginning to unnerve him. Wake climbed the ladder against the retaining wall, and then another. A pathway heading around the walls of an old outbuilding was augmented with hidden signals. Wake was about to investigate further when his cell phone beeped.

"The kidnapper had sent me a text. The message was full of spelling errors and insults. He was telling me to hurry up."

Although haste was required, a full arsenal was important. The path split, with the main goat trail heading off along a thin ridge atop the cliffs to the right **[Fig 3.69]**. However, his invisible arrows told him to check the trail to the left of the tree trunk. It ended a few feet later at a rocky outcrop, upon which the sign of the torch was visible. Under that lay a Chest with a flare gun and ammunition. Wake took what he could carry, then stopped and checked the vista. Although murky, the view was still incredible; a rocky gorge with a lone building tucked away. It was the cabin Wake had driven to, and listened to the radio inside, last morning.

Alan began his careful hill walk along the undulating cliff edge, Mirror Peak loomed majestically into the firmament. But the path was to become a lot more treacherous. Wake's jogging slowed to a plod. A section of path had fallen away, replaced by wooden platforms that looked rickety at best. Out from the side of the cliff roared a swarm of ravens. Wake stopped short of the first wooden platform **[Fig 3.70]**. He calmly changed his weapon to the flare gun, and loaded it. The first unkindness of ravens swarmed at Wake; he brought up his flashlight to aim before firing off a well-timed flare shot that baked the black birds into a red mist. While the other group of birds flew around, gauging their prey, Wake ran onto the wooden platform, then to the second, and immediately Sprinted down to the third, and onto the grassy ledge beyond. Any slower, and he would have fallen as the platform supports disintegrated.



[Fig 3.70]

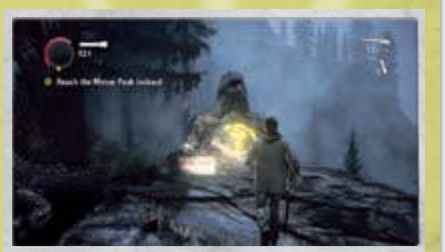
Wake dealt with the second unkindness of ravens with a well-targeted flare gun shot. Single flares were useful if lit just before the attack hit home, but flashbangs were far less effective due to the time they took to explode; he'd remember that for the future. He turned to the next section of wooden platforms, where frighteningly exact footwork was needed. He willed himself to run forward, onto the first platform



[Fig 3.71]

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 13/30

The rock and the mist-filled vista are places to find solace, and hope. And in your case, flare gun ammunition. "Rage, rage against the dying of the light." —Dylan Thomas.



[Fig 3.71], leaping right at the end, landing on the third platform, and nimbly following the curve left to the last platform before jumping off as the entire structure gave way. He made it. Following the path, Wake scrambled to a hole in the ground. Actually, it was a little more than that; this was a drop down into an abandoned silver mine, and the warning sign posted didn't fill Wake with hope. He stepped to the edge of the wooden shaft, and put his best foot forward, hoping it wouldn't need a splint after he landed.

Activity: Exit the silver mine



[Fig 3.72]

Wake slowly stood up. Still whole, he walked forward, into the silver mine entrance tunnel. The tunnel was lined with wooden arches, and Wake followed them, wary of how unstable everything else he'd explored had been. At every corner, the tunnel forked, but the split almost immediately stopped with a barrier, or rock fall. The air was thick with dust, and Wake knew he was close to the water table. Periodic drips of liquid pitter-pattered down into small puddles throughout the vicinity. When the man-made tunnel ended, the large, natural cave system began **[Fig 3.72]**. On one of the rock walls, away from the light streaming in from the main ceiling of the

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[Fig 3.73]

cavern, someone had left Wake a message. It read "TUNNELS GO TO CAULDRON LAKE." At that very moment, Wake heard a very faint call for help.

He moved to the opening to the right of the message, and heard it again. It was Alice. He didn't waste any time. He headed past the mine cart, descending deep into the steep cave tunnel, moving farther and farther down. The tunnel's ceiling was sinking lower, and the rock walls were closing in. Wake was approaching a large column diagonally bisecting the tunnel, when the pain jolted him off his feet.

Alan picked himself up off his knees. There was a foggy haze to the tunnel now. Then he heard her, closer now.

"Alan! Alan! Where are you! Help!"

"Alice?" He tried to get her to respond, but only heard her terrified cries.

Alice's scream sent Wake running to the base of the steep tunnel. Scattered logs and old, battered iron girders were holding up a water logged mine shaft **[Fig 3.73]**. Perhaps from Cauldron Lake? Wake was hit with an image. Alice was falling into the inky void, clutched by darkness. Swallowed by the black waters of the lake. But she wasn't here. Wake was alone in the dark. Turning around, he almost missed a Manuscript Page hidden behind a small rocky outcrop at the base of the steep tunnel. Despondent, Wake trekked back up to the mine cart. It was only later that he realized he'd relived the last moments on Diver's Isle. Alice had been calling for him, but it was if she was caught in a loop, an impression or a recording from eight days ago.



[Fig 3.74]

Wake returned to the hidden message, banishing the unnatural thoughts from his mind. He stepped around the large clump of rocks under the natural skylight, and headed toward another man-made tunnel. The path split into a lower and upper tunnel. The lower tunnel was blocked almost immediately, forcing Wake up and around, onto a rudimentary wooden bridge spanning the ceiling. Wake crossed with care, pausing to take some flares. The bridge led to a short drop into a larger, almost circular junction chamber **[Fig 3.74]**. Close to some mine carts, Wake found some ammunition. Over by one of the blocked tunnels, Wake spotted another Manuscript Page, lying dormant, ready to reveal another shocking development. Carefully passing the hanging chains, Wake found his exit; a long, straight mine tunnel illuminated by lanterns dotted along the walls like fairy lights. He was at the entrance to this tunnel when the ceiling started to fall.



[Fig 3.75]

Boulders the size of Buicks were raining down ahead of Wake. He stepped back, and retreated out of the tunnel entrance, shocked that he wasn't buried in there. Back at the junction cavern, a series of splintering planks announced the arrival of the Taken **[Fig 3.75]**. Workmen with miner's overalls and hard hats gruffly gurgled safety instructions at Wake. He deftly dodged a couple of hand axes, before breaking out a flare and forcing it into the gray face of the nearest (and biggest) foe. The Taken staggered back with a shriek, its shadow painted on the walls 20 feet high. Dropping the flare, Wake aimed the revolver and fired three shots. A mixture of circle-strafing, flares, and headshots finished the mining brethren.

Departure. # 58/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Hunters Taken

The hunters were big, thickset men, confident and at home in the woods. They were feeling good, running on beer, ghost stories and camaraderie late into the night.
It did them no good as they were taken by the Dark Presence, sucked deep into a darkness far worse than any ghost story they ever told or heard.



AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE CAVE TUNNEL DESCENT, NEAR THE WATERLOGGED MINE SHAFT.

Departure. # 54/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Nightingale in the Majectic

Even behind the closed doors and curtains of his grimy room at the Majestic, the local motel, Nightingale could feel the locals' eyes on him, the unrelenting pressure of their judgment.
He forced it out of his mind. For all he knew they could all be under Wake's spell already. You do what you have to do to get the job done.
He took comfort from the bottle in his hand: "Please," he thought, "just let me get this through this."



BY A BLOCKED TUNNEL, IN THE CIRCULAR JUNCTION CHAMBER, INSIDE THE SILVER MINE.

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There was but one exit; the entrance the Taken had burst through previously. Stepping through, Alan squeezed into a narrow cave passage, checking an alcove to his left to discover a Coffee Thermos. Surely Rose or Rusty hadn't come out all this way to hide a thermos? He picked it up, and walked on, heading in, and up, the main tunnel, which ended quickly at a T-junction. The right was sealed but to the left was a large, multi-story mine shaft.

"I'd have to make my way up this mine shaft in order to go on. Maybe the machinery could help me with that."



[Fig 3.76]

Wake took in the jumble of balconies, walkways, stilt catwalks, and odd machinery he hadn't used before. Then something clicked. He turned left, moving onto the curved path with the moss at its threshold, and walked around to the small wooden deck with a barrel on it. To the right, a power switch was blinking green. Pressing the switch controlled the vertical movement of a cargo elevator, currently loaded up with metal girders and two large work lanterns. Controlling the elevator, Wake moved it down to his level, so one of the lanterns was pointing at him. When he let go, the elevator remained in the same position, inches from the edge of the deck. Carefully, Wake lined up a jump **[Fig 3.76]**, and landed on the girders, ran across, and leapt to the other side.

Wake found himself in a small alcove with a ladder to his right. Climbing it to the second floor of the shaft, Wake arrived at another deck. He summoned the elevator again, watching as the girders rotated clockwise as they were raised. This presented a problem, as the girders were perpendicular to Wake's standing point. This meant leaping a gap. Wake pushed "terrible, agonizing death" thoughts away, took a few steps back, then ran forward and leapt. He landed on the end of the girder stack, then stopped immediately so the momentum didn't carry him to his doom. Turning right, Wake followed the girders and jumped to another wooden alcove, slightly lower.

Before ascending the ladder, Wake spotted a set of steps. They led to a ramshackle hut with another switch. Assuming he needed to bridge the gap up on the third floor, Wake pressed the switch, and lifted the elevator so it made a bridge on the top level. However, there was a third floor slightly below this top area; a narrow sliver of deck leading to a jutting platform. He positioned the elevator accordingly. Obviously, there were no switches on the third floor. Returning to the ladder, Wake ascended, and was proven correct. He'd also positioned the girders just below the tiny platform he was standing on, enabling him to leap and land.

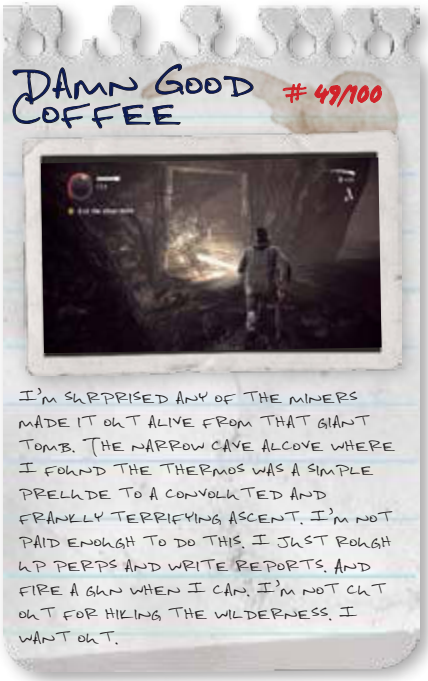
He landed the leap to the jutting platform. Wake was extremely careful moving up a small steep wooden ramp to the top floor. Now on the top platform, which was more of a latticework of badly maintained decking, Wake tiptoed around to a ladder. He gave it a good kicking, and the ladder extended down to the ramshackle hut, where the last switch had been. Climbing down, Wake activated the switch, raising the elevator to the very top. He climbed back to the rickety summit, turned to see the bridge he'd created, and nimbly leapt onto it, stopping himself from overshooting. Running across the girders, Wake jumped to the exit platform, and almost sank to his knees in relief. The exit ladder led to a boarded-up cave mouth. A kick and the planks clattered onto an exterior platform.

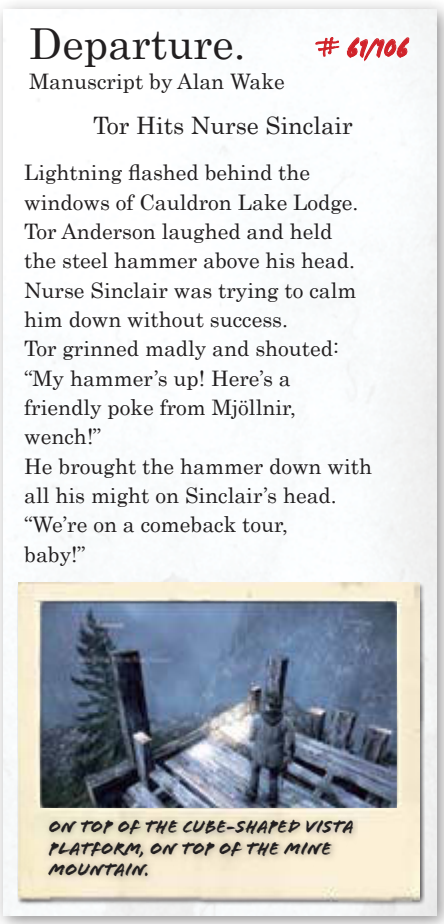
Activity: Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (one more time)



[Fig 3.77]

Wake was precariously high, and peered across to some kind of bridge structure illuminated across the gorge. He faced two sets of steps; one heading down, the other up. Ascending, Wake reached the very top of the mine mountain **[Fig 3.77]**. He moved toward a huge, cube-shaped viewing platform. At the base, lay an overturned box of flares. Picking them up, he then climbed to the top. The view up here was so spectacular (he could see some kind of rope bridge spanning the huge gorge, with Mirror Peak behind it and Cauldron Lake beyond) he almost forgot the Manuscript Page atop the platform itself.





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Part 8: Reaping the Whirlwind



Silver Mine Exit to Bridge



Bridge to Mirror Peak Lookout

Activity: Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (one more time)

At the base of the stairs was a goat trail he could follow. Alas, as Wake made his way down and around the long left curving trail, ravens appeared. Waiting for the scream of the attack, Wake fired, and the birds were engulfed in flame and light. Continuing around, Wake spotted a piece of machinery close to two dead trees; it was another generator and engine. He tugged on the cord, and it roared into life. The trail light nearby blinked on, and something rumbled from across the gorge. Stepping onto the platform and gathering more flares, Wake saw an unwelcome sight.

"Oh great, another cable car. Just great."

With ravens still a threat, Wake reloaded his flare gun before stepping onto the car platform. He pressed the switch and the car set off across the gorge, the generator's clanking slowly fading. This wasn't a bad way to see the beauty of the Bright Falls region. But the tranquility was soon replaced by a flood of black wings and screeching. Timing the attack, Wake took aim and fired. There was screeching, and two flocks took to the distant skies. Wake watched them warily until they dispersed.



[Fig 3.78]

Alan waited patiently for a moment, then backed up in alarm; a tremendous roaring noise broke the night air, and a giant fir tree shook before toppling forward, narrowly missing the car **[Fig 3.78]**. All he could do

Activity Log

- Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (one more time)
- Cross the mountain ruins
- Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (conclusion)

A Can do Attitude # 6/12



It's a clue, but it's a subtle one. Up on the cable car platform. Gives me time, and god I need it. She's starting to haunt my dreams. I see her even when I blink. I can't take it. I don't have enough damn time!

Bright Falls information signs # 9/25



Cauldron Lake

The eighth deepest lake in the world, Cauldron Lake is a caldera lake, formed in a volcanic crater. The volcano itself could be considered to be active, but it has not erupted since the volcanic earthquakes of 1970, and even then the underground activity was comparably mild: despite some property damage, there were no casualties.

Cauldron Lake is one of the most beautiful spots in the Bright Falls area, as well as a central figure in many local folk tales. It's a popular recreational area for the area residents.

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was watch as two of the support connections to the cable snapped. He stood on the car as it hung for a moment. Then one of the cables snapped, propelling the car directly at the cliff-face. Wake was unceremoniously deposited in a clump of bracken, on the sloping trail below. He was shocked to be alive, but the Taken wanted to amend that. Wake quickly switched weapons to his shotgun, and tracked the two joggers. They were burned and turned. Wake stopped, letting his heartbeat slow. Creeping around the large pyramid boulder on his right, Wake heard the caterwauling of the Dark Presence; it was tearing something nearby. He was almost at the cable car platform, when a train carriage fell out of the sky.



[Fig 3.79]

Wake managed a hoarse and surprised curse as the carriage crashed down onto the hill, and started to roll toward him. He started to flee, but slowed as the carriage struck the large boulder **[Fig 3.79]**. Staying to the left, Wake maneuvered around the giant obstacle, only too aware of the tremendous and unrelenting power of the dark. Satisfied he wasn't in imminent danger Wake left the carriage and moved up to the cable car platform. The emergency box close to the trail light contained batteries and ammunition. Wake stopped here only to check the view; he spotted the summit platform and the exit from the silver mine. He switched to his pistol and shot a small Pyramid of beer cans. He was surprised they hadn't been jolted off during the cable car impact. Alan left the platform, traversed a set of wooden steps, and headed up the path toward the ruins of an old stone building. The wind started to howl once more.



[Fig 3.80]

Evening Edition

BRIGHT FALLS RECORD

EST. 1896

ONE HOSPITALIZED, ALL SHAKEN, AS GHOST HUNTERS FLEE RUINS

By Leland Brennan

Up until two nights ago, the old Mountain Manor ruins atop the southern cliffs of Cauldron Lake was best known for its ominous presence above Highway 91, and its brief appearance on the strange cult television series *Night Springs*. But now, the ruins are the scene of a shocking accident.

Last Tuesday, the Bright Falls council of elders agreed to let filming occur at the ruins, despite protests from Sheriff Sarah Breaker, after coming to a monetary agreement from foreign television company YEL to film an episode of the popular paranormal reality show *Aavemainen Tutkiminen* ("Ghostly Investigations").

According to YEL spokesperson Petri Järvilehto, the production was plagued with difficulties: "We had some, eh, equipment lost over the side of the precipice, you know? And problems with shadows during filming. A lot of electrical failures and such. It was a fraught time." The situation took a turn for the worse when co-host Stig Baasvik sustained a sprained wrist and two broken ribs after falling backward from the second floor balcony.

Baasvik, through an interpreter, claimed he was pushed by a dark, cloudy force, and also claimed that odd shadows were captured by the camera crew during their night up on the ruins. Unfortunately, the actual fall wasn't filmed, and the television company responsible refuses to allow any footage to be seen. Baasvik was released from Gunderson Memorial Hospital this morning, and is expected to make a full recovery. All production crew have since left for Esbo, Finland.



The Mountain Manor, haunted by the ghosts of the past, or simply unstable foundations? Or is something more sinister afoot?

Built in 1910 at tremendous cost—both monetarily and mentally—to its owner Bartholomew Weaver, the ruins bankrupted the noted industrialist, and has lain in situ for decades. A restoration project was started in 1970, but halted due to lack of funds, and the building's precarious position.

Oh Deer Diner

TRIPLE D'S OH DEER DINER.

Coffee Special This Week only! Buy one Extra Large Coffee, and get one free!

As black as Cauldron Lake, and just as intoxicating!

Photolog: A relatively recent (two year old) cutting from the *Bright Falls Record*, showing odd activities up on the mountain ruins. Article courtesy of Watery Public Records Office.

A pattern of darkness and light covered the hillside in ominous shadow. Wake thought it odd that the pellet stove, the only vaguely intact part of the stone cottage **[Fig 3.80]**, was merrily puffing clouds of black smoke from its chimney. The ambush occurred when Wake found (and took) a hunting rifle at the stove. He couldn't carry both the rifle and his shotgun, so he quickly swapped back again, and used the remaining shotgun ammunition on the trio of Taken. Reasonably satisfied, Wake weighed the pros and cons of swapping the shotgun for the rifle, and in the end, took the weapon with the most ammunition left. Setting off along the path with the towering Mirror Peak on his right, he saw the trees weren't right, and readied himself. Taken arrived as Wake neared a trail light up ahead, coming out from the bushes behind and in front. Dispatching them both, Wake finally reached the trail light. It remained on as he ransacked the revolver and rifle bullets, and flares from the emergency box. Wake felt a strange sensation as he spotted and read a sign; this was a familiar place. He had reached the edge of Cauldron Lake.

Judging from the location of Mirror Peak, and the constellations above, Wake reckoned he was at the southern tip of Cauldron Lake. The vista point was as impressive as it was unsafe, and with the constant threat of ambushes, Wake proceeded along the path, until he reached a series of wooden poles. They were anchoring one end of a long, and frankly terrifying rope bridge. With no other way to reach the lookout, Wake took a step onto the bridge. It held. The bridge appeared sound. But then, so had the cable car. It was only when Alan was halfway across that he realized the bridge wasn't the issue. It was the Taken storming the crossing from both ends.

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[Fig 3.81]

A large mountain man was running in from behind. Three foes faced him to the front; two of them throwing axes at his head, and coming dangerously close to connecting. **[Fig 3.81]** He scrabbled in his pockets for a flashbang. They were almost upon him so he retreated, pushing the larger foe back with a focused beam and a dropped flare. Back at the initial side of the bridge, Wake could bring out his flashlight, and shine it on the foes as they approached one at a time. This was a great opportunity to drop multiple foes with a single rifle shot. Wake advanced, tackling the smaller fry with ease.



[Fig 3.82]

The mark of the torch was glistening on the first dead tree Wake inspected after crossing the bridge. But there was also something else; Wake headed left, moving past the thin and gnarled birch trees, and found a Coffee Thermos on the edge of a flat outcrop. Wake took the thermos, and returned to the path. Painted arrows pulled Wake left, into the ground close to the rock wall. Hidden in a boulder-strewn alcove was a Chest, with a flare gun and ammunition inside. Wake moved across to a second wooden bridge **[Fig 3.82]**. It was missing its span, and too far to leap. Instead, Wake ran down the small ridge around the edge of the cliff. A collection of jutting rocks and a small dogwood sapling guarded another Manuscript Page.

Activity: Cross the mountain ruins

Wake was close to the mountain ruins, and after passing the other section of broken bridge, he stood and looked out at Mirror Peak. The path forward was blocked by a large concrete chunk about the size of a car. As the light mist started to roll in from the lake, Wake turned and spotted a thin rocky path. He half-climbed, half-ran to a tall, thin wooden barricade. A slight push, and it created a bridge. Farther along was a section of deck. Kicking the support post out, the deck became a ramp. Wake climbed again, and turned around. He'd made it to the mountain ruins.



[Fig 3.83]

"Ruins" was an apt description of this place. Judging by the window and architectural style, the place had been constructed in the 1920s, and left to decay. Wake want to ponder the sanity of the man who constructed a place so remote, and how the supplies were carried here; this was the lair of a madman! Wake found a gate at the rear of the premises, rusted shut, with a Coffee Thermos placed behind it, taunting him. The concrete steps up to the front door were intact, but the door had been bricked up. Eventually, the ruins revealed its entrance; a board covering a cellar entrance, just left of the concrete steps **[Fig 3.83]**. He kicked the board and entered.

The dampness seemed to seep into his joints. The cellar was in a terrible state, with rubble, brickwork, and graffiti all over the walls. Then Wake realized only he could see it, lit by his flashlight. Someone was clearly a fan of Tom, judging by the number of times his name appeared, and the heart daubed on the foundation wall, with "C.W. & T.Z." Wake thought back to Barry's chatter back at the trailer park, as well as the carved tree stump back on Diver's Isle. Then it came to him: "C.W. & T.Z." was "Cynthia Weaver and Thomas Zane." Well, at least he had a good idea who his ally was; there was more to the crazy old lamp lady than mental instability. Perhaps she was the sanest one of all... Wake headed upstairs.

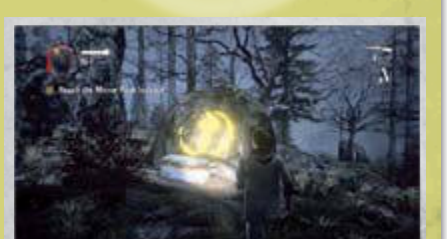
Damn Good Coffee # 50/100



I'd found the thermos on the flat rock jutting out, just left of the rope bridge. Then it happened. I can't explain it. In fact, it might be a hallucination. But I'd looked down, at my hands. And I could see through them, to the ground. It literally happened for a split second, and I was back. No one knows about this. Nobody ever will.

Bright Falls Light & Power # 14/30

You are increasing your weapon proficiency, correct? I've planted a bright spark inside the cache close to the rock wall, just after the bridge. To be quick is to be devastating: "I'm so fast that last night I turned off the light switch in my hotel room and was in bed before the room was dark." —Muhammad Ali.



Departure. # 55/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Mott at Cauldron Lake

Mott had checked all of Stucky's rental cabins. There had been no sign of the Wakes. It was dark when he'd found their car parked at the end of the road by Cauldron Lake.
It made no sense. They must have taken a wrong turn, but there was no sign of them, and the car had already been there for hours already.
Frustrated, Mott stood on the rotten ruin of the footbridge that had once led to Diver's Isle, before it sank beneath the waves years ago. The boss wouldn't be happy.



On a narrow cliff path, across from the small, broken wooden bridge.

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[Fig 3.84]

Of course, that meant clambering up the debris leading to the next floor, which was a mess of wood shards and ceiling holes. Checking a couple of chairs and metal shelving for ammunition, Wake spotted flares on what was once a rather fine writing desk. He took the flares, and headed up to the upper floor. Although much of the upper walls had fallen away, there was still no way to exit the place, until Wake moved into the rear of the structure, and saw the bottom half of a doorway beckoning him to exit. Running forward, Wake wasn't prepared for an entire section of floor to give way.

The fall wasn't the problem, as Wake landed on one knee, and the section of floor he was standing on remained relatively flat and intact. The problem was the eight Taken closing in **[Fig 3.84]**. With flares and a shotgun, Wake faced down the toughest-looking lumberjack first. Dropping a flare close by to ensure he wasn't attacked, Wake burned off the darkness twice as quickly, and took off his head with a shotgun blast. Then he turned to the next foe, moving to avoid becoming a target for thrown hand-axes. Three flares, and all his shotgun shells (and most of his revolver bullets) later, Wake counted 10 dead. The mountain ruins returned to silence once more.



[Fig 3.85]

Returning to the upper floor, Wake stayed around the edges, leaping gaps to reach the doorway base. Dropping down onto a listing concrete deck, then down to the ground, Wake saw a pathway leading downhill. He remembered to check the overgrown back garden, and the rusting gate; he didn't want to overlook the Coffee Thermos. Then he returned to the path, moving to a wooden fence, and peered off into the distance **[Fig 3.85]**:

"I could see Cauldron Lake. I thought I could make out the spot where the island and the cabin had been. There was a light near it. It had to be a boat."

The path continued to some weather-beaten wooden deck stairs. The bobbing light was visible through the haze. On one of the steps, Wake stopped and bent down to take another Manuscript Page. Completing his stair descent, Wake pivoted right, following the trail around between two huge rocky outcrops. He could make out a closer light, near to a road, but nothing more.

Activity: Reach the Mirror Peak lookout (conclusion)

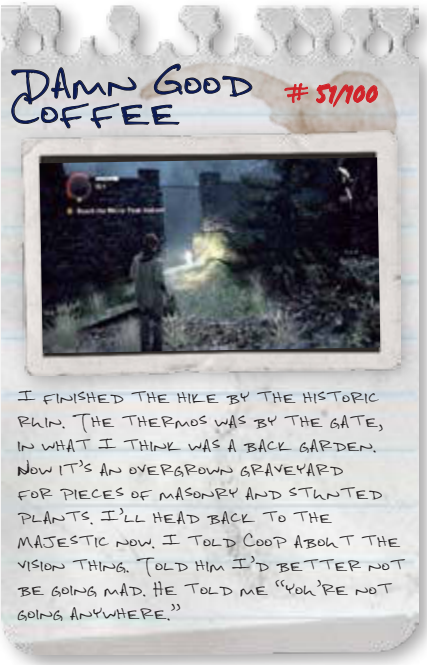
"I was close now. I had to get there fast. I dreaded what I would find."

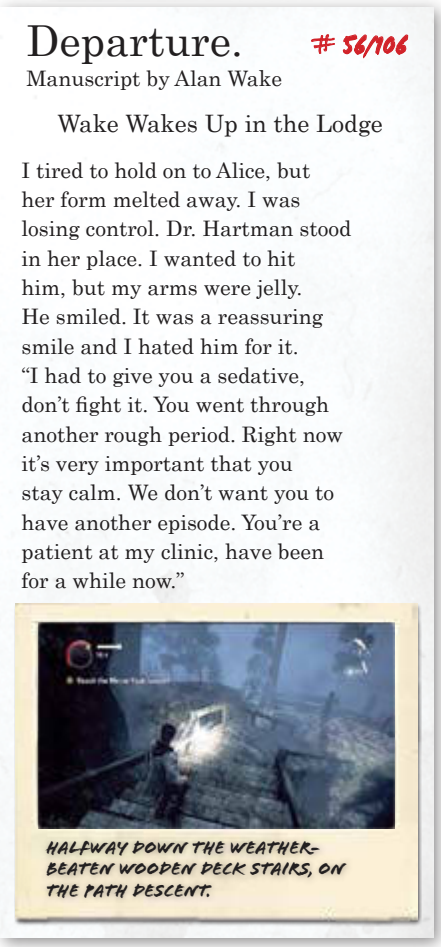
Wake reached the top of a wooden deck and more steps, when he heard Mott's voice. Not through a cell phone, but echoing through the gorge. The voice was definitely Mott's, but he was too far away to answer.

Mott began to yell. He was frightened. Terrified: **"I'm sorry! Please, lady! The boss didn't know who he was messing with! I didn't know! I swear, I didn't know!"** Wake was Sprinting now, following the rickety steps all the way down toward the lookout point at the end of the road. Well, it was the end of the road for somebody.... Wake listened to Mott pleading for his life, and explaining his own shortcomings: **"We don't have his wife! We don't know where she is! She's probably drowned! We just said we had her to make him play ball, you see, you see? To get him writing for us!"** Wake spotted Mott on his knees, pleading to an invisible presence, on the wooden vista lookout by the main road around Cauldron Lake. This wasn't the tough guy, the camo-vest militiaman. This was a sniveling wreck of a human being. Weeping. Begging to be spared.

For a split second, Wake was certain he saw an old woman standing over him. Then she was gone. Then the roaring started. Screams of souls trapped in the dark. A massive, incredible maelstrom, funneling up from below the lookout platform. Mott looked at Wake. It was a look of sheer terror. He was picked up and spun through the tornado. Mott entered the black center of the whirlwind. Wake heard bones crack and snap. He dived onto the decking, scrabbling for an anchor. He found a flare. The maelstrom took him, flicking him up and over the side of the lookout. Wake let out a long, terrified yell as he fell into the illuminated gorge at the entrance to Cauldron Lake. Time seemed to slow as he hit the water of the lake, letting go of the flare. He wanted to let go, too. His body began to float. He saw visions. Running to a sunken island. Wake closed his eyes, and drifted down, into darkness. Alice? Was she there? Wake was at his typewriter, in the cabin study, stabbing keys furiously. He half-opened his eyes. A light shone from above him. A man in a diver's suit took his pages. A hand reached through the surface of the lake.

Wake saw the light. He saw **Wheels Within Wheels**.





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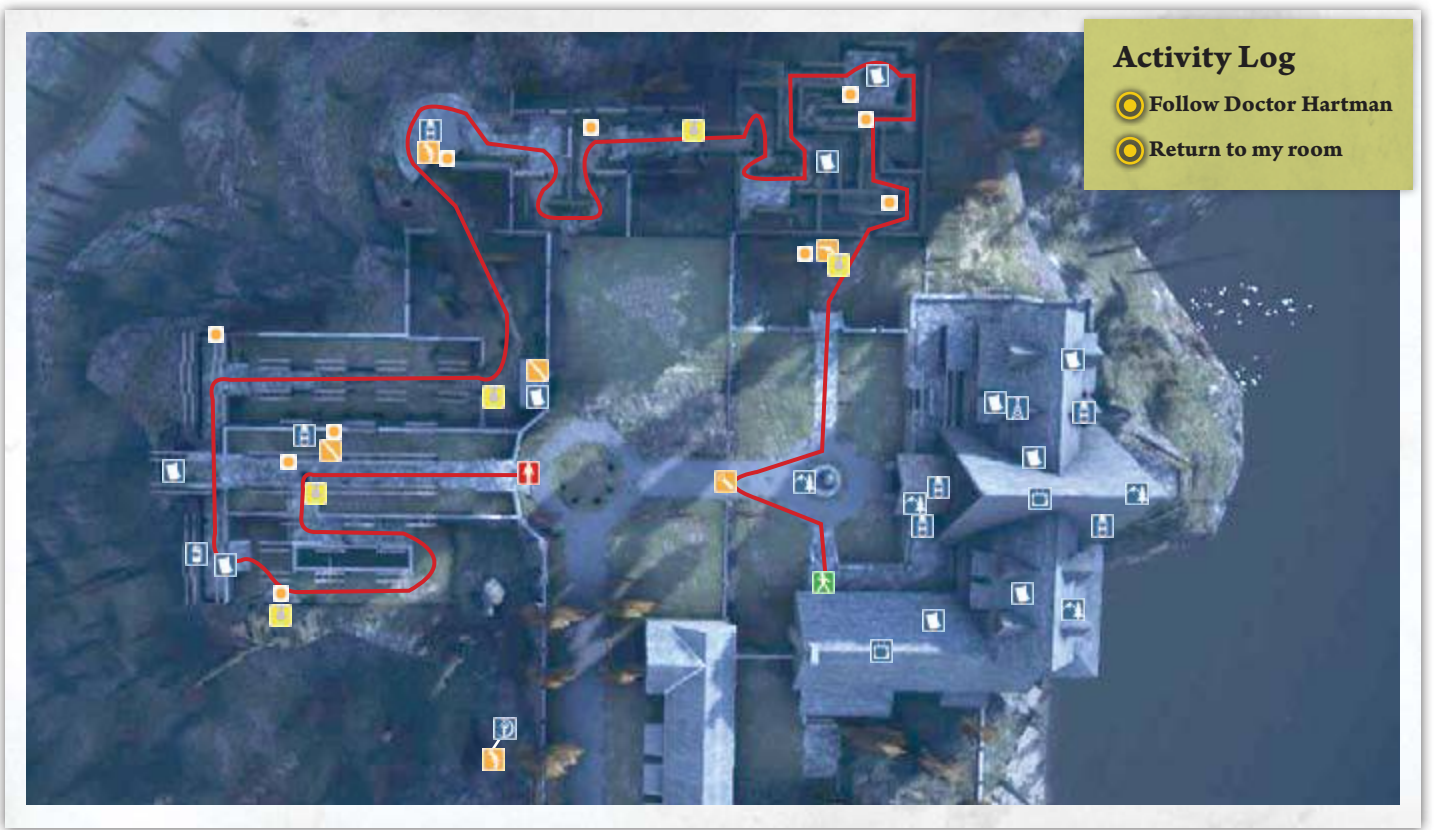
Episode Four: The Truth

Statistical Evidence							
Evidence Type	Number Available (Chapter 4A)	Number Available (Chapter 4B)	Number Available (Chapter 4C)	Chapters 4A+4B+4C Total	Episode Start Total	Episode End Total	Grand Total
Manuscript Pages	10	9(1*)	0	19(1*)	61	81	106
Coffee Thermoses	6	12	0	18	51	69	100
Can Pyramids	1	1	0	2	6	8	12
Chests	1	3	0	4	14	18	30
Radio Shows	0	2	0	2	9	11	11
TV Shows	1	2	0	3	8	11	14
Signs	4	1	0	5	9	14	25
Songs	0	4	0	4	10	14	16

* Second number refers to Manuscript Pages available during Nightmare.

Chapter 4A: Cauldron Lake Lodge

Part 1: The Medicated Calm Before the Storm



Cauldron Lake Lodge and Formal Gardens

"Alan. Shhhh, baby, it was just a nightmare." Alice's cherubic face leaned down and smiled at him. Wake felt numb, like he was wrapped in cotton wool. He had difficulty speaking, let alone moving. Alice's features were surrounded by white light.

Wake's vision, already blurred, played a trick on him: Alice faded. A more wizened man took her place. Dr. Hartman. He soothed Alan, who realized he was not in peak health.

"I had to give you a sedative, don't fight it. You went through another rough period."

"What?"

"Right now it's very important that you stay calm. We don't want you to have another episode. You're a patient at my clinic, have been for a while now. The shock of your wife's death triggered a mental illness." No, that didn't sound right, there was more but Wake couldn't piece it together. Despite his protests, Alan feel into slumber with Hartman coaxing him along.

Activity: Follow Doctor Hartman

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[Fig 4.1]

Wake woke with a twitch and a start. **"I felt groggy. Whatever Hartman had pumped in me was making me numb. I felt like this was happening to someone else, someone I was watching on television. I couldn't think, couldn't focus."**

The edges of Wake's vision still blurred when he moved suddenly. He slowly looked around the room. It was a wood-paneled bedroom of some kind. Wake took in the log bed and knotty-pine wardrobe. And desk. His typewriter was there! And a stack of papers. Wake stumbled over the pine chair to reach them. **"There were only sheets of paper here. No Manuscript Pages."** Dejected, Wake tried to leave. **"The door was locked. I was a prisoner here."** Or to put it another way: A patient.

The door clicked as Hartman unlocked it, and stepped defensively into the room. **"Good evening, Alan. Are we feeling better now, feeling calm?"**

Hartman patronized Wake, talking to him in the calm psychiatrist-tones that made Alan bristle. Suggesting a tour through his clinic, Hartman's voice was friendly, but it masked something else, something sinister. Wake was sure of it. He tried not to second-guess himself as he stepped out of the room and into the corridor **[Fig 4.1]**, an impressive lodge spotted with large posters advertising Hartman's self-worth. Hartman could wait for his walk as Wake surveyed the rustic holding cells.

With Wake half-listening to the appeasing psycho-babble, Hartman continued his guided tour.

"I encourage creativity as a part of the recovery process here at Cauldron Lake Lodge. I specialize in treating artists."

"I bet you do." A mixture of the sedative and Wake's state of mind conspired to understate the venom in Wake's voice.

"Splendid, Alan. I honestly believe we can get this thing under control if we work together." Hartman jangled some keys, opened a thick maple double-door, and beckoned Wake over, as if coaxing an inquisitive cat. **"This way, Alan."**



Photolog: An advertisement for the available services at the lodge. Hartman seeks to provide one-on-one treatment to a few, well-paying "visitors." Advert found in the May 2008 edition of *TMI Magazine*.

Wake stopped to check out the large poster advertising Hartman's bestseller, *The Creator's Dilemma*. He was sure this wasn't the only place Hartman had hung giant pictures of his work. Wake noticed he was in Room 1. He wondered who Emerson was, as entered Room 2. Emerson's room was identically sized to Wake's, except it looked out on the front of the building, which Wake now recognized as Cauldron Lake Lodge, the clinic Alice had mentioned. He peered around the room. It seemed Emerson was some weird "video game developer."

Wake looked over the furnishings with passing interest until he noticed a game case and a poster on the wall: Emerson had worked on the video game adaptation of *Night Springs*. Probably some shovelware product inadvertently designed to disappoint fans of the TV show. Back in the corridor, Wake spotted cells...no, Rooms 3 and 4. They belonged to Desole and Lane. Lane's room looked like an artist was being treated in here.

Back in the corridor, Wake had little choice but to join Hartman by the elevator. Hartman walked into the elevator, while Wake checked the hallway. He passed the trash bin (was everything wood-panelled around here?) and found a small nook dominated by a large painting. It was Chester Decat's *The Sublime Secret*. But how did he know this? After another gaze into the garden and the small hedge maze, he moved back to the elevator that Hartman had kept waiting for him. Across from it was Room 5, marked "Anderson." It was locked, but looking through the door's window, he made out two large Viking shields, each hanging above a bed. Wake stepped into the (wood paneled) elevator. He was ready for more slow, methodical, patronizing nonsense. And he got it:

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[Fig 4.2]

"Now, Alan, from past experience with you I know I need to get right into the heart of the matter as quickly as I can after an episode, so I'm just going to say this: Alice is dead."

"No." Wake belied more emotion than he meant. But this couldn't be true.

Hartman pressed his point. The elevator chimed. They were on the ground floor. Wake stepped out, spotting the door to Hartman's office. If he had an axe, he would have buried it in Hartman's salt-and-pepper hued head. Never mind that most of what Hartman was saying was probably true.

The psychiatrist summarized everything Alan had thought and experienced in the past days. Though if the man knew all about it, could any of it have happened? Was it all delusion? No, Alan was sure of himself. Wake watched Hartman unlock the door to the outside.

Hartman beckoned him to follow: **"We go this way, Alan."**

"I wasn't ready for another shot, so I went along with it. He had to be lying. But under the influence of the drug he had given me, I had to fight not to believe his words." Wake stepped out onto an impressive stone patio. It was flanked by a low limestone wall with hewn oak beams creating a pergola. The view of Cauldron Lake was magnificent. Almost magical **[Fig 4.2]**.

Hartman was trying to talk Alan into acceptance of his theory. Wake was letting Hartman's words drift in one ear and out the other. They continued around the lavish walkway, turning the corner at the collection of Adirondack chairs.

Hartman showed no signs of letting up his diatribe, as a light breeze whipped about the tall fir trees Wake was walking past. The psychiatrist moved onto the large, semicircular platform overlooking Cauldron Lake. Wake had already checked the door on the right. It was locked. So he followed Hartman out onto the stone platform. A protruding iron spike, about five feet tall, was poking out from the center of a huge sundial. Could he skewer Hartman on it? The shadow showed it was 11 o'clock. There was an inscription at the front of the dial. Wake bent down to read it.

Around the side of the sundial, Wake read a second inscription, set into the structure itself. It read "Cauldron Lake Lodge 1972. In Tenebras Cadere." Wake didn't know Latin. So why did he know the phrase meant "To fall into darkness"? He felt uneasy. There was even less reason to trust Hartman. But he needed to play along. He moved to the ledge of the platform. Hartman let out a long sigh:

"I never get tired of this view! Very inspiring, isn't it?"

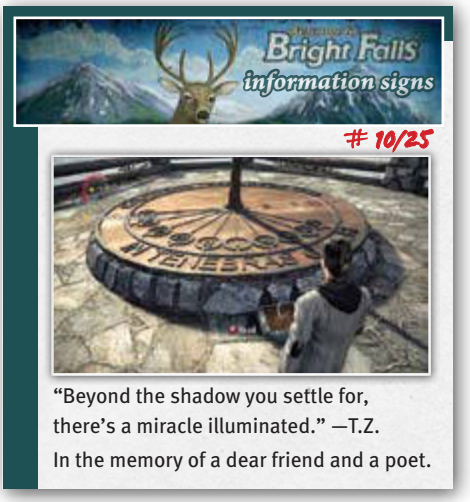


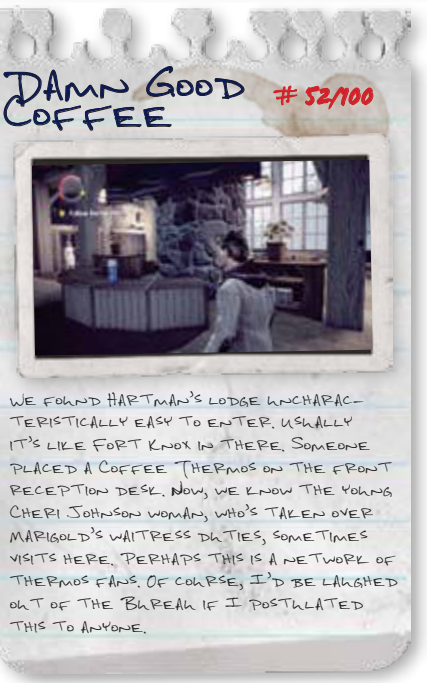
[Fig 4.3]

Wake thought to himself: **"Cauldron Lake spread below us. I could see Mirror Peak on the other side of the lake. I thought I could make out the spot where Diver's Isle had been when I arrived with Alice. Now there was nothing but waves."**

There was a distant rumble of thunder. Hartman looked across at the sky, which was beginning to brood, and expressed surprise at the coming storm. Hartman turned, and walked toward the spectacular wall of windows and sharp gable roof; the magnificence of the Cauldron Lake Lodge couldn't be understated. Wake thought he spotted something gleaming behind the glass, three stories up **[Fig 4.3]**: **"This way, follow me."**

"Alan, what I'm telling you is good news. Right now we're in control. Every time you have a relapse, it gets more and more difficult to resurface from the dark depths of your imagination; not surprising, considering your profession. Imagination is what you work with. After all your nightmares, this should come as an immense relief to you. If it doesn't, why is that? Because I'm lying, or because you don't want to admit that you're not well?" Hartman wouldn't stop, either talking or walking. Wake followed him up the stairs to the lodge's great room. The words becoming more predictable, just repetitions of a theme that Alan had already rejected.





Along the way, Wake was finally beginning to shut Hartman out: **"I let him talk. Hartman obviously loved his own voice. His words echoed madly inside my head. I dug my nails into the palms of my hands to stay focused."**



[Fig 4.4]

The great room inside the lodge was an impressive, two-story cathedral of rough-hewn beams of wood and iron. The silence in the room was punctuated by distant tittering and

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low murmuring from a thin man in a defensive posture near one of the large couches **[Fig 4.4]**. Hartman stopped and gestured toward a double-door with a nurse standing in front of it, and a sculpted metal raven's head above it. **"Here's the entrance to the office wing. That's for staff only."** Wake had clocked the large bison head above the fireplace, as well as the various deer heads and mounted big cats stuck in decapitated and suspended animation around the walls of the chamber. **"You were impressed by my trophies when you first arrived here. I do love to hunt. The great outdoors, man versus nature, it's wonderful stuff!"**

Wake agreed, without really agreeing. Or listening. Wake decided to hold off on exploring the lodge until he'd followed Hartman and knew where he was. Plus, he'd get to meet some of the other patients, including the gibbering fool behind the sofa.

A thin man with an ironic hipster video game T-shirt on under his mechanic's shirt was busy posing in what passed for a karate stance in front of them both. He stopped mumbling and laughing, and laid out some verbal put-downs. Wake was more frightened of the lamp lady back at the Oh Deer Diner than this imbecile.

The man received a curt dressing down from Hartman: **"Please, Emerson, Mr. Wake is confused enough as it is."**

"Yeah, you'd like me to go away so you won't be scared. But you can't just decide what kind of dream you have or when you have it!" Wake smirked internally but was actually surprised. That last sentence kind of made sense. Hartman snapped and the fidgeting Emerson quieted down, as if remembering the consequences of acting out of turn.

"That's Emerson. We're actually making some progress with him, I'm happy to say. He works on…video games." Hartman could hardly hide the disdain in his voice: **"It's trash, of course. But it does involve some small creative effort, which makes him receptive to my therapeutic methods."**



[Fig 4.5]

Wake was only too happy to follow Hartman after a few more words. He was wincing at the screeching coming out of the older lady in the sundress. Wake was surprised as she switched from *The Blue Danube Waltz* to Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*. She then stopped, sitting quietly, dumb as a bag of hammers **[Fig 4.5]**.

Hartman had beckoned Wake to follow him through the double doors, into the other wing of the lodge; the entrance with the wrought-iron wildcat atop the lintel. The orderly, who Wake later discovered was called Birch, followed him like an obedient guard dog. Wake decided this was as good a time as any to investigate as much of the lodge as he could. To the right of the wildcat doorway was a bookcase, and a locked door with a sign labeled "STAFF" on it. Moving around to the front desk, Wake passed a built-in cabinet to the side with a pot of sunflowers on it. Sunflowers…again. Wake found something much more recognizable on the reception desk counter itself: a Coffee Thermos.

The foyer seemed welcoming, with a real "Pacific Northwest" vibe to it. This would be a great hotel to become the caretaker of during a severe winter, typing away while the wife and gifted young scamp of a son slowly drive you mad. Wake stopped and read the "blurb" on Hartman's poster. He headed back past the sundress woman, and out onto the expansive deck. Wake had remembered Hartman saying: **"Now, out working on the balcony is Rudolf Lane, a very talented painter. He's making great progress."** He spotted an older, balding man happily painting away as the storm clouds gathered in the distance.

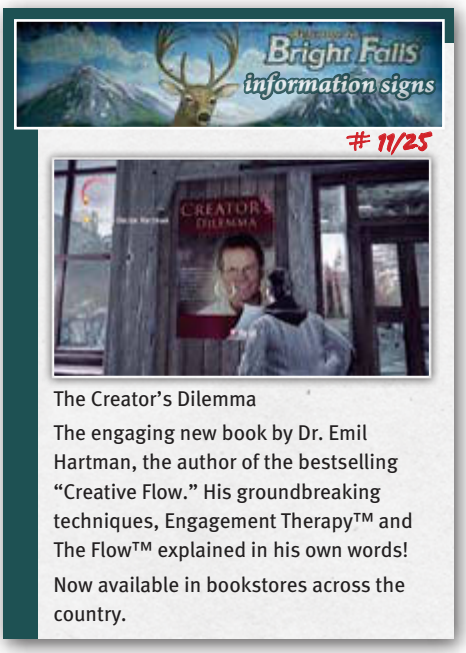
Wake sidled up to the man **[Fig 4.6]**, who exhaled, and then recognized Wake. He seemed happy to see him: **"Oh, hello! I've painted you! I was just struck by inspiration a couple of days ago."** This must be Lane, the artist. He claimed that Hartman wanted him painting landscapes, but the portraits of Wake had kept coming. Apparently Lane had done several and Doctor Hartman kept them in his office.

There was something unnerving about the painting. Something not quite right. Lane seemed eager to please Hartman. If the painter had a tail, he'd have been wagging it. Then he stopped, and looked out onto the lake. Right after Lane remarked on the storm, as if on cue, another bout of thunder rumbled across the caldera. Wake spotted



[Fig 4.6]

a couple of leather-clad reprobates sitting in a recreation room behind the bank of windows. It was Tor and Odin. Wake was happy to see them, but the nearby door was locked. Wake returned, instead, to the great room.





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[Fig 4.7]

Wake was about to follow Doctor Hartman into the recreation room, when he remembered he hadn't checked upstairs yet. Passing the inscrutable nurse, Sinclair, Wake ascended the stairs, passing a large stuffed owl on the way (another familiar image he'd seen somewhere before). The double doors were firmly shut. Wake spotted some equipment up ahead: **"Hartman had mentioned that the power had been acting up. Maybe that was the reason for the generator and the work light on the balcony. The generator hadn't been activated, and there was no key."**

Wake crossed into a mezzanine area. The top of the river rock fireplace stretched up into the roof gables, with an older, 1980s television attached to it, facing a small sitting area. Wake closely inspected the wall hangings **[Fig 4.7]**. They looked medieval, and featured a knight on a horse, triumphing over the night. Between them, Wake saw a small, white square of dots. It was similar to the one from his initial dream, a digital code of some kind. Now where was his phone...? He'd misplaced it, it seemed. Checking the other balcony on the right side of the mezzanine, Wake saw the object he'd spotted from the sundial balcony: another Coffee Thermos.



[Fig 4.8]

Wake headed downstairs, and opened the door with the wildcat in iron above it that Hartman had stepped through, and passed Birch the gorilla in the corridor. Hartman was waiting patiently for Wake, and informed him of his actions. Actions he'd had no prior memory of, such as writing. He stopped, and gazed at the framed poster to his right. It appeared to contain the basic tenets of the lodge. Why then, did it read like the orders from a cult leader? The door at the far end was firmly locked, so he couldn't watch TV. So it was back to listening to Hartman in the recreation room **[Fig 4.8]**. Again.

Passing two grizzly bears and a gorilla, Wake entered the recreation room. Hartman watched the Anderson brothers attempt to learn the *Night Springs* board game. Tor had brought in a game-changing strategy: one of a collection of hammers he'd named Mjöllnir after the weapon of the deity he was named after. They were deep in conversation as Wake stepped in. The brothers were excited about the storm, wishing it would scrape the area clean. This seemed to set Hartman off.

"And these two are the Anderson brothers, Odin and Tor." Hartman's displeasure with them was palpable as he explained their history as heavy metal, Norse god inspired rockers who had retired onto a nearby farm and were lately succumbing to dementia.

Wake listened **[Fig 4.9]**, almost interested in what Hartman now had to say. The thunder interrupted the doctor, who went to check on the power. He left the room, but not before telling Alan he should return to his room and try to write. Which just set Wake's teeth on edge and made him wish an accident would befall the patronizing psychiatrist.

Activity: Return to my room

Tor was feeling the same way: **"I'd like to bash his head in with a hammer."**

"Oh, he'd love to fish out our secrets, but he has no clue. He's not crazy enough, not crazy like us, sonny." Odin pointed to his liver-spotted, veiny cranium, and tapped it enthusiastically.

Crazy grandpa Odin continued, ironically starting to make a lot of sense. **"Being crazy's a requirement, sonny. Who else could understand the world when it's like this? It takes crazy to know crazy."**

"That's the sanest thing I've heard in a while." Wake said. He meant it. A moment later, he was struck on the shoulder by plastic Mjöllnir. It was a playful tap from Tor: **"Ha ha ha! Zane! You're all right, Tom. Hey, we like him, don't we bro? He's gotta go to the farm."**

"The Anderson Farm! Valhalla!" Tor accompanied this flourish with the obligatory devil-horns hand gesture.

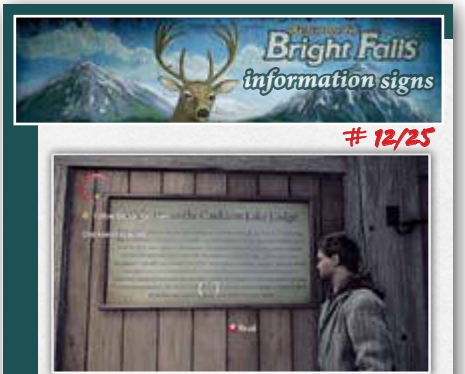
"We wrote it all down lest we'd forget. A crash course. All you need to know to get your head right. You need to find the message."

"Here, sonny, here's something for you. Gave me a rash. But I kept it safe from these bastards." Odin handed Wake a piece of typing paper. Wake didn't ask where it had been, but the particular way it was creased, and...stained, left him in no doubt. Wake had been given a Manuscript Page.

"My vision was clearing up. Or



[Fig 4.9]



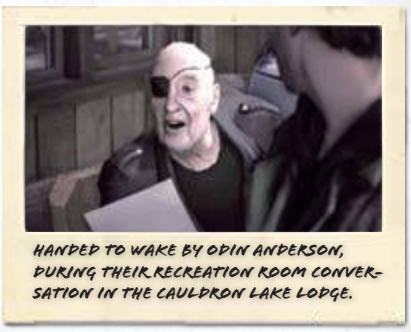
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Departure. # 62/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Thomas Zane's Writing and Assistant

Zane could feel the poems, taking form, shaping things. As he experimented, he imagined he could almost feel the power surging through the keys of the typewriter.
It exhilarated him, but there was fear, too. If not for his young assistant, Emil, he would have given it up.
But Emil convinced him otherwise. He, too, had a way with words.



HANDED TO WAKE BY ODIN ANDERSON, DURING THEIR RECREATION ROOM CONVERSATION IN THE CAULDRON LAKE LODGE.

. . . . . .

according to Hartman, I was sinking back into the fantasy. I was convinced he was lying to me. About everything. Crazy or not, the Andersons made more sense." Wake stood around. It didn't take long for the Anderson brothers to set off down insane avenue once more:

"Tom, you got any booze on you?" Tor asked.

"Yeah, uh…no. Sorry, guys." Wake stammered.

Odin responded: **"We have a stash of the special stuff at the farm. Our own formula. Local ingredients. Medicine. Clears your head right up…makes you remember, like…moonbeams, on the brain…"**

Over the next few minutes, Tor and Odin spilled a lot of beans, traded jibes, and finally quieted down, exhausted with all that talking. And remembering...

"Ohh, I just noticed. Leather patches on the elbows? That's not very rock and roll."

"Tom's just lost, is all. Baba Yaga got to him too, the damn witch!"

"She used us all, taken from all of us. Took my thunder, the witch."

"And my ravens, what was…what were they? Memory and Thought! The hag."

"She took something from you too, didn't she? That's what she does."

"Oh, we're better off. This place, the lake, it gives you power. If you're a creator.… An artist, a god!"

"Nightmares shifted in their sleep in the darkness of the lake…"

"Heh heh, yeah, that's the one. She makes sure it comes out twisted and wrong. Just ask the Lamp Lady. She knows what happened to that other writer."

"She's been using you, boy. And you let her. You went and opened the door for her, didn't you?"

"Now now, it was already open a crack. And whose fault is that? We're morally corrupt, disease-ridden, old, and stupid."

"Doesn't mean he had to open it all the way, goddammit!"

"Ahh, pfah."

"So tired…built the farm close to the lake. A place of power."

"We had parties there, man. You…you should go there and have a party."

"Fat Bob Balder threw the amp through the window. Hit that hippie chick in the back of the head. Fifteen stitches and a concussion. Bob's dead now. Leukemia."

"Stitches, snitches, and narcs, man…bad scene."

"I'm tired, man. So tired."

As the Andersons settled down Wake left the



[Fig 4.10]

recreation room, and headed back to the great room **[Fig 4.10]**. Emerson started babbling the moment Wake entered the room, and didn't stop, reliving the mind-snapping stress he'd been under that led to his incarceration. Or as the publisher had phrased it during the *Kotaku* interview; **"an extended vacation thanks to the negotiated bonus monies settlement, prior to termination."**

"My nightmare is the publisher people who wanna make a contribution so they can say they made a contribution, and then we end up with mullets in there because they think mullets are funny! But it wasn't supposed to be about mullets, and now it's about mullets, and when it's in slow motion they call it "mullet time" because the numbers came back from marketing that "mullet time" is the hook we needed to go big in the target demographic. And they're not even kidding! They say it all like serial killers, with straight faces and smiles.

My nightmare is the writers who want to make everything from the characters to the toasters talk talk talk all the time and express their feelings so they won't shut up and the writers won't shut up either because they have feelings too, and I have to listen to them because they're not scared of me, and everyone should just shut up. Shut up. Shut up! But I don't see nightmares anymore because I'm too scary for them. I take two pills every morning, and one with every meal, and four when I go to bed, and that makes me the scariest nightmare of all."

. . . . . .

TELLY TIMES

9 SEPTEMBER, 2004 # 9/14



Episode 6: The writer clashes over more than content control with his editor. Now showing on the mezzanine floor of the Cauldron Lake Lodge.

8:10 pm
Writer in the Cabin

"Something's wrong. I'm not myself. It's hard to think. There's a shadow inside my head. I can only focus on writing, everything else is a blur. I'm trapped in this cabin, have been for days, but it's always dark outside. My editor is real, I saw her again. She's not human. It's not human. A Dark Presence is wearing the old woman's face. She was covered in clinging shadows. There's a hole in her chest where her heart should be.

I think I've made a horrible mistake. I don't think I'm any closer to saving Alice. It's been lying to me, using me to get the story it wants. And the story will come true."

9.0 Nine O'Clock News
with Tom Rivers; Weatherman

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[Fig 4.11]

Wake had no idea that the life of a video game developer was so tough, or that the emotions of a video game developer were so delicate. He was happy to step away, toward the gorilla and his nurse friend. Birch gave Wake a recommendation to go try writing, and seemed prepared to back it up with fists. Wake wasn't taking orders from the monkey. Hell, he didn't even trust the organ grinder. So he checked the front doors, planning a possible escape.

"The doors were locked. Hartman and the nurses would have keys, but there was no way to get my hands on them." Wake tried the doors back to the ground floor "raven" wing of the lodge. They were closed, too. **"Hartman wanted me to write. I knew I couldn't, but I figured I should just play along for now. It was the only thing I could do with Nurse Birch watching me like a hawk."** As Wake climbed the steps marked "Patient Rooms," he heard Nurse Sinclair murmur to Birch: **"I may need a hand here later on, Birch. The storm's bound to make you know who jumpy. You know how they get."** Reluctantly, Wake scaled the stairs up to the mezzanine again **[Fig 4.11]**. The only difference this time was the television show playing. Wake settled down to watch episode six of *Writer in the Cabin*.

After staring at his own freak-out, Wake was suitably unnerved. He found the upper floor raven wing, and headed back to Room 1. He moved toward his typewriter...

Part 2: Terror at Cauldron Lake Lodge

Activity Log

- Investigate Racket
- Get the office wing keys
- Go to Hartman's office
- Save Barry
- Go to Hartman's office (again)
- Escape the clinic
- Turn on the generator
- Escape the clinic (again)

"The white glare of the blank page in front of me hurt my eyes. My hands began to shake uncontrollably." Wake's cracked visions were interrupted by the sounds of clattering and glass breaking. Birch, who'd been at Wake's door, turned and listened. They both heard whoops and hollers: **"Yes! We're Old Gods of Asgard! Do it!"**

Activity: Investigate Racket

The Andersons were on a tear. Nurse Sinclair tried to shout them down but soon realized she needed Birch's help. The gorilla motioned at Alan to stay put and left to intercept the Anderson brothers.

The old boys were raucously singing lyrics to one of their anthems. **"I didn't know what the chaos was all about, but it could be my only chance of getting out of here."**

"Where the hell did he get a damn hammer?!" Birch yelled from downstairs. The shouted exclamations told a tale that seemed familiar. Alan had an idea where it would end and was glad to make a break for freedom. He was on the landing when he heard Odin make a prophetic report: **"Well, things are unraveling fast, aren't they? Ha ha ha!"**

Activity: Get the office wing keys

Wake ran to the mezzanine, and stopped. Incredibly, a piece of paper was sitting atop the stairs. It hadn't been there moments earlier. Wake took the Manuscript Page. Hartman was lying. The page proved it! He looked across the entrance foyer. Tor and Odin were standing by the staff room door, over the body of Sinclair **[Fig 4.12]**. They'd locked Birch in. Wake looked down at Sinclair's body, slumped against the overturned cabinet. He spotted a large ring of keys: **"I could get the key to the office wing from Sinclair."** Tor turned to Wake: **"The backstage is all yours, Tom! Seize your destiny!"**

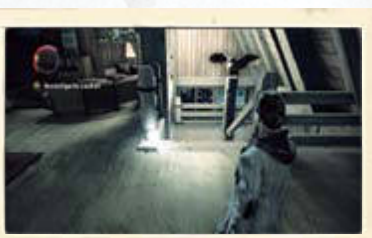
Activity: Go to Hartman's office

Departure. # 63/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Barry in the Lodge

Hartman kept talking, giving Barry the grand tour, clearly proud of the place. He went on and on about his hunting trophies, and Barry was impressed, but he was here on business. He raised his voice, cut through the monologue.
"Hey, Hartman? Where's Al?"
Hartman stopped in mid-sentence, annoyed at the interruption. He nodded at the hulking orderly standing nearby. The man smiled and clapped a practiced hand on Barry's shoulder.



AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, ON THE MEZZANINE LEVEL, FOUND ONCE THE COMMOTION STARTS IN THE CAULDRON LAKE LODGE.



[Fig 4.12]

"I had to get to Hartman's office. He had taken all my Manuscript Pages. That's where he'd be keeping them." Tor and Odin continued to taunt Birch, who could be seen holed up behind the staff room door:

Wake moved to the office wing, and unlocked the door below the iron raven. Behind him, the Andersons were breaking into lyrics from their hit: **"Children of the Elder God, scourge of light upon the dark!"**

"I wish I had my axe!" Odin moaned. Wake hoped he was talking about a guitar. Then they were off singing again: **"Oh, Memory and thought! Jet black and clawed!"**

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Photolog: The Hartman Collection: A selection of artwork scattered around Hartman's office, which the doctor seems to be overly excited about. These are dark, strange forms that Lane has been painting nonstop, almost automatically. Photos courtesy of Sheriff Sarah Breaker.

Departure. # 69/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Mott Fails Hartman

Hartman wasn't happy. Mott could see it in his eyes. He quickly lowered his own; he'd made a mess of it, and he knew it. The shame of failure was hard to bear. He hadn't expected Wake to say he needed more time, and he'd blurted out "two days," less than Wake had asked for, to show him who was in charge. But that wasn't part of Hartman's plan.



FOUND ON A TABLE IN HARTMAN'S INTERVIEW ROOM, WHERE LANE'S PAINTING ARE STORED, IN THE CAULDRON LAKE LODGE.



[Fig 4.13]

On the other side of the door, a large photograph of Hartman was hanging on the right side wall **[Fig 4.13]**: **"The photo on the wall caught my attention. In it, the clinic staff was standing outside the lodge. I knew the man next to Hartman. He was the 'kidnapper.' Hartman had been playing me all along."**

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Filled with righteous fury, Wake saw two doors to investigate. Muffled sounds were coming out of the far right door. Actually, it sounded a little like Barry. But to ensure a thorough search, Wake entered the door on the left. This was one of Hartman's offices. He was bound to discover something useful in here.

Activity: Save Barry

Lane had been busy. Wake was picking up links between last names: Lane, for example, was a conduit for something; that much was clear from the collection of frightening paintings. Wake began to view the art. There were human figures enveloped in black smoke. Some kind of wolf? A Manuscript Page? Yes. He could still hear Barry in the next room. That guy had a pair of lungs on him. Over on the main table was a map of the area, and another strange picture of a wolf. There were human figures, a banshee figure, ravens, and the face of someone he thought he recognized. But Lane's painting skill wasn't the only revelation here.



[Fig 4.14]

Tapes of Hartman's patient sessions caught his eye. Especially the one with Alice's name. Wake hadn't seen a reel-to-reel tape since he'd cleaned out his uncle's attic. He pressed 'play' on the machine, and couldn't believe it when he heard his wife's voice **[Fig 4.14]**.

She was talking to that smugh bastard Harman. Alice had come to him for help. Help for her husband. She sounded so unhappy, trapped. It answered the question of why she had pushed for this trip, but the necessity for it was a surprise to Wake. No, that wasn't true. He knew all of it, but had been too goddamn selfish to face it. Wake had thought his writer's block was his problem, to be faced alone. Alice had known better. The conversation ended.

"Hearing her voice, what she was saying, made me happy, and sick, and guilty, all at once. Worst of all, I recognized the words. The phone call from her, it'd been a cut-up of this, just a recording."

The tape hadn't yet finished. Wake hung around to listen to the next conversation:

"Rudolf Lane's case is interesting. He was completely blocked, and frankly, I was about to discard him as useless. However, once Wake arrived and started writing, something changed in Rudolf! He's producing extraordinary work, increasingly dark pieces. Unfortunately, he doesn't respond to direction at all, and it's my belief that he's not so much a creator as an…illustrator, perhaps, a recorder of sorts. I hadn't considered the existence of such a role before, let alone its implications, but the paintings he has produced are informative. At least he's easily controlled and useful. I wish I could say the same about Wake. It's frustrating that the best subjects are always so damned difficult to deal with."

Pieces were clicking into place. Hartman was using artists for unknown, and obviously nefarious means. Hartman's **Medical Opinions** meant nothing. Barry had quieted. But there was one final recording on the tape, which began halfway through an argument with Agent Nightingale. Wake didn't know who to root for. In the end it was darkly satisfying to have the FBI man stopped cold with such efficient ease. Hartman was lucky Nightingale hadn't just shot him, the doctor had done more to anger him than Wake ever had. Which made Alan wonder why the lawman was so keen on gunning him down.

The tape clicked off. This room had given out all of its secrets. Back in the corridor, Wake produced Nurse Sinclair's key ring, and quickly opened the locked door.

Wheeler peered out from behind…a full-size cardboard cut-out of Wake **[Fig 4.15]**. **"Al! About time."** Barry spluttered, indignantly. Wake was beginning to wonder why Barry was so attached to that standee. Perhaps it represented something in his psyche. A watcher.

"Barry! Man, am I glad to see you," Wake replied, with feeling. **"We need to get to Hartman's office."**

Wheeler pointed to the side door in the storage room they were in: **"It's right next door."**

Activity: Go to Hartman's office (again)



[Fig 4.15]

Wheeler gave his shpiel, recounting his adventures of threatening litigation, giving Wake time to check the room. He took the Coffee Thermos from the window sill. **"Speaking of asses,"** Barry continued, **"that Fed gave me a real hard time, but I had no clue where you were. That guy's crazy, Al! But he let me go, and then I get a call from Hartman, that son of a bitch, who tells me you're here and I should come pick you up, but when I got here, two goons clobbered me and stuck me in there."**

That was all well and good. But Wake had a more important concern: **"What's…what's with the cutout?"**

"I stole it from the diner to piss off Rose after what she did to us. That'll teach her." Wake smiled. He hoped Rose was getting better.

"Yeah, that's a harsh punishment. C'mon, pal, we gotta get going." Wake moved to the locked side door to Hartman's office, and produced Sinclair's keys once more.

Wake and Wheeler stepped into Hartman's book-lined office. There was wood everywhere, as expected. But there was paper on the table, too, along with a revolver. Wake marched over to the table, and flipped through the manuscript stack: **"These are all the pages I had on me. And more!"** Wake couldn't believe it. He stuffed a Manuscript Page into his pocket. Hartman was a devious son-of-a-bitch. Wheeler turned to see the man himself walking in. A cocked revolver pointed to Hartman's face finally silenced this silver-tongued devil.

"Tell me one more lie and I'll shoot you in the face." Wake's anger was burning through his veins. The jig was most definitely up. He tried to plead but Wake wasn't having any of it. He sent Barry out to find a car, leaving Alan alone with the good doctor.

Hartman's eyes showed the first signs of panic: **"Wake, listen to me. This is a mistake. Don't you see? Together we can create something absolutely wonderful,**

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DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 54/100



THE WINDOW CLEANER WAS HARD AT IT WHEN I ARRIVED. SAID THERE WAS SOME WEIRD OIL ALL ALONG THE SILLS. PERHAPS THE WOOD HAD A REACTION TO THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS DURING THE CRAZY STORM THEY TOLD ME ABOUT? ANYWAY, THERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE DAMN THERMOSES ON THE WINDOWSILL OF THE STOREROOM, NEXT TO HARTMAN'S RANSACKED OFFICE.

Departure. # 64/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Hartman Watches Wake Fall

Hartman followed the fall of Alan Wake with his binoculars. When the writer hit the water, he ordered Jack to take the boat to him.

The spot was easy to see in the dark even with all the extra lights in the boat. The flare floated and kept burning even in the water.

Jack turned the radio louder as the engine sputtered. The music was rough and clanking, something the Anderson brothers would no doubt have enjoyed, but Hartman chose to ignore it. Wake was finally within his reach.



ON TOP OF THE STACK OF MANUSCRIPT PAGES INSIDE HARTMAN'S OFFICE, IN THE CAULDRON LAKE LODGE.

with your ability and my…" The office darkened. One of Hartman's bookcases shifted slightly, then fell forward, blocking the door Barry had exited from. The howling had started again. Wake pushed past Hartman, as the room began to writhe with black smoke. He slammed the door, holding it from the other side.

Hartman rushed to the door, too late. A mass of black mist enveloped him and silenced his screams. Wake smiled as he left the office.

Activity: Escape the clinic

The building was rocking. One look at the window told Wake something truly impossible was happening to the lodge. Thick, greasy black ooze was coating the windows; sometimes smoke, and sometimes gelatinous, but always horrific. **"The Dark Presence would be on me in a moment. I had to find a way out." Wake drew his revolver. Six shots and no flashlight. He was in a dire situation. When he stepped out into the main corridor, it got a whole lot worse.**



[Fig 4.16]

The Dark Presence was manifesting everywhere. A simple touch was enough to badly wound Wake. The nearby doors were cursed. Alan ran down the corridor, toward the great room. At the door, Wake wrestled with the lock, as the darkness gradually crept along the corridor behind him. Tapping the key into the correct part of the lock, Wake opened the doors, and fell into the great room **[Fig 4.16]**.

Activity: Turn on the generator

Over to his right, the foyer was a carrousel of floating furniture, floating and flickering in and out of existence. Rather than face deadly blows, Alan edged into the great room, around the fireplace, where only a few poltergeist objects were rattling across the chamber. There was hope: the windows were not yet covered, and Wake needed to flee to the other wing; it was the only safe way out. His plan was thwarted as he ran for wildcat doors on the ground floor. A pair of rattling bookcases slammed in to block Wake's path: **"I needed light to get the possessed bookshelves out of my way." Wake took the steps up two at a time.**



[Fig 4.17]

By now, the entire great room was awash with dark energy, sofas, chairs, side tables, and other flotsam caught in the gigantic poltergeist presence. Running to the generator on the balcony, Wake was lucky to have Sinclair's key chain. One of the keys fitted the lock, and Wake started it. Fortunately, the light was pointing down at the bookcases, although the light burned through the whirlpool of furniture first **[Fig 4.17]**, before the generator needed restarting. It was only after the second start that the floodlight's power could sear apart the bookshelves. Judging by the hissing and squeals of inhuman anguish, Wake had succeeded.

Activity: Escape the clinic (again)



[Fig 4.18]

He dashed back downstairs, wasting no time as the black ooze was already filtering in from the patients' wing. Wake hurried through the doors. Two more bookcases slammed together, creating a deadly barrier. This forced Wake through the open door to the left, into a storage room. As the supplies clattered to the floor, Wake managed to find a single flare on a wooden crate. He took it and ran into the recreation room. The furniture slammed into the ceiling. The exit was blocked by two carved bears, now coated in darkness **[Fig 4.18]**. Wake dropped the flare at the bears' feet. They shuddered and sang until the flare spluttered out. Wake returned to the storage room, to find another flare. He thought he'd already taken it. But no matter; when he waved this flare in the faces of the bears, they disintegrated.

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[Fig 4.19]

Through the gap the bears had left, a wall of black was encroaching quickly from the right, forcing Wake into a small withdrawing room. Wake had time to swipe a Manuscript Page from the chair arm near the exit door. This was the least feasible opportunity to watch a couple of adverts on the **boob tube**, but he turned the television on anyway **[Fig 4.19]**. He quickly pushed open the double doors leading to the corridor, then stepped through the broken glass from the shattered ceiling light.



[Fig 4.20]

In the corridor, the ceiling lamps blinked out, one by one. Wake quickly ducked into a sofa-lined alcove. The building was trembling. Wake fled down the corridor, to the double doors at the far end. They were locked too.

Alan watched in horror as an ornate iron ball chandelier detached itself and dropped to the floor. The ball rose in a simmering rage of dark smoke and ethereal mist.

The first attack smashed the glass out of the doors Wake was standing near. He backed away and the ball slammed itself into the doors **[Fig 4.20]**. They began to bow outward, as the wooden frames cracked. The third strike took the right door out completely, and left the other dangling off its hinges like a broken arm. Wake just managed to Sprint past, around the ball as it built up the energy to attack again. Only after he dodged did he realize the ball was targeting him.



[Fig 4.21]

Alan frantically raced about the small lobby, but all the exterior doors were locked tight. A full-forced strike from this poltergeist would cripple him. Looking outside, Wake realized he could turn this dark power to his advantage, but he'd have to be nimble. Wake ran to the opposite end of the room, to the single door and poster for Hartman's book. Just before the ball hit him, he dodged out of the way **[Fig 4.21]**. The ball stalled for a moment, giving Wake time to Sprint and stand in front of the double doors leading outside. The ball flew at Wake, who sidestepped at the last moment.

Departure. # 65/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Hartman's Mission

Hartman knew he was no creator. He had no ambitions on that front, and he certainly didn't want to end up like every artist he had worked with here: damaged in ways that were hard to describe, or worse.
It was enough for Hartman to maintain creative control and provide direction. To be a "producer." That was what most of these people were in need of, anyway.
Of course, suitable subjects were few and far between.



IN THE SMALL WITHDRAWING ROOM, NEAR THE TELEVISION, ACCESSIBLE ONLY DURING THE ESCAPE FROM THE CAULDRON LAKE LODGE.

The extra distance the ball had to travel allowed Wake to line up the ball's own attack against the exterior doors more accurately. The ball crashed into the doors. They cracked apart. Wake had an escape route.

Part 3: Horror in the Horticultural Gardens

Activity Log

- Meet Barry
- Grab the Flashlight from Barry
- Proceed through the garden
- Survive the Taken assault



[Fig 4.22]

Activity: Meet Barry

Wake tumbled out of the clinic's ruptured double doors. Out on the flagstone pavement, Wake heard yelling to his left. It was Barry; he'd managed to get to the main gates.

He stepped down onto the circular driveway **[Fig 4.22]**, tidy, exquisitely maintained, with a turnaround area in front of the main entrance consisting of a rather fine modern-art sculpture that now, in the gloom and with the Dark Presence at his back, looked a lot more like some kind of pagan ritual site, complete with four iron obelisks surrounding a central ball caught by inky black tendrils. Was the globe a representation of the earth? No, it was more of a jar. Perhaps the sane mind spilling out? And the tentacles?

Wake read the inscription at the foot of the sculpture: "Suspended." Lauren Miller, 1989. As if on cue, lightning flashed across the driveway; he could see the wind buffeting the Japanese maple lining the garden. Barry's face was getting as red as his jacket, yelling for him to get to the gate. With none of the doors surrounding him accessible, Wake checked the stone walkway adjacent to the lodge building, and found a Coffee Thermos by a locked gate. Satisfied that the area had yielded all its secrets, Wake moved to the main gate.

Activity: Grab the Flashlight from Barry

Barry was yabbering away before he even got there: **"I found the car, but the gate's locked. You're going to have to go through the hedge maze, over there!"**

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"Barry, I don't have a light!" Wake shouted back, through the bars.

"Take this, Al!" Grabbing the flashlight, Wake watched Barry's face drain of all color; no mean feat considering his sky-high blood pressure.

"Oh God! Look at the house, Al! Look out!" Wake spun round. Impossibly, Hartman's lodge seemed to be alive with dark matter. Shards of light tried to break through from the central gabled entrance. The roar of the Dark Presence intensified.

The Hartman clinic had been Taken.

A section of one of the four obelisks detached itself and narrowly missed braining Wake. Pointing a focused flashlight at the possessed matter, Wake sidestepped the rolling, clattering foe, using the wrought iron benches to take the impact, and shone his light on the obelisk until it bled away. There were three other obelisks detaching themselves, one at a time, for Wake to face. It wasn't necessary to exorcise them all, but Wake felt better doing it using cover and doding to stay safe. Next, he ran down the garden path, to the gates, beyond which there was light.

Activity: Proceed through the garden



[Fig 4.23]

The gates rattled. They had become vessels for the Dark Presence. Wake boosted the beam **[Fig 4.23]**, and the first gate flapped and screamed in protest, before shattering. The same fate befell the other gate. Wake stepped through, down the steps toward the potting shed. Barry shouted an unecessary alarm.

The floodlight attached to the log pole seemed sturdy, and the shed contained some batteries and flares on a table. With a full chamber of bullets in his revolver, Wake felt somewhat safe. But sight of the hedge maze over the roar of the house and the sheet lightning didn't help. He checked for any available exits. The only one was the black iron archway gate, leading into a maze of pruned conifers. Wake pushed the gate open, and entered the maze. As Wake rounded the first corner (he'd checked to the left, but there was only a dead end), he could make out Barry giving away his location by stating the glaringly obvious.



[Fig 4.24]

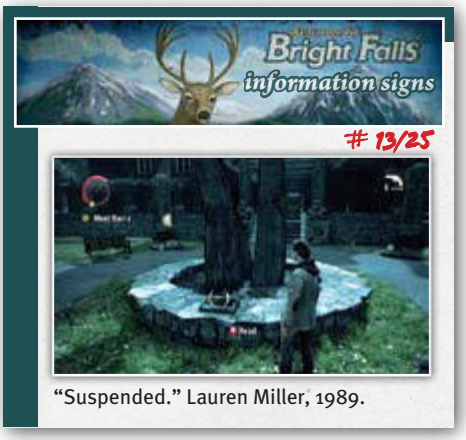
Wheeler was a real asset to have, but occasionally a massive liability. This was one of *those* times. Up ahead lay the scattered remains of a gardener's storage table and wheelbarrow. There was ammunition carelessly left on the table. "Right at the upturned wheelbarrow," Wake committed to memory. It was at times like this that Wake wished he had a map to peer at.

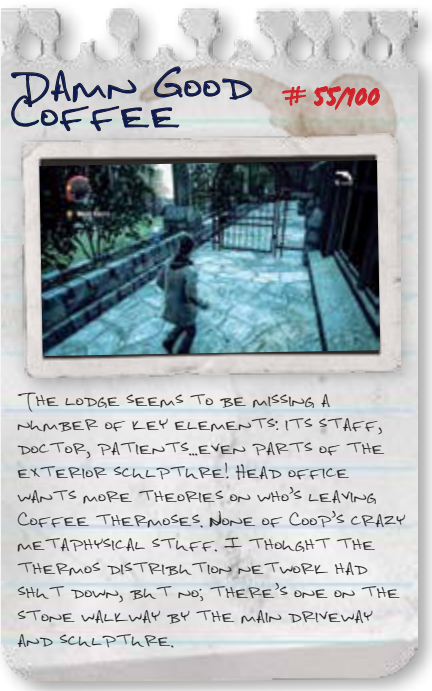
Turning right by the two benches with the bird bath, Wake backpedaled at the sight of a maintenance man lugging a monkey wrench, taking a swing at him **[Fig 4.24]**. He was soon joined by a jogger armed with a hand sickle. Careful focusing of the flashlight and cranium-aiming with the firearm delivered them back to the ether. At the junction with the benches, Wake took the batteries on the left bench, but ignored the path to the left, instead heading right, to a T-junction. Turning right here, Wake's progress was halted at a dead end. However, the maze had other secrets to find; written on a rock partially covered by bracken were the words "DON'T TRUST EMIL." If the graffiti artist (who Wake had all but confirmed was Cynthia Weaver) meant Emil Hartman, she was bang on the money.

Wake caught sight of a light mist forming outside the maze. But he pressed on, heading along the perimeter hedgerow, and turning left to reach a square-shaped flagstone patio area. Three birds took off as Wake's flashlight glanced over them, sending leaves floating down into Wake's face. At the base of the tree lay a Manuscript Page. Over on one of the benches neatly positioned near a waste bin in each corner lay some bullets.

Wake wanted to yell something nasty back at Wheeler to shut him up, but swallowed it. Moving through the exit opposite, Wake reached another T-junction. Diagonally across, to Wake's left but beyond the hedgerows, was a light. Wake aimed for that, ignoring the dead end to his right, and headed off down the left path.

The wind was kicking up, and the darkness didn't help navigation. Wake whirled around when something growled at him from behind. It was a Taken dressed in the host garb of a clinic maintenance worker, carrying an alarming meat hook. But it was easily dispatched. Around the corner, the path forked again at a trash can. To the right was a short connecting passage flanked by two unlit lamps. That looked promising.







[Fig 4.25]

Reaching the junction, Wake looked to the right; there was a patio with three Taken prowling about, and one was monstrous, clad in a thick gray workman's coat and hard hat, and brandishing a lump hammer. Not wanting to be caught in a dead end, Alan pushed into the patio, using the extra space to circle around and deliver dispatching blows to the beasts **[Fig 4.25]**. It was only after combat that Wake checked the dead end, and spied a Manuscript Page lying on a bench. He took it.

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Departure. # 66/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Wake Sees the Old Gods Stage

I stared at the Viking paraphernalia that littered the area, surrounding an unlikely centerpiece: a full-sized stage, complete with an impressive sound system with all the trimmings, including a dragon. It took a special kind of crazy to build something like this in a remote field.
When the sky split open with a deafening boom and the music started blasting, it felt strangely appropriate.
"Al, be careful! I can see them moving around! They're coming for you!"



AT THE BASE OF THE TREE IN THE SQUARE-SHAPED FLAGSTONE PATIO AREA OF THE GARDEN HEDGE MAZE.

Departure. # 70/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Hartman and the Power Failure

Hartman hurried down the corridor. He had disliked leaving Wake when he was surely at his most susceptible to therapy, but this was not an ordinary storm. Wake had been writing, and he had woken something up in the depths of the lake. Now it was coming for him.
Hartman had naturally prepared for a situation like this. The idiot brothers would keep Wake distracted while Hartman double-checked everything, just to be sure.



ON A BENCH IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN HEDGE MAZE.

Passing the bench and trash can on the patio, Wake followed the path around to the right. After some false starts, Wake managed a couple of left turns, and was heading out of the maze. Then he heard a voice. It was low and seething, speaking through gritted teeth. And quite, quite mad:

GORILLA IN THE MIDST



[Fig 4.26]

"You can have the TV on if you don't fight about the channels. If you can't agree on the channel, we turn it off. We don't want any fighting. It makes people sad."

The orator was hidden until Wake finally exited the maze, pushing open the gate and stopping for a breather under the warmth of the light. He made his way down the stone steps, toward a trail of square paving stones. On the other side of the iron fence was a gazebo. Wake watched the skies above the gazebo; a swarm of birds was gathering. Wake checked a nearby bench for ammunition, and reloaded his revolver. Then he followed the paving stones to the left.

As Wake navigated the hedge and stone-walled pathway out to the gazebo, the growling male voice with the odd cadence boomed across the gardens. Wake squinted as he spotted a figure on the gazebo, a large man carrying a weighty axe **[Fig 4.26]**. It took a moment for Alan to recognize Birch, Hartman's "gorilla."

Felling Birch was another story. Wake's combat was hampered by an unkindness of ravens, dive-bombing the writer as he tried to ward off the advancing madman with the axe. Just before the first bird attack hit, Wake dropped a flare and remained close to the red flickering fire before bolting for the gazebo, grabbing a flare gun from the wooden floor, and dashing back into the open patio. Focusing his attention (and flashlight) on Birch, Wake gradually removed the layers of darkness. It took some deft dodging, but Wake managed to avoid the axe, and circled around Birch, using the iron lampposts to put a bit of distance between the two of them. Birch was struck by a well-placed bullet from Wake's revolver when he started up again:

"Doctor Hartman likes things to be nice. That way we don't have any trouble and I don't have to punish anybody. Stop struggling! We're all friends here. This is just part of the therapy."



[Fig 4.27]

More birds attempted to trouble Wake, but a dropped (or fired) flare saw them off, and the rest of the dark matter from Birch's outer bark **[Fig 4.27]**. But it took a further eight bullets (as well as a frantic reload) to finally drop Hartman's muscle. As Birch's body cremated itself, the fetid swarm of black birds shrank away, into the clouds. Exhausted, nearly used up, Wake pressed on, up and onto the gazebo, finding an emergency box to pick through, and a Coffee Thermos by the potted plants, to add to his ever-expanding collection of beverage warmers.



[Fig 4.28]

Wake cocked the chamber of his revolver, pressing more bullets inside, and clicking it into place. Exiting the gazebo, he set foot on the stone paving steps. Wake was almost halfway around the steps when two more unwanted garden visitors appeared. The largest of the two produced a hammer, Wake backed up slowly, pinpointing the more aggressive Taken with light, and tagged him instead **[Fig 4.28]**. The smaller Taken was an easier kill.

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[Fig 4.29]

Wake then continued up the winding garden path. Up ahead was salvation and sustenance; a safe haven under the iron lamp with the arcing shade. However, of greater interest to Wake was the nearby garden shed **[Fig 4.29]**, a cedar shingle–coated hut with a variety of supplies inside. Fortunately, this wasn't potting compost or empty clay pots; Wake was thrilled to discover a flare gun, shotgun, ammunition, and a Manuscript Page among the spools near the wheelbarrow. Rearmed, Alan pushed open the arched iron gates, and entered the walled garden.

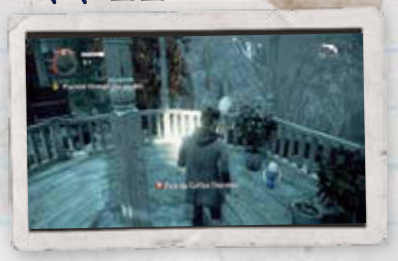


[Fig 4.30]

He entered a much more formal, momentarily empty, section of Hartman's garden. Edging forward, Wake noticed the large, wooden arbors ahead. Cutting through here, a Taken morphing into existence almost took Wake's head off with a hand sickle swipe. Backing up and out of the arbor area, Wake faced down three appearing demons **[Fig 4.30]**. The writer, trained by necessity, used his shotgun to great effect, and silenced these violent spirits.

Wake walked up the once-impressive, and now rather cracked stone steps counting the seconds between flash and thunderclap. The storm was about two miles away and closing. But the wind was picking up, and the trees were doing their ominous "branch dance" again. Checking to the right on the raised stone walkway, Wake found a bench with a flare on it, and a view of the rocky peaks surrounding Hartman's clinic; the high points still had a dusting of snow. He continued along the flagstone path. Ahead was a stone archway under the bridge of an upper walkway above. It was segmented by two curved iron gates, thrashing with darkness.

Damn Good Coffee # 56/100



We got to this one after the storm had washed out most of the evidence; it was in the gazebo. But I have to write this down too, as Coop thinks it might be related. I had a dream last night. It was like the hallucination I had. I looked at myself, and I was gradually turning a weird, transparent color. All bloated. Then water started pouring out of my mouth and I couldn't get it to stop. Weird, right?

Departure. # 68/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Mott in Charge

Mott knew that Wake was smarter than him; Wake had more money, a beautiful wife, everything. And Hartman said Wake was important. That made him better than Mott. But Mott was calling the shots now. He'd expected Wake to whimper and grovel, but instead, he seemed willing to fight. Mott knew he'd gotten under Wake's skin.
If only Mott actually had his wife. The thought made him shiver.



Inside the potting shed on a cloth sack, just before entering the walled garden.

In front, a wheelbarrow rose and flew at Wake, narrowly missing him. The boost of a flashlight soon removed the wheelbarrow, then the iron gate threat. Moving into an identical walkway on the other side of the arch, and passing some potted succulents, Wake was

A Can do Attitude # 7/12



The dark mistress is angry. I'm sure of it. Even Mr. H is sweating bullets. I had time to leave Wake a little gift on the perimeter wall, on the long pergola. I've got to get going now. I have to reach Lovers' Peak before he does.

Departure. # 67/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Barry Attacked by a Taken

For the moment, Barry was just glad he had survived the fall.
He had been separated from Al, and there was no easy way to climb back up.
He told himself he'd be okay, okay in the gloomy forest at night. He would just have to wait a while for Al to find his way down. Barry turned when he heard the heavy footsteps and saw the movement; the man-shaped shadow lunged at him from the bushes, an axe held high.
Barry screamed and threw up his hand. The world exploded.



On the stone walkway, by the can pyramid, just after heading under the pergola bridge.

almost at the steps when he noticed something to his right. There was a Can Pyramid positioned on the perimeter wall. This was circumstantial, but added credence to the idea that Mott and Hartman were working together. Shooting the pyramid and stepping back, Alan realized he'd almost trodden on one of his Manuscript Pages.

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[Fig 4.31]

"Batteries and bullets." Wake murmured the mantra to himself as he spotted the emergency box bathed in the glow of a garden lamp, down between the iron benches. The place was almost a mirror image of the first, but with a small reflecting pool instead of a hedge. In addition, a large set of stone steps bisected the left side of the garden, and catching the light on the end wall was another painted message. It seems Weaver had a lot of seething frustration at Emil. The message read: "EMIL MADE TOM DO IT." Passing the reflecting pool to his left, Wake reloaded just in time to face down three Taken appearing from the bushes in front, and behind. He didn't want to waste shotgun shells on these pitiful damned souls, shooting some with his revolver **[Fig 4.31]**.

Alone again, he spotted a small hidden arrow coated onto a boundary stone in the corner of the flat garden. Following the trail of arrows out onto the sheer cliff edge, Wake kept to the rocky foundations to his left, where there was safety and more pointers leading to a curved alcove of rock, and the sign of the torch. The flare gun and ammunition in the chest would be useful. Wake stood and watched the fork-lightning crackle over the mountains. Then he returned to the garden and ascended the stone steps. He hadn't forgotten the swarms of black birds waiting in the sky. Watching.

A Safe Haven light, and a plant-potting operation, was at the top of the steps. Someone had left their Coffee Thermos sitting on the stone wall near the succulents. On the nearby table, Wake stole a couple of flares, and gathered batteries, bullets, and a shotgun from an adjacent trunk before turning left and running up the stone steps to the upper walkway bridge, under which Wake had fought a pair of gates. At the far end, sitting on the low stone wall, and seemingly immune to the wind, was a Manuscript Page. It made illuminating reading. Back down the steps, Wake spotted a figure ahead. He cocked his shotgun in readiness, but as he neared the gate, he noticed the red jacket.



[Fig 4.32]

"Al! You're alive!" Barry raised his hands in excitement, but also as a precautionary measure. He'd heard a lot of gunshots and didn't want to be the latest on Wake's list.

"Let's get out of here. Can you open this gate?"

"Mmmaybe." Wheeler's response was the very definition of "sheepish." The key was lost on the ground, in the dark, and Barry had no flashlight. The agent began to search around his side of the gate as best he could, Alan realizing this ridiculous situation was in fact life or death. His life or death. The screeching and growling was getting nearer.

Wake turned and watched dark figures emerge from the arbors, walls, and walkways **[Fig 4.32]**. They shambled to converge on the exit gate. The author had half-hoped the gate was possessed, so he could *make light* of the situation, but this Dark Presence was perverse. A light shattered. The Safe Haven near the reflecting pool was no more.

"Hurry up, Barry!"

"I'm on it, I'm on it!"

There were five foes to face, and two of them were big, hulking brutes with weapons designed to bludgeon rather than slash. Wake couldn't be caught in the dead end at the gate, so he quickly dropped down to the walkway.

Activity: Survive the Taken assault

When the pack was almost upon him, he fired a single shot from his flare gun. Four of the foes disintegrated before his eyes, but the giant sheriff's deputy remained relatively unscathed. With other shapes manifesting at the opposite end of the garden, Wake quickly boosted his flashlight onto the deputy's form, and leveled the shotgun. Barry wasn't helping:

"Hey! I found a quarter!"

Without a flare gun, Wake would have had to circle around, expending flashlight batteries and revolver bullets dropping each Taken one by one. But with the bright light, and the force of the flare gun's attack, multiple casualties were assured. But now more entities were pouring out of the shadows, specters both plodding and fleet of foot. A smaller, nimble Taken raced toward Wake, who fired off a second flare round. It engulfed the Taken, and badly damaged those still wading in.

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 15/30

As fellow author Terry Pratchett once said: "Light thinks it travels faster than anything but it is wrong. No matter how fast light travels, it finds the darkness has always got there first, and is waiting for it." The help I give, in the shaded stone alcove of Hartman's upper garden, allows you to deal with these expected threats.



Departure. # 71/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

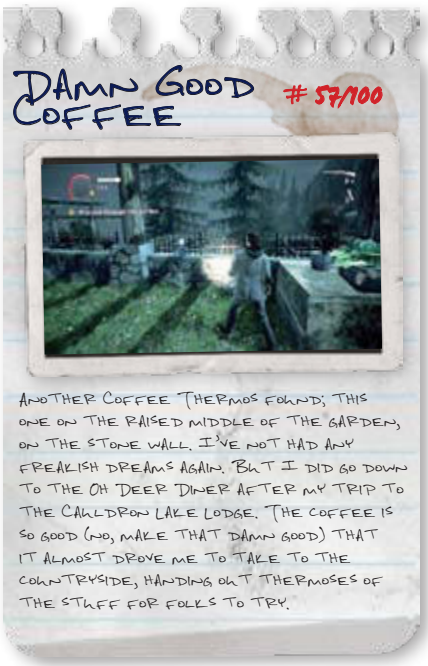
Hartman Sedates Wake

Hartman watched as Wake's features slackened. The man was bull-headed, no doubt; even lying on the bed, he'd almost broken Hartman's nose the second time. But with a little time, he could break Wake down, give him proper direction. Wake was easily the most promising subject he'd had... well, since Tom, really.
"Sleep well, Alan," Hartman whispered with a smile. "Let me take care of you."
He sniffed hard to clear his throbbing nose; swallowed blood and barely tasted it.



ON THE PERGOLA BRIDGE OVERLOOK, ON THE FAR WALL, IN THE FORMAL WALLED GARDEN.

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The combat wore on, as the remaining fiends shuffled into Wake's high-beam and revolver fire. He thought about saving the shotgun and final flares, but threw caution to the wind; he could always write more ammunition into the story later, right? For what seemed like hours, Wake darted, dodged, and took down Taken **[Fig 4.33]**, until Barry yelled out what Wake had been waiting to hear:



[Fig 4.33]

"Here it is! Al, I found the key!"

Wake bolted up the steps, and through the now-open gate as fast as he could, Sprinting away from the ghastly forms. He was checking himself out of Hartman's clinic for good.

Chapter 4B: The Anderson Farm

Part 4: Alone in the Dark



Anderson Farm and Surrounding Area

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Wheeler swerved along the driveway out of Hartman's estate, committing multiple counts of vehicular manslaughter. But if there was no body, there was no crime; at least that was the rationale. Barry turned to Alan. He wanted to go home:

"Al, please tell me we're headed for the nearest 'You're now leaving Bright Falls, come back soon' sign."

"We're going to the Anderson farm." Wake wasn't kidding, especially when he got himself in this kind of mood. Barry countered with jokes, trying to rip himself from the story with levity. But he knew his friend wasn't crazy.

Alan ran it down for Wheeler. Alice was alive, but at the bottom of the lake. The lake made art come true, but twisted it to serve its own ends. It was doing all this from Wake's manuscript, as it had done to Thomas Zane before. Alan knew all this, he'd put it together, and Barry couldn't disbelieve.

The next step was clear to Wake. He was part of a brotherhood, of sorts, made up of the touched. And two of those brothers had pointed the way.

"The Andersons knew about it but they were too far gone to tell me with all the drugs they're on. But they wrote it down. There's a message somewhere at their farm, Barry. We just need to find it."

"Look out!" Barry saw the boulders falling from the cliff too late. The vehicle was struck, and somersaulted over the safety barrier, and off the side of the mountain. It struck a tree, then slid down a ravine. Wake was catapulted from the vehicle, landing roughly on the upper rocks. As he got to his feet, clutching his right knee, Wake heard Wheeler from down below:

"Al! Goddammit, Al! Talk to me!"

Activity: Find Barry



[Fig 4.34]

Wake checked himself for protruding ribs, or other wounds from the crash and subsequent fall. Amazingly, he was unhurt. Divine intervention, or the skillful prose of an alter ego author writing the plot? But he'd had enough mental gymnastics for one day. He was standing on a rocky outcrop, in the dark.

"I had lost my gun in the crash. Barry was nowhere to be seen."

With no flashlight Wake was picking his way through the undergrowth blindly. He stopped short of accidentally falling off the side of the cliff, even though he could just make out Barry's SUV farther down. He was on a rough trail, and fallen logs to his right marked the edge of a deadly drop. He yelled for a response.

"Barry? Barry!"

A flash of lightning briefly lit up the wooded valley. He heard Barry in the mid-distance: **"Oh, man, you're okay. Geez, it's good to hear your voice. I was trying to get out of the car, but the ground gave away."**

Wake carefully picked his way along the path **[Fig 4.34]**, listening to Wheeler. He moved to a small rocky outcrop. The trees were shaking again. Barry, unharmed, kept up his patter, joking until he heard something coming at him. Wake shouted at him to use a flare. Quickly.

The ravine below was bathed in a pinkish red glow for a few seconds. Wake hoped Barry had been successful, but the illumination was useful too; it allowed Wake to scramble farther along the path, to a rocky outcrop with an unobstructed view overlooking the entire valley.



[Fig 4.35]

"You're gonna have to find your way around to the farm, Al! I'll be waiting!" Wake looked into the gloom. He could make out a grain silo, a large barn with a corrugated roof. But there was an odd-looking farmhouse in the distance too. He hadn't seen that type of architecture before. He yelled back to Barry:

"Barry, just wait for me, okay?"

Wheeler had other ideas: **"Al! I'm not staying here. It's suicide. I'm going to the farm. I'm gonna go ahead and secure the area. You can catch up."**

"This would turn into a disaster if I didn't catch up with Barry." Peering down, he watched as Barry (and the cardboard cut-out of himself) bobbed along, maneuvering across one of the farm fields to a large barn.

Activity: Get to the farm

The rough trail ended at what appeared to be an extremely unsafe railroad structure. It ended abruptly soon after Wake checked to the right, forcing him to follow what was left of the track along the overgrown rock outcrop **[Fig 4.35]**. Wake was less than ready for any shadowy company. He'd lost more than his gun in the crash; his trusty flashlight was missing too. Wading through knee-deep grass and bracken, Wake chanced the stability of a rickety bridge. He was about halfway across when everything began to shake.



[Fig 4.36]

The bridge held. A throaty scream bellowed out around the valley, and an old tree fell across the remains of the tracks, throwing up disturbed topsoil. Unable to defend himself, Wake had no choice but to press on, and moved to the roots of the fallen tree. Just beyond and under the tree, the remains of the railroad continued into the path cut long ago into this hillside. As he continued forward, something shuddered in the long grass.

It was an old mine cart. Hovering in the air, carried by unseen hands, and accompanied by

Departure. # 77/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Walter at the Anderson Farm

When he stopped the car at the Anderson farm, Walter felt relieved; oblivion was close at hand. The brothers wouldn't miss a jar of moonshine, or two, in the booby hatch.
But then he saw the man on the porch, and he knew who it was. Driving for his life and knowing it was useless, he didn't realize he was crying until he couldn't see the road for the tears.



AT THE END OF THE DEAD-END TUNNEL, INSIDE THE HILLSIDE BY THE OVERGROWN MINE YARD.

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a barrel and a cacophony of screams. Wake had no initial way to combat them. He knew he faced danger if he continued along the railroad, and these thoughts were jarringly brought home when the mine cart flew at him in anger. He dodged just in time **[Fig 4.36]**, backing up around the fallen tree to use it as a defensive shield. He left both objects rattling about behind the tree, and moved onto a footpath that led around the base of the hillside. Seconds later, mayhem struck again.



[Fig 4.37]

The ground ahead rumbled, and spat earth upward. A cluster of barrels wobbled, and old planks of wood were tossed into the air. Moving forward, the entire pathway erupted in a dust cloud of soil and leaves. A wheelbarrow threw itself at him. A barrel, shaking with energy, careened through the air, missing Wake as he dodged again. He ran for a series of thin metal archways **[Fig 4.37]**, past a quiet mine cart, and scared a flock of bats at the mouth of an old mine tunnel.

Wake finally spotted something useful, and immediately switched on the work light pointing into the tunnel from the entrance. This could act as protection as he ventured forward, into the hillside. An animated wheelbarrow inside the tunnel was torn apart by the light. Wake could literally see light at the end of the tunnel and slowed as a terrible, banshee scream echoed through the place. Metal shelving in the tunnel rocked and rolled, but Wake simply stepped around them. The light itself was emanating from a Manuscript Page.

Emerging from the tunnel unscathed, Wake spotted something gleaming in the gloaming, and walked out onto the raised mine cart platform. Two of the barrels, guarding his prize, began to move. Stopping and using the inanimate barrels as cover, Wake flinched as both of the poltergeist's toys ricocheted into the grass **[Fig 4.38]**. This gave him access to the end of the platform, and a Coffee Thermos. Wake descended back onto the grass, and knew the barrels were still "alive"; he Sprinted back up, and retreated to the mine tunnel entrance. He tried to walk carefully along the continuation of the footpath, but more dark objects rose, throwing themselves at him. The situation looked hopeless. But then, Wake turned the work light on, and stood in the middle of the beam, almost beckoning the mine cart and barrels to attack. When the cart tumbled through the vertical supports, it landed in the beam, shuddered, and finally exploded.

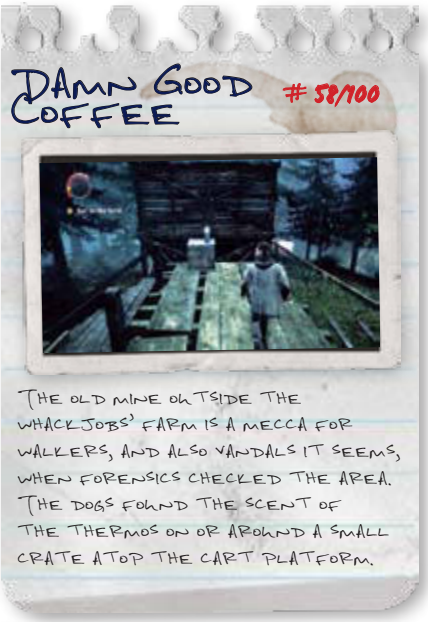
Wake's plan proved successful in destroying the barrels in the mine yard. He once again attempted to use the footpath, working his way around to the remains of the railroad. Suddenly, two weighty mine carts ascended from the grass, and charged him. He was lucky to dodge behind a small pine tree, and then a larger rock, leaving the two carts furiously battering themselves against boulders as Wake raced along the train tracks. He could have coaxed them back to the work light, but he knew that was only necessary if he wanted another two triumphs in the poltergeist takedown total he was keeping in his head. Wake passed two more mine carts that weren't possessed by spirits. But on the other side, some key metalwork had succumbed to the dark side:

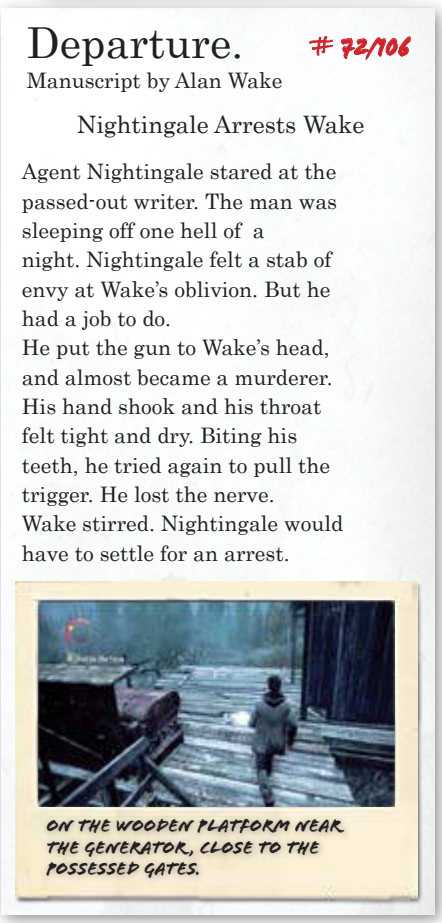
"Shadows crawled over the gate. I needed a light to destroy them to get through."

Looking over a strange cog contraption at the base of the wooden steps, Wake knew he'd need to use this in a moment. But for now, he needed a light. Farther along the tracks he only found a tunnel, and a rock fall preventing further progress. Climbing the wooden steps set into the hill, Wake saw that the cogs were attached to a metal arm with a lamp on the end. It was probably something Tor and Odin had cooked up. Wiring stretched from the arm, close to the rickety platform Wake was eyeing nervously. But aside from a plank to use, and a gap to leap, the structure held, and he was able to reach some old rusting machinery **[Fig 4.39]**, and the Manuscript Page on the planks next to it.



[Fig 4.38]



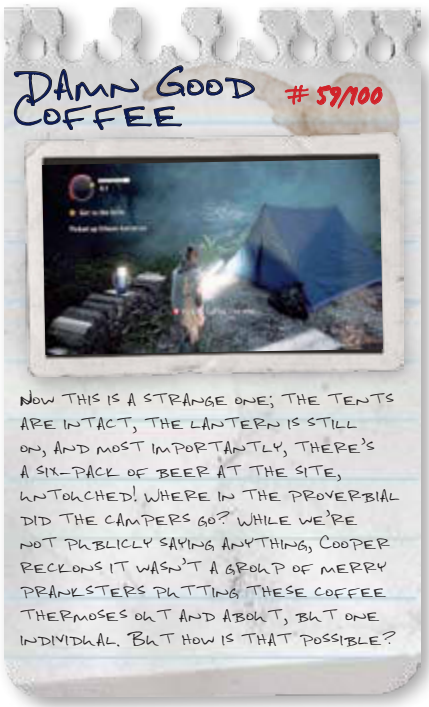


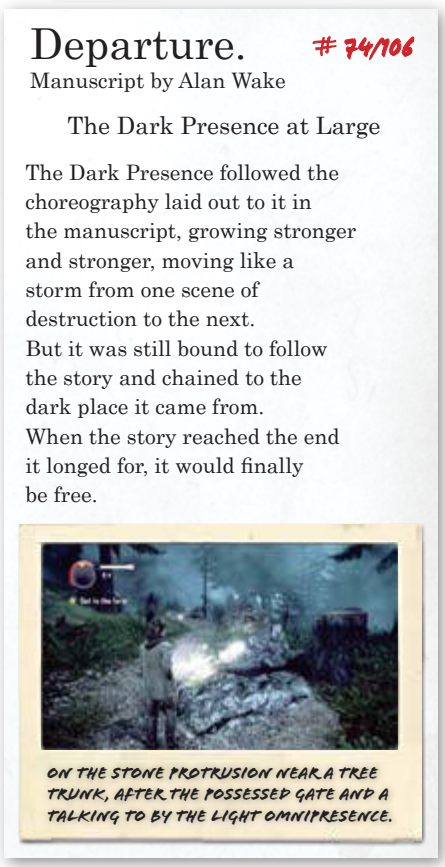


[Fig 4.39]

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The rusting machinery was, in fact, a generator. He yanked the cord three times, and the engine coughed into life. The lamp attached to the pipe, burst into life and light. Wake returned to the bottom of the steps, and bathed in the light for a moment. But it was too far from the growling gate to be effective. This design shortfall was solved when Wake moved to and used the cog contraption, turning the pole so the light shone on the







[Fig 4.40]

clattering gates, searing the darkness away **[Fig 4.40]**. Wake ran through the gap, even as the wisps of smoke were dissipating.

"I could sense movement in the woods ahead. Facing the enemy without a weapon was dangerous, but I had no choice."

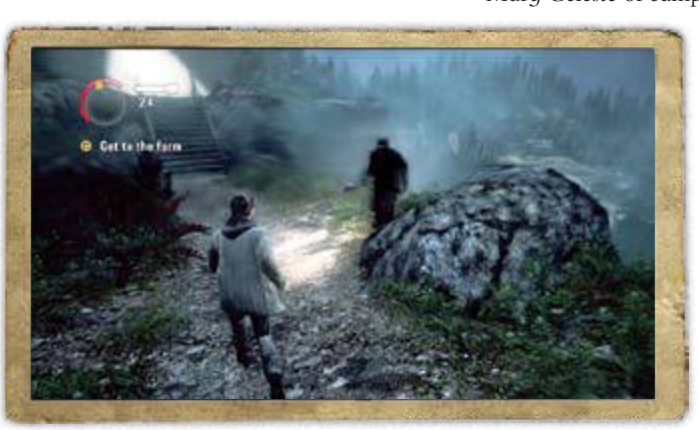


[Fig 4.41]

Wake moved onto the remains of a deck platform, and looked into the woods ahead and below. Without items of any kind, he was doomed to be overwhelmed. But the skeletal ruins of the shack sitting on the deck with him **[Fig 4.41]** held a prize that partially helped his cause; he grabbed the flashlight. It was immediately useful, allowing him to read an otherwise invisible message on the particle board by the deck exit steps, which read "TRUST NO ONE IN THE DARK."

The drop to the woodland path below was longer than he'd thought, and he landed heavily. His surroundings were alive, and Wake made it to the top of a ridge, spotting a light hidden through distant trees, before they came for him once more:

Two woodsmen were almost upon him, and he only had his flashlight. Wake immediately Sprinted along the path he was following,



[Fig 4.42]

almost tripping over a small portable generator. He quickly yanked on the starter cord. Three tugs later, the beasts were almost upon him, and he only just managed to power up the trail light above. It shone down, singeing the woodsman back into their eternal blackness. He stooped to pick up batteries, then stepped out of his Safe Haven to follow the path as it curved around to the left. From a boulder, a dark figure appeared. Wake forced the being back with a boosted beam, and dashed down the trail, Sprinting for another trail light up ahead, along the ridgeline **[Fig 4.42]**. More dark forms stepped out from their hell and into Wake's reality. He instinctively dodged as knives whistled past his head. Reaching the wooden steps, he made the mistake of turning around; four foes were nipping at his heels. It was only the light of the trail lamp at the top of the steps that saved his life.

Lightning was illuminating the deciduous foliage, and the Anderson's farmstead. Wake spotted something moving; something mechanical speeding up the road along the valley floor.

"A car was driving away from the farm, headed in the same general direction as I was. For all I knew, it was Barry, caught in the consequences of leaping before looking."



[Fig 4.43]

Birds nestled on the rocky ridge path flapped cautiously away. As Wake rounded the bluff, he saw light up ahead. Edging closer, he saw signs of camping, and a rather impressive heavy-duty flashlight, the source of the light **[Fig 4.43]**. He paused, and switched to this new beacon. Quickly checking over both the tents, Wake was puzzled; this was the *Mary Celeste* of camping set-ups. There were glowing embers still in the fire pit, neatly arranged logs with a Coffee Thermos, and no signs of a struggle. Whoever was here had simply left the place unattended and disappeared. Wake took some batteries from one of the log benches, and left. Around the next ridge corner, he spotted a cabin, and the car again.

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"The car was heading for the cabin up ahead. It wasn't far. If it was Barry, I would see the damage soon."

Wake would get a chance to test the improved flashlight sooner than he thought. His attention was rudely interrupted as he neared a large and imposing gate, which shook with the dark power. With no other danger, Wake didn't need to boost the light; he leisurely burned the gate apart, waiting for the batteries to recharge before stepping through. A few more paces along the path he was visited again. But this wasn't a minion of the dark; the path ahead glowed with an omnipresence Wake had seen before. A guide. A mentor. It spoke in a familiar voice.

"I'm trying to deliver each page to the right time and place. I'm trying to show you how the story goes."

"I had seen glimpses of the light before. I had seen it in my dream. It was a strange spaceman or a diver in a bulky suit. He was the one who'd been placing the pages on my path."

A Manuscript Page fluttered down and landed on a rocky protrusion close to a tree stump. Wake moved over, and took it. Further down, Wake picked up a couple of flares. At least he had something to keep the Taken at bay. The flares were by a log, which held some deadly, sharp bear traps. Stepping on one wouldn't only wound him severely, but cause the Taken to try their luck at devouring him. Alan carefully and slowly avoided the glinting metal, and continued around the right curve in the path. He was getting closer to the cabin, but in the distance there was another light, this one illuminating the side of a building. As he closed in, the light shorted out, and the building was no more than a ruined outbuilding. The light, attached to a tree that had struck the building years ago, was out, and no one was home. At least, at first.



[Fig 4.44]

Approaching the front of the ruin, Wake spotted something among the planks of scattered wood **[Fig 4.44]**. Scooping up the Manuscript Page, Wake heard the wind change. He needed to shed some light on this situation. Fortunately, a compact generator was against the wall. Three pulls had it chugging away merrily, and bathing the front of the building. The relief was palpable, but further augmented by a sense of violent excitement as Wake spotted a shotgun propped up by the front doorway. Seconds later, he was counting the ammunition: or to be precise, both shells. Almost forgetting to check, Wake peered through the front doorway. A collection of shotgun shells was quickly added to his collection.



[Fig 4.45]

Wake had also seen something gleaming up on one of the ruin's gaping windows. Along the left side he found stone steps. They led into the rickety remains of the interior. But Wake was more concerned about the gray man struggling to climb up from the lower level. He didn't want to waste the shells he'd just found, so he circled around and boosted the flashlight straight at the shade **[Fig 4.45]**. It toppled back off the edge of the floor. This gave Wake enough time to sidestep the bear trap, and snatch the Coffee Thermos from the open window, close to the rusting bed frame. He dropped down to the forest floor below.

Wake had a complement of shotgun ammunition, and he needed it as he set out, following the gravel trail as it meandered around to the right. He easily avoided more bear traps, but at the remains of a huntsman's platform to his left, three Taken found him. With bear traps all around running was dangerous. It was better to pin his back to a rocky outcrop, and fight darkness with light. And copious shotgun rounds.



[Fig 4.46]

The lull didn't last long. Wake hadn't gone farther than a few feet when another trio of Taken appeared on all sides, and raced to smother him. With an almost infinite number of the dark damned to circumvent, the situation would become hopeless if he stood his ground. This time he ran; dropping a flare behind him so the foes were staggered. More Taken arrived, threatening to invade Wake's personal space. So he dropped his final flare, weaving between the bear traps on the path, and Sprinted to the trail light in front of the cabin, to see off his adversaries, and escape **[Fig 4.46]**.

Departure. # 73/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Patients Escape the Lodge

The storm raged on as the Anderson brothers walked unsteadily away from the clinic with the other patients in tow, knowing that this time they wouldn't return. The darkness around them seethed with horrors, but Tor and Odin were unafraid.
Their eyes glinted with guile. They knew every secret path, and there was blood on their hands. They had fought these shades before.



ON THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE RUIN, IN THE WOODS JUST BEFORE WALTER'S CABIN.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 60/100



WAKE MENTIONS SOMETHING ABOUT DAMNED SIGNS SHOWING HIM HIDDEN CACHES, OR GIVING HIM CLUES. WE'VE HAD THE INFRA-RED CAMERAS, BLACK-LIGHTS, AND EVEN TRIED CANDLES. NOTHING. THESE MESSAGES DON'T SHOW UP. THEY DON'T EVEN EXIST, ACCORDING TO OUR FIELD TEAM. I WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME ABOUT THESE DAMN THERMOSES. THIS ONE WAS COOLING ON THE WINDOW OF THE RUIN, NEAR WALTER'S CABIN.

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Part 5: Fury in the Fields

Activity Log

- Investigate the cabin
- Get to the farm (again)

Activity: Investigate the cabin



[Fig 4.47]

Stepping up to the front porch of the cottage-style cabin **[Fig 4.47]**, Wake spotted a vehicle parked over the fence. **"I could see the car, but there was no sign of the driver."** Perhaps Barry, or whoever the driver was, had headed inside. Wake followed suit, pushing the door open, and stepping into a dimly lit hallway. There were openings in the left and right walls, and old wooden steps beckoning him to climb them in front.

"Hello? Anybody here?" Wake asked. His inquiry was met with screaming. It didn't sound like Barry, the voice pleading with "Danny."

The man's shrieks were punctuated by loud bangs, followed by silence. Wake needed to investigate, but made a quick reconnoiter of the ground floor first, stepping into the living room, resplendent in a bear skin wall hanging. A man's hat lay on the picnic table, as did batteries. Over by the front door, near the rocking chair, Wake found a flare. **"The front door was locked."** Through it, Wake could see a building illuminated in the distance. It looked like a ranger station. Over in the kitchen and dining area, Wake quickly collected shotgun shells from the lacquered table, passed a locked door to the cellar, and checked the kitchen. By the sink, Wake found a Coffee Thermos. He'd pocket that, and save it for later.



[Fig 4.48]

Wake took the stairs two at a time. One door was locked, and as Wake approached the other, he heard a gunshot. Shoving this door open, Wake stumbled into an upstairs bedroom, looked to the right, and found Walter Snyder lying on the floor in a pool of his own blood **[Fig 4.48]**.

Wake recognized him: **"I know you. You were in jail the other day."**

"I went...to the farm again." Walter explained, through mouthfuls of bubbling blood. "For the moonshine, you know? It makes you see.... They're not gonna miss it, they're in the looney bin. But my buddy, Danny, I lost him, something's gone wrong with him, it's not him..."

Wake was listening, but he was also inspecting the room, picking up Walter's revolver, and the ammunition scattered close to his body. The room was a mess, blood and tumbled furniture everywhere.

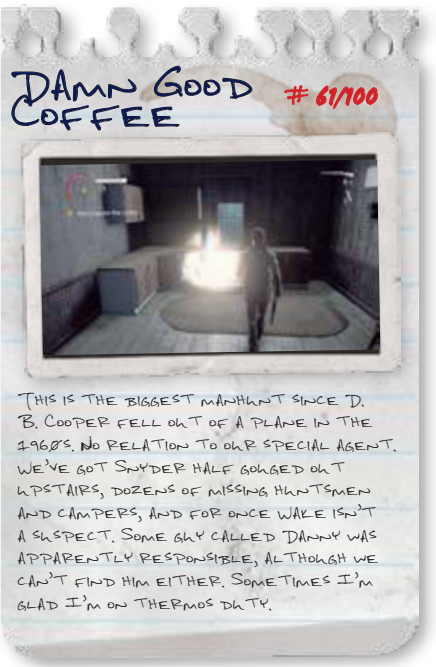
"...like a real bad follow up to a real good movie, where the best friend's suddenly the bad guy.... Who wrote this crap anyway...?"

Who indeed. Walter died right there. Wake couldn't help. He had to leave. He left by the door, unprepared for a blinding light at the top of the stairs. The door opposite had opened, and a television was blaring away. He was just in time for the next episode of *The Writer in the Cabin*.



[Fig 4.49]

Wake now knew what...Wake was up to, and he could continue his...pre-ordained path? This was madness, but had to hope the identical man in the Bird Leg Cabin knew what to do. As for him, he'd descend the steps and find his agent. Wake knew this wasn't going to be easy when he stepped into the living room, and something massive and sinewy, carrying a pick-axe crashed through the side window. Darkness had consumed the man, and turned him into a monster Walter couldn't hope to combat. Even Wake's flashlight was having trouble penetrating the worm-like tendrils lapping around the brute's exterior **[Fig 4.49]**. Backing up all the way to the kitchen, Wake had little choice but to drop a flare. It took three shotgun rounds to bring the demon to its knees.



TELLY TIMES

10 SEPTEMBER, 2004 # 10/14



Episode 7: A new hero emerges to take on the forces of darkness. The same as the old hero. Now showing in a cabin bedroom near you.

8:10 pm
Writer in the Cabin

"I've run through every possible course in my head. If I continue like the Dark Presence wants me to, the story I'm writing won't save Alice. It's a horror story and it's going to kill her, and me, and everybody in this town. No one will survive. Darkness will consume everything. This is what it's wanted all along. It will be free, unstoppable. It used Alice to get to me, dangled her in front of me to keep me going. It was never going to release her. I'm going to change this. I'll escape.

"I've written myself into the story. I'm now the protagonist. This feels like a terrible risk, but it's the only way to save Alice. I'll be bound by the events of the story just as much as anyone else who's been woven into it. The story must stay true for this to work. There have to be victims along the way, near escapes, cliffhangers. In a horror story it can't be certain that the hero will succeed or even survive. He almost has to die. I'll write my own escape into the story next. I need help. Zane's going to be the one who'll help me. I'll make it happen."

9.0 Nine O'Clock News
with Tom Rivers; Weatherman

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"Let me guess. Danny, huh?"

The door to the rear of the property was still locked, but Wake now had another escape route. He climbed over the broken window frame, and dropped down to the outside ground below.

Activity: Get to the farm (again)

"The farm was still a good distance away. I'd need a car to get there fast."

Wake was fortunate that the blue pickup was parked outside and ready to use. But first, Wake felt the need to check the perimeter of the property. Glancing to the right, Wake saw the storm doors leading down the steps into the root cellar. They were open. Wake had seen *Evil Dead 2*; he knew what to expect in the basement. Cocking his shotgun, he carefully descended, under the cabin. Groovy.

Wake followed a pattern of blood and yellow paint dots across the earthen floor, to a deer, strung up to a floor joist by its back legs. But day-old raw venison wasn't the special prize; across in the far corner was the sign of light and power, painted onto the stone foundation wall. Below it was a Chest to open. Inside, there were flashbang grenades and flares. Before starting the pickup, he made sure to head up onto the rear porch. Not only could he see the lit interior of the Ranger Station across the valley, he also saw a Manuscript Page, on the rug outside the front door. The outhouse yielded no secrets, sanitary or otherwise. Wake thought about Barry as he opened the pickup driver's side door.

"If Barry wasn't up here, he was probably in trouble down at the farm. For a moment, I felt bad for doubting him. After all, I'd made it this far myself. But Barry was Barry."



[Fig 4.50]

While Wake was investigating the outhouse, he noticed a gravel trail running around the back of the hillside; a shortcut he could take in the pickup. But the trail soon became more and more dangerous; sharp slopes and a narrowing path conspired against him. Reversing carefully, because it was a long walk to the farm, Wake instead chose the main, winding road that Walter had taken.

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 16/30

"Someday perhaps the inner light will shine forth from us, and then we'll need no other light." Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the German writer and polymath. It is hoped that the light brightens your path, even in the darkest of places, such as the root cellar under Walter Snyder's cabin.



DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 62/100



THE COFFEE THERMOS WHODUNIT IS DRIVING HEAD OFFICE CRAZY, WHO, IN TURN, ARE DRIVING ME NUTS. THEY WANT TO KNOW WHETHER THE ANDERSON BROTHERS ARE TO BLAME. THERE'RE TWO OF THEM, IT SEEMS THEY CAN ESCAPE HARTMAN AT WILL, AND THEY'RE MAD AS BICYCLES. PERHAPS THEY HID THIS THERMOS BY THE RUSTING TRACTOR, ALONG THE TRAIL ROAD FROM SNYDER'S CABIN?

At the first long left-hand corner **[Fig 4.50]**, Wake could see much of the Andersons' property. Resting on the edge of the ravine was an old tractor. In fact, its age couldn't be understated; it had a chimney under a thick layer of rusting metal. On the trail verge nearby was a Coffee Thermos.

Back in the truck, Wake drove down to the valley floor. The road of mud and loose gravel continued toward the hills and Ranger Station, but there was a branching road to the right. Wake had an inkling, an odd feeling, that something else was around these parts. He stopped the car at the junction, got out, and spotted another elderly tractor, sitting in the small patch of undergrowth, half hidden

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 63/100



ANOTHER THERMOS IS SITTING NEXT TO A RUSTING PILE OF FARM MACHINERY ON ANDERSON'S BLASTED HEATH. THAT'LL GIVE HEAD OFFICE MORE EVIDENCE THAT THE OLD ROCKERS ARE THE CULPRITS FOR THIS ELABORATE LITTERING/EASTER EGG HUNT. AS FOR THAT "INCIDENT" UP NEAR THE MOUNTAIN RUINS? TRICK OF THE LIGHT, I RECKON.

Departure. # 79/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Hartman Considers Mott and Wake

For a moment, Hartman considered strangling the idiot. Mott was mean-spirited, but easily manipulated; an emotional infant who lived for his approval. Wake, by contrast, was a far more difficult subject. Mott had given him too much leash. In two days, who knew what could happen? Hartman would have to find a way to rein him in, and quickly.



ON THE PORCH RUG OF WALTER'S CABIN.

behind a small fir tree and bracken. Nestled on a small tree stump close by was another Coffee Thermos. Wake could also creep over to the edge of the promontory he was on and view the hayfield close to the farm's outbuildings. Nothing was stirring. But it wouldn't be that way for long.

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[Fig 4.51]

The road to the right of the main track was simply a shortcut, and Wake wanted to ensure he'd looked everywhere, especially if Barry had accidentally stepped on a bear trap. Actually, scratch that, Wake thought, his screams would be enough to wake the Taken from here to Snohomish. Wake trundled up the road, and drove toward a small cabin **[Fig 4.51]**. The pickup's lights glanced off a large boulder opposite the cabin's mailbox, and lit up a hidden arrow pointing to the left. Intrigued, Wake pulled into the cabin driveway, with an off-roader parked nearby. But the wind turned cold and the shadows would come alive once more.

Lightning cracked and lit up the skies, illuminating fog and frightening homunculi. The attackers were quick, but not fast enough to prevent Wake from grabbing the wheel of the military off-roader, and skidding out of the driveway. He drove a little way up the track before spinning around (this off-roader had excellent powersliding capabilities) and flicking the high beams on to thwart the four Taken. Wake parked it close to the cabin, and began his search once more. Smoke was drifting up from the front of the off-roader, the only proof that the previous combat had taken place.

Arrows pointed to the front door of the cabin. Bolting up the few steps, Wake shoulder-barged the door and quickly spun left and right, trying to remember what the SWAT team leader had taught him when he was researching breaking-and-entering techniques for *The Sudden Stop*. He was sure he'd have been shot by now, so he was thankful he was dealing with inhuman zombies. Or currently, nobody at all. The cabin was in a bit of a mess, with furniture, some batteries, and crates stacked in a corner. But across the cabin, there were ripped planks and pallet boards strewn hither and yon. Snatching bullets from the table, Wake saw what he'd come for; a torch symbol decorating a corner wall above a Chest. Opening it, he gathered some flashbangs, and stepped back outside. Upstairs wasn't worth investigating.



[Fig 4.52]

Back in the pickup truck, Wake made a left, and continued up the road. As he reached the crest of the hill, he saw a turnout on his right, with some empty ground at the foot of the white wooden Ranger Station towering above. Shutting off the engine, Wake warily left the vehicle, but although the mist came rolling in, the trees had calmed their branches. Wake climbed the white steps **[Fig 4.52]** to the lower platform, and then all the way to the top deck, where he could stop for a moment and view the valley, including both cabins he had already investigated. Then he checked the station lookout interior, noticing another radio to flick on.



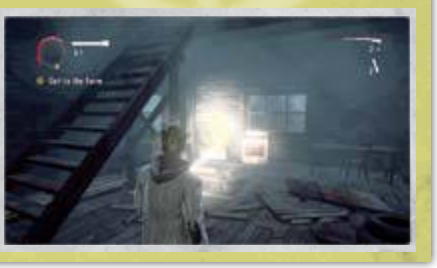
[Fig 4.53]

Wake exited, then descended back down the wooden steps. The attack came quickly. Alan had paused for a moment, figuring out the road to reach the Anderson's farm compound. It meant heading down the hill he was on. The dark forms materialized at the base of the steps. Wake had a split-second to figure out whether to gun or run. He ran, opting to save ammo. He dashed to the sedan. The jalopy took a couple of nasty axe swipes to the radiator as Wake frantically reversed over a gray man in a jogging outfit, then switched to high beams and played a deadly, and one-sided game of chicken with him **[Fig 4.53]**. The sedan was smoking after combat abated, so he abandoned the vehicle, which had a tendency to fishtail (a fact he would have preferred to know before almost skidding through the fencing) and drove away in the blue pickup once more.

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER

17/30

As the Transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson would say, "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within." The empty cabin, on the road to the Ranger Station, holds the key to brightening your day.



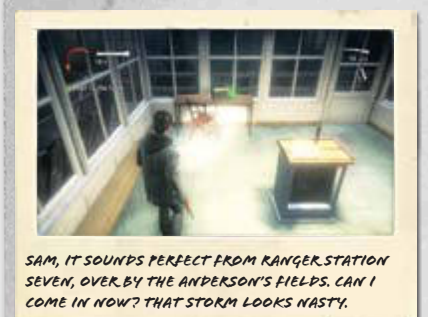
THE NIGHT OWL

THE VOICE OF PAT MAINE
ALL NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT



TRANSCRIPT # 10/11

"Well! As I'm sure everyone's noticed, that storm we all felt coming is finally here. The boys at the Weather Service reckon it'll last until morning, at the very least. Pertaining to that, let me read that missing persons alert again: the Sheriff's Department is still looking for a Caucasian woman, 30 years old, slim and blonde with blue eyes. She may be lost in the woods, and it's possible she's been injured in a car accident. If you see her, please make sure you get her indoors and call the sheriff. It's bad weather to be caught out in, so if you see someone in the area who maybe looks a little confused, give them a hand, all right? Ahem. This is Pat Maine on KBF-FM, hoping you're all safe and warm tonight."



SAM, IT SOUNDS PERFECT FROM RANGER STATION SEVEN, OVER BY THE ANDERSON'S FIELDS. CAN I COME IN NOW? THAT STORM LOOKS NASTY.

The pickup reached the base of the hill, and the junction, without incident. Because the road heading right led back to the cabins, Wake continued straight ahead, slowing slightly as the track curved to the right. He was just about to enter the hayfield when he saw something he couldn't quite comprehend. The Dark Presence had manifested itself. He could see it quite clearly. It was a strange absence of light that undulated and cackled.

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It was a cataract of the mind that seemed completely wrong. The mass had no trouble picking up a parked white van and hurling it straight into the base of a large well tower. **"Oh, you've gotta be kidding,"** Wake uttered, incredulously. The van exploded in a burst of energy, and the form disappeared. But the tower slowly teetered and collapsed in a vast cloud of dust and soil.



[Fig 4.54]

The hayfield was the scene of frantic fighting. Taken were appearing from a central copse of dark trees, as well as the thickets and rocky perimeter close to the track, which continued to an old red truck and mangled metal gate. The vehicle Wake was driving was in good shape; an invaluable asset as the weapons started to bounce off the hood and flatbed. Wake knew he couldn't destroy a never-ending sea of evil, so he burned off the coatings of the heaviest of them with the high-beam **[Fig 4.54]** (ever-mindful of the battery charge left in the vehicle), and then ramming them. All the while avoiding hay bales to keep the car intact. After a dozen forms flailed and fell by the wayside, Wake trundled the remains of his truck to the gate, and stepped out. He squeezed past the gate, and began to jog down the track. He had to enter the main pasture by foot. He wasn't past his fifth hay bale before he realized this might have been a desperate move.



[Fig 4.55]

A piece of hated mechanical equipment, which Wake named a hay-mover, literally came alive, spinning on its tracks and crashing its possessed arm while wailing and thrashing **[Fig 4.55]**. It was certainly unwelcome for the Taken to also choose that moment to creep up to him from behind. With flares and flashbangs at his disposal, he waited for the spasming crane arm to slam the ground then lift up. Then Wake raced forward, dropped a flare, and backed up and around to the other side of the machine. The Taken behind him were cut off, and while Wake boosted his flashlight directly at the mechanical monster, the machine rocked back and forth, bellowing in protest. A second flare was dropped, and another boost of flashlight too, before the beast screamed its last, and broke apart. As Wake slotted in his one hundredth lithium battery, he felt...almost **Energized**. Alan was now only two wrecked automobiles away from a lamppost, and a well-deserved breather.



Part 6: For Those About to Rock...We Shoot You

Activity Log

- Get to the farm (again)
- Defend the stage
- Get to the Anderson house

Activity: Get to the farm (again)



[Fig 4.56]

The metal fence running along the left side of the road had a rather large, Wake-sized hole in it. Sliding down to a lower field, Wake was amazed anything could grow on this tired patch of gray, mottled earth. To his left, an old windmill creaked away. To his right, Wake saw what looked like a rock concert stage. But before he checked on that, he'd spotted an old wagon cart farther across the field **[Fig 4.56]**, on the left. It was sporting the same, invisible arrow, only witnessed by the truly gifted.

Thunder and lightning still grumbled and flashed in the distance, but the epic rainstorm thankfully hadn't arrived yet. Wake stepped between an open fence and saw that the arrows continued, spray-painted across another tractor pile and barn wall to the small barn door itself. Weaver might have had a present in there for him, but for now, it would have to wait. Wake had seen something behind the tractor, in the back field. It was a small outhouse. **During a particularly vivid Nightmare, Wake had approached this outhouse, and removed something pinned to the door. It was a Manuscript Page, the kind only those faced with truly difficult decisions can see. It made alarming reading, and proved Wake's suspicions regarding the enforced care he'd been given earlier in the day.**



[Fig 4.57]

The outhouse wasn't the only area of the back field Wake took an interest in. Moving past the maple wood saplings, Wake closed in on the rear of the property. In front of a sheer rock wall, three rudimentary gravestone markers could be seen. Wake was shocked and disgusted as the skeletal remains of the dead, coated in dark ooze and shaking violently, rose from their final resting places, and flew at Wake **[Fig 4.57]**. He dodged behind the rock, watching as each pile of bones re-combined, rose, and attacked again. He responded by backing up, and boosting his flashlight beam at each bag of bones until they were dismissed into the afterlife. Again.

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Departure. # 78/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Hartman During the Missing Week

Hartman had never felt as anxious as during the week after Mott had managed to lose the Wakes. Their car stood by the path that had once led to Diver's Isle. Hartman thought about Thomas Zane's cabin in the depths.

It was only a matter of time before Wake started writing. They had to be found, and fast.

The moment he heard on the police radio that Sheriff Breaker had picked up Wake, he was already in his car, driving toward town.



PINNED TO THE OUTHOUSE, IN THE BACK FIELD NEAR THE SMALL BARN AND WINDMILL.

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 18/30

"To attempt seeing Truth without knowing Falsehood. It is the attempt to see the Light without knowing the Darkness. It cannot be." —Frank Herbert, novelist. I've taken the liberty of placing a few things in a cache for you. They're in the small barn near that rusty tractor.



OLD GODS OF ASGARD
IN THE VALLEY OF MY SHADOW

(Mjöllnir Records)



Beg, borrow, or murder your way across to Bright Falls, and check out the Old Gods' Insane stage, complete with a fire-breathing dragon!

AMERICAN OCCULT GODS FORGE VIKING HELLSCAPES WITH THE HAMMER OF THOR



The Pacific Northwest's own Old Gods of Asgard continue to dominate like a marauding band of pointy-helmeted pillagers. Turning the bass up to twelve, the death deities are now louder than Loki and just as incomprehensible. But tear off the skin and gnaw away the muscle, and you're left with a well-crafted, even somber song skeleton, as the wistful lyrics on "The Poet and the Muse" attest to. These rock outlaws lay down the hammering riffs with skull-crunching brutality, loading out the bottom end like few others can. Kicking a colossal amount of arse, this won't be everyone's cup of blood, but it's an album certain to take you to all the dark places lurking in the doomed part of your brain. Highly recommended.

BEST TRACKS: Children of the Elder God, The Poet and the Muse

KINDRED SPIRITS: GruntThumpers, Angel of Delirium, Baba Jaga's Hut, Poets of the Fall, Dark Tornado

Photolog: An archival review of an Old Gods of Asgard album, from British rock magazine Demon Skull, re-published by their kind permission.



[Fig 4.58]

Returning to the barn, Wake moved back around to the front near the parked tractor. He ignored the odd, breathy sounds swirling around him, and pushed the barn door open. The painted messages were right again; a torch symbol and Chest were placed at the opposite end of the room, allowing Wake to stock up on flashbangs and revolver ammunition. What Wake wasn't expecting was an argument with a farmhand upon exiting:

The cloth-capped killing machine was armed with two blades and looked like he'd been Taken for a while. Burning using the flashlight's boosting power, and finishing with a hunting rifle, then repeating the technique when a larger, nastier, phantom burst out to attack him, allowed Wake to conclude his back field excursion **[Fig 4.58]**.

Wake's internal tomtom was telling him to get to the farm, he followed the main tractor track toward a pair of large, metal bleachers.

At the far end of the field was the Gods of Asgard stage, guarded by a bedraggled, but still fearsome-looking dragon. But Wake wasn't the opening act tonight; there was a newcomer to public speaking:

"Al! Run! Incoming! There's too many of them!"

Barry Wheeler introduced himself. He had a backing group that was about to split him up over creative differences. Wheeler dropped to his knees. The Taken raised their arms and armaments, ready to execute.

A bolt of lightning kerranged down from the heavens, striking the Korento in the neck. The dragon's mouth opened, light spilling from the worklight inside its beak, cutting down both Taken in one pretty awesome pyrotechnic show. Fireworks exploded throughout the stage area. Wake watched, open-mouthed.

Activity: Defend the stage

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Wake and Wheeler were on the stage. The audience was restless, and about to storm the platform. Barry had scurried back to work the light and firework show behind the mixing desk, leaving Wake to be the front man.

"I'm so glad you decided to go it alone, Mr. Bronson!" yelled Wake over the raucous metal anthem echoing around both of their heads, and the entire amphitheater-like valley, as he approached the desk Barry was behind, and took a Coffee Thermos.



[Fig 4.59]

"Shut up and shoot!" was Barry's less-than-measured response. As Wake scrambled back to the middle of the stage, he saw a heavy-duty lantern; the wide (but short) arc of light this chunky flashlight gave off would be perfect for the combat to come. He switched light sources, just as the crowd of Taken stumbled across the field, toward the steps on either side of center stage.

Barry's voice could just be heard over the deafening rendition of *Children of the Elder God*: **"Al, we have to fight 'em off! I can set off more of the fireworks from here and help you out!"**

Wake quickly grabbed batteries and flares from the top of the center speakers and foot of the stage, and let a flare off at the top of the left set of steps, temporarily stopping the Taken from swarming on one side **[Fig 4.59]**.

While Barry wrestled with the stage light controls, Wake began to pierce the dark armor of the nearest and biggest Taken. Dropping another flare so he wasn't swamped, Wake took down his first foe, dropping them with hunting rifle shots.



[Fig 4.60]

Wake was aware that Barry was screaming something at him, but he was too busy gathering all kinds of ammunition from the emergency box to the sides of the stage, and dropping a flashbang to save himself from being overrun.

Moments later, Barry found the right switch. Gouts of phosphorus flame shot up from the front of the stage, and huge floodlights wafted back and forth, doing the job of 20 flashlights. Wake dropped another flare behind him, and began taking potshots at the gray attackers shambling at him. Barry celebrated, before the lights went out.

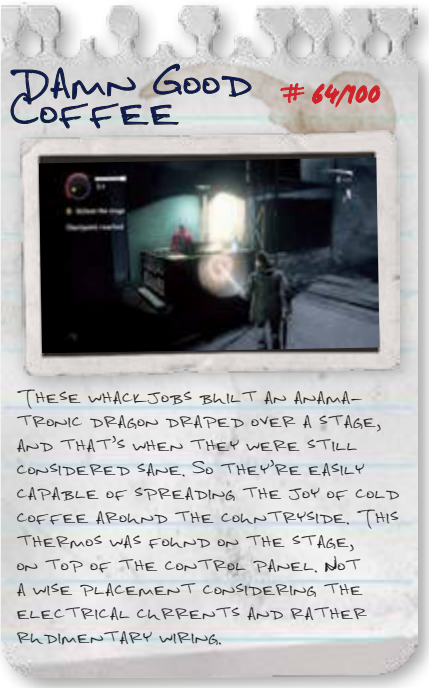
"God damn turn-of-the-century wiring!" Aside from periodic pyrotechnics, the stage was dark, and the Taken mounted another wave of charges. Over on the far right of the stage, Wake managed to find time to locate a pump-action shotgun, switch to it, and gather shells before he was set upon. Barry was fiddling with ancient electrical cables again.

A large worklight appeared in the middle of the stage. Wake raced to the cone of protection, and his wounds wasted away. But the attackers were relentless **[Fig 4.60]**. Then the light flickered off. The Taken were coming across the field once more.

Barry nearly panicked but Wake wasn't worried. He dropped another flare so the Taken could only reach the stage via one set of steps—the one he was massacring them from. Wheeler yelled words of encouragement as the rock anthem reached the guitar solo: **"Do it for Barry, please, please, please!"** Wheeler was asking the equipment nicely.

The Taken took to the stage; there were more than Wake could hope to kill individually. **"Al, please don't let me die here! Although if I buy it, this is pretty much how I always wanted to go out."** Wake smiled through clenched teeth, as another huge woodsman fell. Two smaller foes charged in behind him, only to take a flashlight beam.

Wake backed up to the side of the stage, letting the foes come to him, and then dropping a flare and dodging past them. This elicited a positive response from Barry: **"Al, this may be the most awesome moment of our entire lives."** Then it was back to panic again, as he thought again: **"They're trying to kill us! That's the high point of my life? Really?"**





Barry was throwing everything that worked at the foes. Sparks flew, including short-circuiting lighting, before the worklight shone again. The massacre was drawing to a close as Alan, attempting a spot of overkill, stood at the top of the steps and dropped a flashbang, following it up with shotgun sprays. Barry had already helped to indirectly dispatch 20 Taken. Alan pushed foes off cliffs and electrocuted them. Wheeler later called it **Collateral Carnage**.

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As the final pyrotechnic rush began, the entire field shook with dozens of white sparkling explosions. A trail of additional bursts ended with a massive explosion as one of the outbuildings detonated in a huge gout of magnesium and fire. **"Ha ha ha! That was awesome!"** Barry remarked, panting and wheezing. Wake responded; **"Bright Falls, rock-and-roll capital of America."**

Activity: Get to the Anderson house

Wake had survived; at least he was an honorary **Child of the Elder God.** And the scarecrows certainly seemed to like the gig. Barry wanted to get to the Anderson house immediately, but Alan had other ideas. He needed to make a thorough check of the area. Grabbing the remaining ammunition from the stage and both metal boxes, Wake dropped down to the field, and worked his way through the scarecrows to the bleachers on the right side. The shiny object he'd seen was another Coffee Thermos. Taking it, he turned, and followed the path of the metal fence toward the left side of the stage, brushing through the grass in the field.



[Fig 4.61]

Barry passed him, heading toward a large barn. But before following, Wake ran around the left side of the stage; he'd spotted another Manuscript Page hanging from one of the electrical breakers. Perhaps that had something to do with the rather erratic electrical currents during the previous gig....

Barry was waiting for Wake at the small plank over the stream, although it was more of a moat, and continued to run to a large barn. Wake checked an old well, and surveyed the barn buildings on the way. The oak trees were swaying as the wind picked up. Passing the Anderson's fourth rusty tractor, Wheeler decided to bring a soupcon of levity to their predicament. He'd brought that damn standee with him **[Fig 4.61]**.

"See, Bestseller, no reason to worry, your cutout's good as new, right where I left it. I'll come back for it once we have the place secured."

Turning to matters of actual importance, Wake focused on the large doors to the front of the barn, which were blocked by a giant sewage tank. **"We need to get this thing moved out of the way."** Wake seemed to imply Wheeler would need to help in some kind of way. Barry didn't take the hint.



Photolog: A hay barn, one of the Anderson's many scattered outbuildings. Photograph from the book *Tumbledown Barns of the Pacific Northwest.*

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 65/100



THE LOST THERMOS OF THE LAST GODS OF ASGARD FAN? MAYBE THE THERMOS ON THE BLEACHER BELONGS TO ONE OF THE SCARECROWS. IT TAKES AN EXTRA-SPECIAL TYPE OF CRAZY TO BUILD AN ENTIRE AUDIENCE OUT OF STRAW AND PUMPKIN HEADS. TOR AND ODIN ARE TO BE APPLAUDED. AND THEN COMMITTED.

Departure. # 80/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Mulligan Questions
Nightingale's Orders

Deputy Mulligan tuned Thornton's chatter out. He didn't think writers were particularly useful people, and a huge manhunt for one struck him as idiotic, certainly not worth the missed opportunity for coffee and pie. It wasn't even clear what the man had done, except run from them at the trailer park. Mulligan knew he wasn't alone: the sheriff's patience with the Fed was running out.



STUCK TO ONE OF THE ELECTRICAL BREAKERS, ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE GODS OF ASGARD STAGE.

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Part 7: Mist, Mayhem, and Moonshine

Activity Log

- Get to the Anderson house
- Find a way through the barn
- Open the silo door for Barry
- Defeat the Harvester
- Open the silo door for Barry (again)
- Get to the Anderson house (again)
- Find the fuse box
- Fix the record

Activity: Get to the Anderson house

It looked like it was up to him. Scanning the front of the barn, he saw an electrical switch blinking green. *Of course* it was on an unstable section of wooden scaffold. It seemed he could reach that vantage point by clambering onto the roof of the rickety overhang on the side of the barn. That was his main task. But before he risked life and limb, he decided to take a quick jog around the side field (the one he'd watched Barry race across just after the crash) . Skirting the field boundary, Wake spotted a pair of gates leading back to the car wreck. He couldn't open them anyway, but he did spot something glowing on an old wagon cart. He gathered the Manuscript Page.

Aside from an archaic hay-baler and an empty shed, the side field was quiet, with only a slight rustling through the corn husks. Reaching an old ladder at the side of the barn's lean to, Wake climbed to the corrugated roof, and timed a leap across the gap. After a nimble hop onto the wooden scaffold, Wake was at the switch. But Barry had decided this was the perfect opportunity for a spot of stand up. With his standee:



[Fig 4.62]

"Hey, I think Alan Wake here has something to say. What's that, Al?" Barry continued, now attempting to perfect a "whiny author voice":

"'Ooh, I'm Alan Wake! I'm always right about everything! And if I don't get my way, I'll sulk all day long! I'm always intense and moody! It makes me very attractive and mysterious! Right now, I'm just standing here because I need my best friend Barry to carry me, but that's okay, I can just take him for granted!'"

Wheeler's impression of Wake hit all the right emotional notes, even if he did start drifting into his Grover the Muppet impression for a second. Alan suggested he do his Barry imitation but the audience wasn't interested.

Wake moved to the switch, and pressed it **[Fig 4.62]**. It was fortunate that the device was on, the whole collection of rusting metal, pipes, and pallets slowly lifted up, out of the way of the door. Wake returned to the ladder and climbed back down. He met Barry at the barn's front doors, now accessible. The bolt holding the doors together fell off with a brush of his hand.

Activity: Find a way through the barn



[Fig 4.63]

Focusing on the meticulously carved boat above their heads, Wake had only praise for the two old coots. The Gokstad, or longboat, possessed craftsmanship rarely seen. The old barn was one giant chamber **[Fig 4.63]**, mostly intact, with an upper balcony running around the edge of the structure. Over in the far right corner, Wake spotted a Coffee Thermos sitting on an old fold-out table. It was close to an even older jalopy, hugged from behind by fallen hay bales. This was a large rural barn constructed by men of Viking stock. Mad men, admittedly, but skilled carpenters with a fetish for embossed shields and Scandinavian design a little more historic than flat-pack furniture. Barry was impressed, too:

"Look at all this stuff! They must've done okay for themselves, so how come I never heard of these guys before?"

While Wake ran around the ground floor of the barn, searching for anything that could help them (such as a way out of the barn), checking some shelves on the far left side of the room for flares and ammunition, Barry had stopped by an old television by the barn's stairs. On the hay-covered ground were some scattered ammunition boxes. Wake gathered them up, and then switched the television on. Barry recognized the show at once:

Departure. # 81/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Nightingale Finds the Manuscript

As the deputies hauled Wake and Wheeler away, Agent Nightingale eagerly examined the stack of papers Wake had been carrying. It was incomplete, a collection of random pages.
But there was enough: he saw his own name in there, among others. His hands shook with emotion. Finally, it was proof. He had been right all along.



DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 66/100



I'M ABOUT TO BLOW MY OWN MIND. BACK AT HEAD OFFICE, COOPER HAD THE IDEA THAT THESE COFFEE THERMOSES, INCLUDING THIS ONE ON THE TABLE BY THE RUSTING CAR IN THE BIG BARN, ARE RECOGNIZABLE OBJECTS THAT WAKE IS USING AS A KIND OF GUIDANCE TOOL TO STEER HIM THROUGH HIS OWN ADVENTURE. IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEN WHO AM I?

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"Wow! *Night Springs*! Man, brings back memories. Hey, remember when I got you that gig? Your first real writing job, what got you started! Oh, is this one of your episodes?" The announcer's voice rasped from the tinny speaker that the episode title was "The Dream of Dreams." Barry looked a little disappointed: **"Aw, that's by someone else."**

With the ground floor cleansed of useful items, Wake climbed the steps to the balcony surrounding the longboat. Passing various bric-a-brac, Wake spotted something glowing at the opposite end of the balcony. Flanked by intricately embossed Nordic shields was a Manuscript Page, attached to some kind of carved ancient Viking stone. The page provided insight into the Anderson brothers' rise and lake water moonshine. Wake continued past the props, and paused to get a better look at the carved boat: **"The Viking boat looked imposing, almost like a battering ram."** Wake continued around to the other side of the balcony. There was a green blinking light attached to an electrical winch holding the longboat in place. But Wake ignored that for the moment. Passing through the hay bale storage, he pretended not to notice the worrying creaking noise echoing throughout the barn, and paused at an old tour poster. Wow. He didn't realize the old geezers had left a trail of rock destruction across the United States.

TELLY TIMES

11 MARCH, 1994 *# 11/14*



Part four of an occasional series concerning odd antics in an out-of-the-way American hamlet. Tonight's episode, "The Dream of Dreams," takes place inside a large barn on the Anderson property.

8:10 pm
Night Springs
with Alan Wake



[Fig 4.64]

Wake felt a twinge of regret as he pressed the button **[Fig 4.64]** that released the longboat, and watched the finely crafted vessel crash into the exit doors opposite. A few steps to the right of the switch, Wake consoled himself with more batteries, grabbed from the corner of an old trunk. He was on his way back around to the stairs when the ominous growl of the Taken was supplemented by shouts from Barry downstairs. Wake brought up his shotgun and ripped the black armor from the lithe beast, and dispersed his remains. As he battled back to the top of the steps, Wake had to deal with a small band of small, quick foes in sweats, who fell quickly to shotgun blasts. Lining them up so one blast took out two at a time helped. By now, more than 50 Taken had fallen to Wake's relentless Remington-style shotgun. He was particularly impressed with this weapon: **It's Not Just a Typewriter Brand**. The ground level was empty; even Barry had disappeared. Wake climbed the ramp and was about to exit when something caught his eye.

Something faded into his peripheral vision and wouldn't leave. A Taken darted out from the stacked cloth sacks at the barn's threshold, and fled, still lying in wait to ambush Wake in the shadows. **"I think we can make it through here, Al!"** Barry was lucky; he'd managed to reach a large farm garage while Wake was stuck with a shimmering foe he couldn't quite catch with his flashlight. Wake stood his ground, gradually weakening the enemy with boosted flashlight beams and the occasional pistol shot to stop it from moving so quickly.

When the Taken finally yielded, Alan could search the debris-strewn back yard. From the empty chicken coop to the Andersons' pack-rat collections of junk and metal wheel sculpture by the back gate, there was a whole lot of crap to sift through. Top of things to avoid were the two dangling electrical cables. Wake paid special attention to the huge cylindrical farm silo some of the junk was propped up against. On the back side of the silo, near a couple of rusty barrels and a wingback chair, a particularly big spool had a strange decorative flourish; nine beer cans arranged in a Pyramid. Wake remembered to shoot this with his revolver.



[Fig 4.65]

This backlot was already crowded, but as Wake approached the patchwork metal of an old tour bus, an unwelcoming committee crawled and staggered out from the shadows. He counted at least six of them, and two were particularly large **[Fig 4.65]**. One carried an elongated hook that looked as sharp as it was deadly. Wake couldn't press on, because an old pickup truck had come alive and was floating with mocking and violent intent near the big oak tree. Alan dropped a flare to give him some breathing room, and backed up, taking care not to brush up against the dangling cables.

Spinning around, Wake caught one of the more monstrous Taken with a full blast of lumens, and staggered it back. As luck would have it, the beast was caught by one of the cables, and exploded in a huge white flash. Very helpful, but it was difficult to coax more of the Taken to the same fate. Wake wasn't above dropping a flashbang, or retreating back to the barn and using the stairs as cover, climbing them so he could sear and slaughter each Taken on a more compact, individual basis.

Five minutes later, the Taken were dead and Wake was still breathing. It was a miracle.

Departure. *# 75/106*

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Anderson Brothers in the 70s

It's 1976. Madness reigns at the
Anderson farm. Contrary to all
logic, the headiest ingredient of
their moonshine is unfiltered
water from Cauldron Lake.
The Andersons feel like gods.
Odin can't stop laughing. He
contemplates cutting his eye out.
Tor runs across the field, naked,
shrieking, hammer in his hand,
trying to catch lighting.
Their songs have power,
something ancient is stirring in
the depths, coming back.



STUCK TO A SMALL VIKING STONE, ON THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE ANDERSON BARN.

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[Fig 4.66]

Between the two huge silos, behind a large pile of rusting garbage, Wake could see the light and his combat-adverse friend. He needed to loop around to rendezvous with him, but a possessed pickup needed dealing with. Wake's heavy-duty lantern did the trick. As he passed the magic bus, the lightning showed no sign of letting up, or letting it rain. As he circled around the second silo, he spied the Anderson's house in the distance, across a field littered with hay bales. Passing a large garage structure, he saw the wheels of a combine harvester through the open slats. He'd check there in a moment; first he needed to meet up with the obvious brains of this operation. Wake stepped into the shared Safe Haven light, and then into what appeared to be a part-garage, part silo **[Fig 4.66]**.

Activity: Open the silo door for Barry

Barry inspected the giant still, and was suitably impressed. He began making plans for representing the brothers' comeback and handling their marketing while Alan focused on finding a way through this building. The agent left finding an escape in the writer's hands. Wake kept looking about, checking the barn-style doors to the left of the still: **"The door was barred from the other side. I'd have to find another way."** This "other way" turned out to be a wooden door in need of a good kicking.

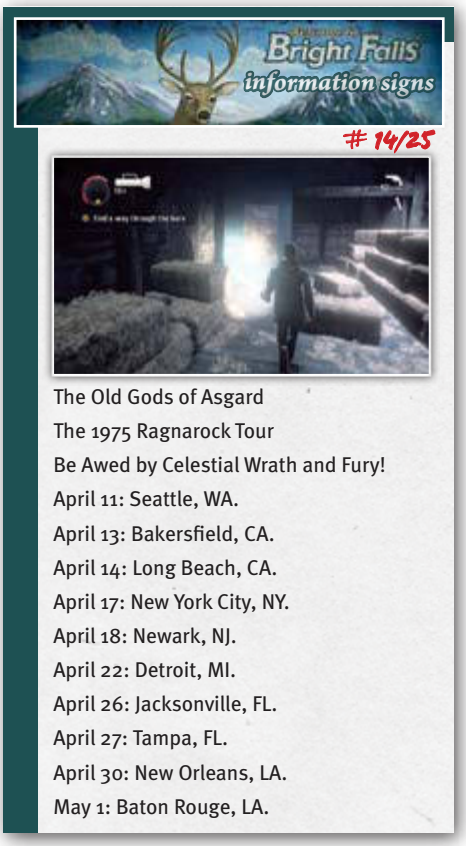
Wake was through and to the top of the first level above the ground when he heard Barry's shout from below: **"Be careful, Al!"** On the floor above the distillery entrance, the air was thick with dust, as decades of grime and grit shook loose, thanks to Alan's heavy footfalls. The room was lit by the intermittent flashes of lightning but the Dark Presence hadn't filled the chamber. And least, not yet. One of the barrels in the center, and another in the far corner by the draped cloth sacks, yielded some much-needed ammunition. Wake loaded up his shotgun shells, and headed up the next flight of wooden stairs.

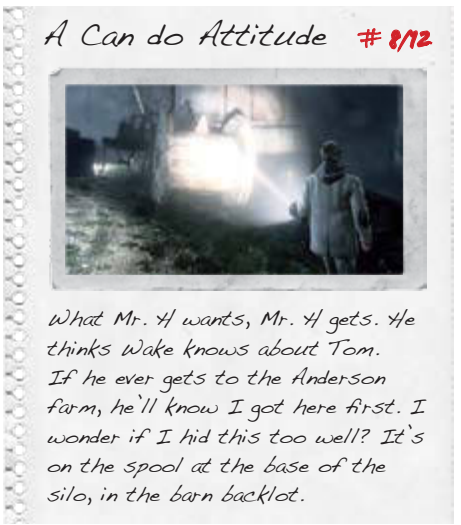


[Fig 4.67]

Wake reeled back as the bales of hay in front of him exploded in a shower of straw and dust. Out stormed a huge farmworker, almost cleaving him with a massive axe strike **[Fig 4.67]**. Instinct took over, as Wake boosted his flashlight onto the dark form. He retreated down the stairs as he repelled the figure, just in case his flashlight ran out of juice. Four shotgun blasts later, all that was left of the fight were the decades of night terrors to come. Wake calmed himself, recognizing another familiar object he (or a friend he'd written into his story) had placed on the shelf where the Taken had sprung from. He took the Coffee Thermos. It was the only item worth scavenging from this floor.

Wake half-expected another madman at the top of the next stairs. But the place was quiet. Finding a ladder over in the far corner, Wake climbed up one more floor. As he stood up, he swore he heard footsteps above him. This level of the distillery tower had a shelving unit adorned with all manner of provisions, though all superfluous to his needs. He was about to head up his fourth set of stairs, when he saw the blinking green light from the radio, sitting on the hi-band wireless device. It seemed the Andersons were ham operators, too. "Ah, **KBF-FM**" Wake thought, as he switched the radio on one last time, then took some batteries from atop the scattered cloth sacks. While listening, he spotted a heavy-duty lantern. He switched to this, and scaled the stairs.





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THE NIGHT OWL
THE VOICE OF PAT MAINE
ALL NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT



TRANSCRIPT # 11/11

As you regular listeners know, I tend to work through the night, but I'm not the only one. Deputies Mulligan and Thornton are taking a couple of moments off their busy schedule to join me here in the studio. Boys, how busy are you now? Deerfest is almost here, isn't it? I bet that keeps you in business."

"Pretty busy, yeah."

"Actually, Pat, we've been real busy with other stuff."

"Uh, which concerns an ongoing investigation. We can't talk about that, Thornton."

"I wasn't gonna say anything. I was just saying we've got, you know, other irons to fry."

"And how would you compare your workload to last year's? Things have seemed relatively peaceful to me, but people do tend to get a little wild this time of year..."

"Oh, it's wild, Pat. It's pretty wild. There's been all sorts of trouble this year. Vandalism, fighting, public disturbances...a lot of people gone missing, too."

"Yeah, yeah, it's pretty much the, uh, usual stuff, Pat, just, you know, a lot more of it."

"Now, is it just me, or does Deerfest get wilder every year? People seem to be more drunk, at least, or they start earlier, and younger..."

"Oh, it's definitely not just you, Pat, but..."

"Hey, I'm talkin' here, Thornton! Uh...oh, shoot, I lost my train of thought..."

"Not just me..."

"Oh, uh, yeah! Yeah, it's wilder, Pat, but actually, most of the trouble seems to be coming from grown men, people who oughta know better, you know? The kids are doing fine this year."

"Well, that's nice to hear, at least. Boys, I want to thank you for stopping by. I'll let you get back to your patrol."

"Sure thing, Pat."

"Yeah, sure thing, Pat."



OKAY SAM, I'VE GOT EXCELLENT RECEPTION FROM THE TOP OF THE DISTILLERY TOWER. WHOOPS, I MEAN GRAIN STORAGE SILO, OVER AT THE ANDERSON FARM. THIS IS DAVE OVER AND OUT.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 67/100



STILL REELING FROM COOPER'S LATEST HYPOTHESIS. I FOUND EVIDENCE OF ANOTHER COFFEE THERMOS, ON A SHELF TWO FLOORS UP IN THE SILO BARN/GARAGE, AND TOOK A SNAPSHOT TO PROVE IT. BUT ACCORDING TO HEAD OFFICE, THE DWARF TOLD HIM THIS WAS PLACED BY WAKE HIMSELF. APPARENTLY WAKE'S FLESHING OUT SOME KIND OF HORROR NOVEL AS HE GOES. BUT I'M SEEING THESE OBJECTS TOO.... I NEED TO TAKE A REST.





[Fig 4.68]

Wake was on the top floor of the silo **[Fig 4.68]**. Over by the open door there was bound to be a great view of the farmstead, but when Wake stepped onto the small elevator he realized it it needed power. Returning inside and taking some batteries on the wooden railing near the exit, Wake gave the generator a hefty pull. Out on the elevator, the view was spectacular. It seemed there was only a hayfield between here and the farmhouse itself. Wake pressed the switch on the elevator, and rode it gently to the ground, without incident. This was suspicious in itself.

Wake kicked out the metal safety door as the elevator stopped inside the attached garage. The emergency box attached to the wooden support column housed every ammunition type imaginable, as well as flares and batteries. The garage's other resident was a huge combine harvester. He broke down a little, mentally, and began talking to it: **"Easy now, big guy. You're...you're a vegetarian, right? You wouldn't come after me when I go through that door?"** Squeezing out of the slightly open front door, Wake was about 10 strides into the field, when he realized he could cross "harvester whisperer" off his list of newly acquired skills.

Activity: Defeat the Harvester



[Fig 4.69]

Moaning and roaring announced the arrival of the largest possessed entity Wake had seen. Moments later, the combine harvester crashed through the garage doors, bursting through the hay bales, and narrowly missing Wake as he dived with a Sprint and dodge off to the side, just avoiding the huge wheels and spinning harvester blades of the monster **[Fig 4.69]**. The machine backed up and attempted to slay Wake again. He took a wide, circular strafing maneuver like the one he used against the possessed bulldozer at the train depot, and managed to avoid a crushing, ripping death as the harvester trundled off toward the farm entrance. Unfortunately, the Taken took this opportunity to reveal themselves.

It took a split-second for Wake to realize a number of facts simultaneously: he needed to find something to duck behind; he had enough flashlight batteries to boost his heavy-duty lantern's beam on the harvester, but only when it was close enough to affect the entity; and he had flares and wasn't afraid of using them. Darting out to a small shed to the side of the field, Wake ran around to the other side, letting the harvester strike it so he could drop a flare, continue to shine the lantern on the baying beast, and whittle down its protection. He could grab ammunition, batteries, and flares at the emergency box to the right of the garage exit as well as at the box inside the garage itself.

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[Fig 4.70]

Circling behind the harvester, Wake concentrated on taking down the massive menace, dodging the Taken on foot by Sprinting and dropping flares. He boosted his lantern lumens at the rear of the machine, as it reversed and skidded around, trying to find its prey. Using the machine's bulk against it, Wake dropped a flare, and it luckily attached to the side of the harvester. It howled, trying in vain to lock onto a constantly active and moving Wake. Dropping a flashbang as it rolled to a halt almost finished it off. Watching it reverse over Taken that Wake had coaxed behind the harvester was a brash but satisfying result **[Fig 4.70]**. With continuous light attacks, the harvester finally crackled into shards of orange light.

Only pedestrians were left in the field. Wake Sprinted away from the dangerous throng of three possessed farmers, and turned his powerful flashlight on them. When the trio of foes fell, something began to clatter in the storage shed, over to the right of the garage door entrance.

Activity: Open the silo door for Barry (again)



[Fig 4.71]

A large mad farmworker smashed his way out of the building, and charged Wake. Burning the dark outer skin of the foe took a little time. Lining up the shotgun blast was straightforward, but flicking the lantern on and aiming it briefly stopped the shovel from being used to strike. After an easily dodged charge, the foe finally fell to a barrage of shotgun blasts **[Fig 4.71]**.



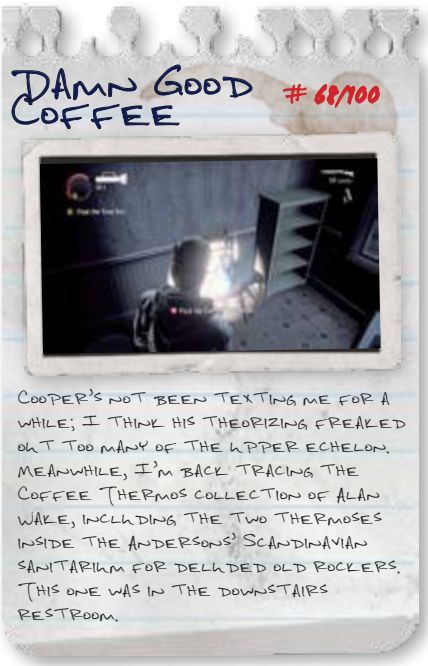
Photolog: A framed photograph, found on the premises, and returned to the local investigators by the FBI. It is now kept by Barry Wheeler. Image courtesy of Tor and Odin Anderson.



[Fig 4.72]

Wake entered the storage shed, which had an ample escape ladder. Wake dropped down to the driveway in front of the large barn and silo building. He approached the silo from the opposite side, but both doors were locked. Running up the ramp, he could see the chicken coop and refuse collection through the mesh fencing. Barry was getting a little antsy; obviously the moonshine still was empty. Wake thought to himself: **"I had to find a key to get Barry out."** Barry always got extra-tense when his allergies were playing up. As Wake moved toward the lean-to on the side of the barn building, he heard him build up to what would be a truly colossal sneeze.

Wake pushed open a series of nailed planks masquerading as a door, and entered the lean-to. Thankfully he wasn't prone to seizures, because the blinking light was a constant annoyance. Wake picked up the silo keys from the small, metal box on the wall. He jogged



back to the ramped silo exit. **"Hey, let's go, man."** Barry said, as he ran down the stairs and across the driveway. Wheeler stopped at the pair of wooden gates, at the entrance to the harvester field **[Fig 4.72]**. The gate's vertical braces were fashioned into a curved end, like the dragon heads of the longboat. But Barry wasn't interested in architectural flourishes as he tugged at the gate.

Activity: Get to the Anderson house (yet again)

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[Fig 4.73]

Wheeler was grunting at the barrier, but it needed the two of them to budge it. Wake moved to the right side, and tried a shoulder barge. The gates swung open. Barry had some choice comments for the Anderson brothers as they both ran across the field. They both slowed to a walk as they reached the main gate to the private property; an impressively carved crossbeam and sign hung above the gate **[Fig 4.73]**. The house was called "Valhalla," the place half of all Viking warriors went after death. **"C'mon, one more gate. Let's do this thing."** Barry shouted, ready to push the right gate. Wake obliged, and the final gate creaked open.



[Fig 4.74]

Passing a chainsaw embedded in an elderly tree on the right side of the garden, Wake saw the farmhouse had stopped Barry in his tracks. Tor and Odin's place had elements of homes built since the Middle Ages, and organized around the farmyard, or as the Andersons' ancestors might had said, *gårdstun*. In front of the house were a couple of large, flat boulders **[Fig 4.74]**. It looked like someone had daubed "THE OLD GODS KNOW THE TRUTH" on one of the sides. The rear of the house was just as impressive, but held no secrets. Although they could both see the lake from the right side of the gardens, Wake knew he had a job to do. He stepped up to the front covered deck, passing the two round shields, and pushed open the door.

Activity: Find the fuse box

"The lights are out. I guess we'd better check the fuse box." Alan entered the compact entrance hall, with stairs welcoming them upstairs. Before climbing them, Wake checked the small downstairs restroom on the right. He found a Coffee Thermos sitting on a chair. Back in the hallway, someone had been tidying up; there was a small pile of refuse bags as Wake passed into the dining room. The Andersons certainly had a wild decorating sense...and a slapdash attitude to fireworks storage. Over on one of the walls was a poster of an Old Gods of Asgard album cover; *In the Valley of My Shadow*, a meaningful title around here. There were wolves on the poster...were they the images Lane had painted back at the lodge?

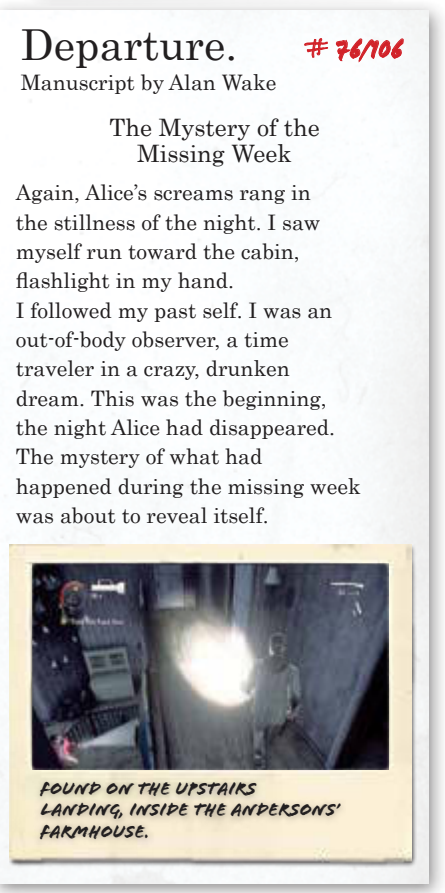


[Fig 4.75]

Heading left into the withdrawing room, which the Andersons had commandeered into a stage **[Fig 4.75]**, Barry began to whine again while Wake inspected a record player on the table. **"The power downstairs was out, but I was sure I could fix that at the fuse box."** Passing a particularly ornate grandfather clock, Wake and company trotted over to the rather spartan downstairs bedroom. Wake swore he heard footsteps upstairs. Over in the adjacent kitchen, someone, or something, had ripped the doors off the refrigerator and oven. But they had forgotten the Coffee Thermos on the counter. Wake gathered it up, and headed for the stairs.

Wake passed another Gods of Asgard poster before he reached the narrow landing at the top of the stairs. As he scanned another message from the hidden graffiti artist, Barry came up with an astute observation: **"You know, this place looks kind of lived in. I thought the Andersons were in the booby hatch?"** Wake replied: **"Yeah, I don't think they keep too close an eye on them at the clinic. They seem to slip away a lot so they can get wasted."** Barry retorted quickly: **"No kidding! Those guys sound awesome."**





Back on the landing, Wake saw another Manuscript Page almost immediately, and added it to his collection, before pushing open the first door that wasn't locked. It led to a small bedroom with a lonely guitar but no fuse box. The only other open door was at the far end of the landing.

Activity: Fix the record

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[Fig 4.76]



[Fig 4.77]



It led to a larger bedroom with two small beds, with shields matching the ones above the Andersons' beds back at Hartman's lodge **[Fig 4.76]**. Barry was pointing, excitedly, at something in the walk-in clothing closet. **"I think that's the fuse box, Al!"** Wake fixed the fuse by slotting it back into place, turning off the blinking green light in the process. The whole house lit up, and music could be heard, drifting up from downstairs. They were heading down the stairs when Barry piped up again: **"Can you hear that, Al? Music?"** Wake replied; **"Of course! We need to find where it's coming from, that's the message the Andersons talked about, that's the whole reason we're here." "Lady of the light?"** Barry asked. **"Oh, that's gotta be, what's her face, the crazy lamp lady from the town!"** The record, stuck on a particular part of the song, certainly seemed to imply this. "**Cynthia Weaver."** Wake said this as much to himself as to Barry. **"Right!" said Barry. "Must be!"** Wake reached down to play the record in its entirety.

Wake sat on the couch, listening to the song while Barry stood over the record player, scratching the back of his head. It obviously needed to be spelled out for him. Wake looked up from reading the liner notes of the album: **"We need to find Cynthia Weaver. We'll stay here for the night and head back to the town as soon as it gets light."**

Wheeler clinked a couple of large brown bottles together: **"Hey, Al. Lots of hours before dawn. Might as well get some rest. And by rest, I mean drunk."**

Wake thought about it: **"Yeah, what the hell."**

It could have been five minutes or five hundred. Wheeler and Wake were engaged in their least *compos mentis* conversation ever. The real truth was spilling out over the living room **[Fig 4.77].**

Barry was speaking quickly, and slurring, as the moonshine took hold, and Wake's standee watched over them from the window. He swore fealty to his friend, no matter how insane he was. For his part, Alan made grandiose drunken claims about his abilities as a writer. Though they weren't far from his grandiose sober claims, before the writer's block had settled in and taken root.

"What…what do they put in this stuff? I feel like my brain is comin' outta my nose." Barry asked. He decided the moonshine was his new path to riches.

Wake had switched emotions, and was holding his head in his hand: "**I just miss her, Barry. I just want her here with me."**

Barry slowly staggered over, patted Wake on the head, and held his arm, affectionately. **"I know, Al. I know. It's gonna be okay. We're gonna make it okay."**

Time passed. Both Wheeler and Wake were down for the count, but Wake wasn't snoring like Barry; he was open-eyed and fidgeting on the couch. He turned and looked at his two-dimensional doppleganger. His form became ethereal. He journeyed back to Diver's Isle in his mind's eye, and the nightmare of old Wake.



Photolog: Ever the joker, Barry Wheeler lifts spirits during even the most fraught and hopeless moments. Image and caption courtesy of Barry Wheeler.



Photolog: The Old Gods of Asgard were fans of crop rotation as well as heavy metal, growing corn and hay to sell to local cattle farmers across the state. Much of the equipment was stored in these buildings. Photo courtesy of Barry Wheeler.

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Chapter 4C: The Night It All Began

Part 8: Barbara Jagger's Hut

Activity Log

- Get to the cabin
- Find out what happened to you
- Go back into the cabin
- Go to the study

Activity: Get to the cabin

Wake looked down at himself. He was having an out-of-body experience the like of which he'd never experienced. He watched himself resting on the bridge railing to catch his breath **[Fig 4.78]**. He saw that he'd almost not noticed the lights behind the two porthole windows blink out.

"Alan?" they both heard Alice shout.

"Alice?" his ghost instinctively replied.

"Alan!" This was a shriek. A terrified yell.

"Alice!"

"Alan, no! No!" That last scream of Alice's was gut-wrenching, and seemed to get cut off. Strangled.

"Alice!" The transparent specter Wake was watching was confused. Its adrenaline was coursing through the ghost like a coffee embolism. **"The cabin had gone dark. All the lights were out."** Wake could just make out Alice's voice in the distance.

"Alan! Alan! Where are you! Help!" Wake began to run back across the rickety bridge to Diver's Isle. The mist was hugging the island like an over-affectionate damp dog. Wake's ethereal mind followed along behind.

"Alice! I'm coming! It's all right! I'm coming!" Alan quickened his pace as he crossed the bridge. So did the following presence.

"No! Alan! Help me!"

"It was a crazy, drunken dream, and yet it was more than that. It was the truth, a suppressed memory unearthed by the Anderson's moonshine. I was there, an out-of-body observer. This was the night Alice and I had arrived at Bright Falls, the night Alice had disappeared. I had a chance to find out what had happened."

Activity: Find out what happened to you

As he passed between a pointed rock and thicket, Alice's screaming continued. Wake watched himself reach the darkened porch. He burst through the door.

"I remembered being surprised to see the cabin dark. Alice would have never turned the lights off." Wake's spirit floated through the cabin, following the ghostly version of himself, as Alice continued to wail in his mind.

"No! Alan! Help me!"

"I remembered thinking I caught a glimpse of her form underwater, sinking into the darkness."

Wake watched himself stop at the broken deck railing where Alice had fallen, and dive off the edge, into Cauldron Lake after her.

"Diving after her was the last vague memory I had of that night. After that the next thing I could remember was waking up behind the wheel of the crashed car and finding the first pages of the manuscript."



[Fig 4.78]

"Beyond this lost memory, there was nothing. I had to follow the footsteps of my past self to find out what had happened that night."

Wake's disembodied form focused on the jetty down at the water's edge. He watched, etching new memories into his mind, as his previous form surfaced from the deep, gasping for air and clues.

"I couldn't find her in all that blackness. I must have thought she'd drowned." Wake clambered onto the jetty. He continued to talk to himself: **"Jagger had Alice, and so she had me."** Wake lay on the jetty, dry-heaving. His ethereal form continued to speak: **"I'd been easy prey."** Barbara Jagger's thin, transparent form appeared close to Wake's body. **"Look at the cabin. Is there someone in the window?"** she asked, already knowing the answer.

Activity: Go back into the cabin

"Alice?" old Wake asked.

"Maybe she didn't drown after all. Maybe she's inside." Jagger responded, pointedly.

"Alice!"

"Yes..." Jagger's voice trailed off.

Activity: Go to the study

"The Dark Presence had touched me. She had dug her nails into my brain and used me, made me her puppet." Back at the porch, ethereal Wake watched a sodden old Wake stagger back into the cabin. Jagger flitted off and on like a light. Or more accurately, a complete absence of light, guiding him. Ordering him. Enslaving him.

"She must be here somewhere. Maybe upstairs, in the study?"

"Alice!"

"Yes! That's where she is. You can apologize."

"Alice!"

"You'll laugh at the whole thing together and put it behind you."

"Alice?"

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[Fig 4.79]



[Fig 4.80]

Old Wake, a confused automaton in the service of a new mistress, entered the cabin study. He was met with mocking revelations:

"She's not here. You were foolish to think so. No, she's dead. She drowned."

"No! No! No!" Wake clutched his head to his hands.

"It's your fault your wife is dead. You are guilty. All she wanted was to help you write. You killed her." Wake fell to his knees, and screamed.

"Aaaaahhh!"

"Oh, hush. There's still hope. Cauldron Lake is a special place. Here, you have the power to change things." Old Wake stayed on his knees. Jagger explained everything: **"She wanted you to write. You can bring her back. I will tell you what to do."** Wake slowly rose to his feet, and looked across at the typewriter on his desk **[Fig 4.79]**. **"You can write her back. The story will come true and all will be well again."**

"She had Alice, and the manuscript was the ransom for her." Wake slowly, painfully, sat at the desk.

"Yes. I'll write. I'll fix it. I'll bring her back." Wake had a hundred-yard stare, and no emotion. He was, at last, her puppet.

"You!" Jagger growled, startling Wake awake, on the couch, inside the Anderson farmstead. **"No! I wrote it. I remembered it all now."**

Wake recalled his time in the cabin. He didn't know where he was, or how he was trapped. But he was surrounded on all sides by impenetrable tendrils. Deep, psychic strands of something so incalculably unspeakable, they couldn't be properly understood by human minds or seen with human eyes.

"In the dark, I'd written for days, a week, almost a complete manuscript of a novel entitled *Departure*. Jagger had been my editor, whispering in my ear, making sure that the unfolding story would make her more and more powerful. I thought I was saving Alice. Even with the cobwebs she'd put in my head, some part of me had been aware enough to write my escape into the story, to bring a light into the cabin to release me before I could finish; to interrupt the horror story before the ending, where darkness consumed everything and everyone. Zane was weak, far away. But I had written him into the story, and his light had been enough to set me free."

Wake toppled back from his chair. Wisps of black smoke left his ears, eyes, nose, and throat. A figure emanating light from his bulky diver's suit slowly entered the cabin study. Thomas Zane spoke:

"It isn't here now. I'm here because it was written. I brought the light to set you free. You must hurry. It will know I'm here. It will be back soon." Wake stumbled out of the cabin, as Zane continued **[Fig 4.80]**, taking the manuscript in one of his suit's pincers: **"It stole the skin of my Barbara a long time ago. She looks so old."**

Wake was on the edge of the Diver's Isle bridge, staggering back to his car. **"I had woken up confused and groggy, my mind consumed by darkness and primal fear. All I could do was to escape."**

Something was wrong. The Dark Presence felt a disturbance. Screeching and frothing, it rose from the lake, moving at inhuman speeds toward the cabin on the caldera. It rushed up the stairs, into the study, and into Zane's light. Zane spoke softly: **"Barbara."**

Wake was scrambling up to the hire-vehicle, using the handle to steady himself: **"The week spent in the cabin had taken its toll. I was barely conscious and fading fast. It had to have cost Zane terribly, thrown him even deeper into whatever dark place he now haunted, but he had managed to weaken the Dark Presence. Kept me safe that night."** Wake was driving too fast down the mountain road near Stucky's Gas. His vehicle hit the barrier, and plowed straight through, knocking down the sign and electrical pole, and coming to rest at the edge of a small fissure.

"I wrote it. It's my fault." Wake mumbled something as he woke from his dream, sitting up on the farmstead couch. A revolver clicked.

Nightingale replied: **"That's right, James Joyce. It's your fault, and you're gonna pay for it."**



Photolog: Known as the Bird Leg Cabin (after the shape of the island it sits on), this was the residence of a little known writer called Thomas Zane. From the collection of Cynthia Weaver.

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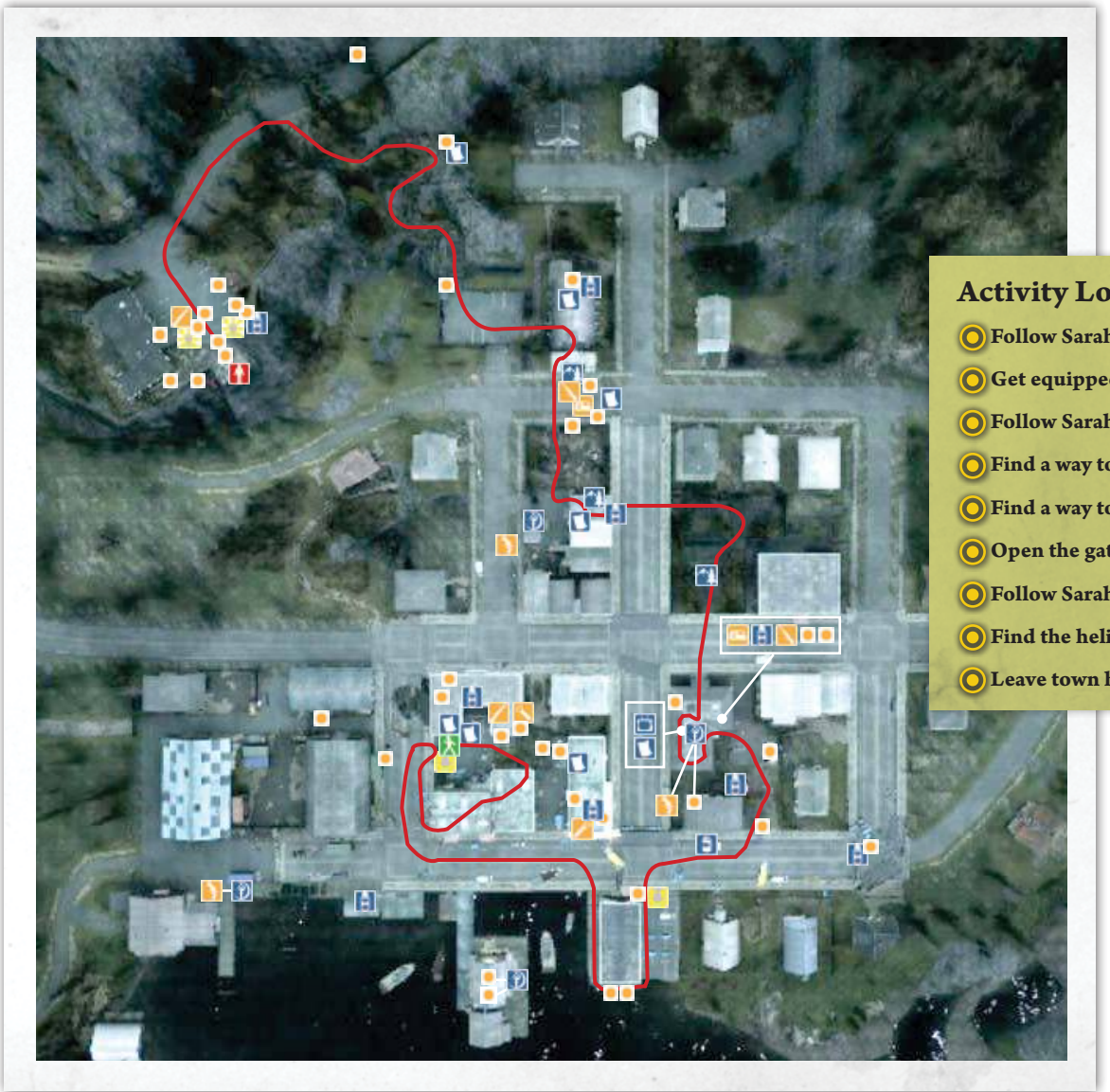
Episode Five: The Clicker

Statistical Evidence						
Evidence Type	**Number Available (Chapter 5A)**	**Number Available (Chapter 5B)**	**Chapters 5A+5B Total**	**Episode Start Total**	**Episode End Total**	**Grand Total**
Manuscript Pages	8	4(3*)	12(3*)	81	96	106
Coffee Thermoses	10	10	20	69	89	100
Can Pyramids	1	1	2	8	10	12
Chests	4	3	7	18	25	30
Radio Shows	0	0	0	11	11	11
TV Shows	1	1	2	11	13	14
Signs	3	4	7	14	21	25
Songs	0	1	1	14	15	16

* Second number refers to Manuscript Pages available during Nightmare.

Chapter 5A: Night Life in Bright Falls

Part 1: Cleaning up After Deerfest



Bright Falls

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The sun was rising over the mountains, its light fanning out across the buildings huddled by the water. Deerfest was today, and Pat Maine's voice offered homespun advice and opinion on the forthcoming festivities.

"Well, we're expecting a record crowd from the neighboring counties! Naturally, we hope to break the record set by last year's Moosefest in our neighboring town Watery."

Over by the backlot at the Oh Deer Diner, the finishing touches were being made to the 68th annual Deerfest float. Doc Nelson was glad-handing Randolph. Over at the Sheriff Station, Barry was asleep on the cot, and Wake was out like a light in the bunk across from him.



[Fig 5.1]

"I have it." Wake looked up, open-mouthed and hazy. A mist had descended over his pupils. He saw Cynthia Weaver in the cell with them. It was as if the lamp she was always carrying was projecting her—somehow—into Wake's barely conscious mind. She said: **"'Someone will come for it when the time is right.' Thomas said so. He wrote it. The key is insurance. It's my job to keep it safe, safe in the light. Always in the light."**

Wake slumped back to slumber. It was night before Wake struggled upright on the cell bench, miserable from the after-effects of the moonshine **[Fig 5.1].**

"All the manuscript pages were gone. The FBI agent had taken them."

Barry was bent over, and faring no better. But Wake was all business: **"I need to talk to Weaver. She's the one in the song, the lady of the light."**

"What, the crazy lady? Whatever you say, Al, but we're stuck here. They're not gonna—" Normally Barry wouldn't have stood for a 'shushing', but they both heard voices. Breaker was in a heated discussion, coming inside from the parking lot.

"What the hell kind of game are you playing, Nightingale?" Breaker asked. **"You haven't even interviewed Wake."**

Friendship and Community. A *Bright Falls Record* Supplement

Morning Edition

BRIGHT FALLS RECORD

EST. 1896

Pictorial Highlights from This Year's Deerfest!

Photographs by Daniel Torrence, Pat Maine, and Cheryl Johnson.





Doc Nelson and Mr. Randolph share a handshake and coffee as the last-minute preparations continue.



Amazing aerial photography of the Torrence plane on approach to start the festival. Take that, Moosefest!



The procession down Harbor Street drew hundreds of well-wishers from across the county.



The Deerfest float. Old wide-eyed buck had been recently patched-up, and is looking great!



Doc Nelson and Pat Maine enjoying the festivities. Many thanks to you both for making it such a success!



These two old-timers have a jig or two left in them. Thanks for the memories! See you next year, Alan!

Photolog: A wonderful color-supplement from the latest edition of the *Bright Falls Record*. It's a shame Alan Wake was incarcerated during what appears to be a genuinely touching community event.

"I had some reading to do first, Sheriff." Nightingale responded, his superiority-complex firmly intact. **"And let me tell you, it was an interesting read."** They were both at the cell bars. Nightingale turned to address Wake, finding it difficult to contain his glee: **"Well, I've got you now, Raymond Chandler. It's all here, all the evidence, including conspiracy to murder a federal agent. There's no way you're walking out of here. You hear me in there, Brett Easton Ellis? Huh?"**

Breaker wasn't standing for this: **"Agent Nightingale, I want to talk to your superior."**

"Well, we all want things, Sheriff. I wanted my—" Nightingale stopped himself. He didn't want to drag *that* up again. **"... look, that's not possible right now."**

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"Agent Nightingale, I insist…" Breaker trailed off as she saw Wake fall to the ground. Inside Wake's head, images of the past—the lake, the cabin below the waves, Alice taken—all flashed across his head in an abridged nightmare, accompanied by a crippling blast of tinnitus.

"Alan!" Breaker was beside Wake, checking him over. **"Wake! What's wrong?"** He was still motionless, on the ground.

"Lady, are you stupid?" said Nightingale, leaning up against the cell bars and shaking his head. **"It's a trick! It's an obvious trick!"**

Breaker stood up, both physically, and metaphorically: **"Okay, I've had enough of this crap, Wake, I'm gonna trust you with this."**

"You're joking." Nightingale was amused by the pipsqueak.

"Agent Nightingale," Breaker continued, **"your opinion would matter more if you were sober and if I actually believed you were here on official business."**

Nightingale had had enough. He drew his service revolver, jabbing it toward mainly Wake, but all three of them—including Sheriff Breaker.

"Whoa!" Barry raised his hands, even though Nightingale would have to shoot through Breaker to hit him.

These were the actions of an increasingly desperate man. He continued to point the gun at Wake. **"Get…get back in the cell, Stephen King! The only way you're leaving this place is over my dead—"**

He stopped and remembered something. He unfolded the stack of Manuscript Pages, and flicked to one of them. **"What a minute! This is—I know this—"**

"Haaaargh!"

The door to the parking lot slammed open. Nightingale was wrenched backward, out into a cloud of dust and darkness. The door slammed shut.

"Oh my God."

Breaker was still mentally processing what had just happened, so Wake took the lead: **"Light. We need light. It's the only way to fight this thing."**

Breaker bounced back: **"In my office. I've got your things there. Follow me."** She turned, and ran toward the reception area. Wake stepped out from the cells, and quickly gathered two of the Manuscript Pages Nightingale had left behind during his impromptu exit.

Activity: Follow Sarah

Wake followed Sheriff Breaker into the reception hallway, and ducked into the radio and recreation room, looking for anything helpful. He found two flares, gathered them, and returned to the reception area. The overturned police prowler on the doorstep convinced Wake there was something seriously awry in Bright Falls tonight. Grant's area was devoid of power, although Wake did spot a Coffee Thermos resting on a small, metal filing cabinet. He bagged it before following Breaker down the corridor to the fuse box at the far end. A few seconds of fiddling, and the power was back on at the station. Breaker quickly ran over, and unlocked her office door.

"Here are your things. Wake, what do I need to know? What do you need from me?"

Activity: Get equipped



[Fig 5.2]

It appeared Breaker would be a no-nonsense and thoroughly competent new ally. While Wake grabbed a flashlight from Breaker's desk, along with batteries, bullets, and his revolver, he told Breaker what she needed to know: **"They can be hurt in the light. Only in the light. And I need to find Cynthia Weaver. She can help me stop this."** Wake moved to the wood and fabric sofa, and snagged more bullets.

"Light. Check. Cynthia—she lives in the old, decommissioned power plant. I can get you there pretty quickly in the rescue chopper." Wake was impressed. There was hope yet. Wake moved to the sheriff's gun locker, and took the pump-action shotgun, and all available ammunition **[Fig 5.2]**. Wasting no time at all, Breaker ran out of her office, with Wake in tow.

They met back with Barry at Grant's desk. **"Wheeler, I need you to stay here."** Barry looked crestfallen. She explained: **"We're going to fetch our ride, but I have friends who need to be warned about this, and I can't be in two places at once. I need your help."**

"Well…okay." Barry agreed, reluctantly.

Activity: Follow Sarah (again)

Departure. # 82/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Nightingale Reads the Manuscript

Nightingale tried to make sense of the manuscript. It was disjointed and strange. He didn't understand half of it, but it all rang true, impossibly true.
He took out his hip flask when he reached the page that described how he reached the page that made him take out his hip flask.
It wasn't the booze that made his mind reel.



ON THE FLOOR OF THE CELL CORRIDOR, DROPPED BY AGENT NIGHTINGALE.

Departure. # 83/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

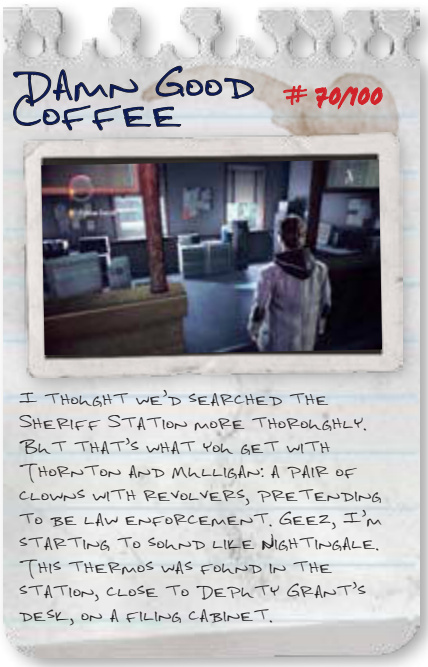
Nightingale Attacked by the Dark Presence

Nightingale felt the situation veering out of his control, but the gun at least felt steady in his hands. He was ready to fire, resolved that he would let this happen over his dead body—and yet he hesitated.
He had seen this moment before, read it in the page. He was transfixed by the déjà vu and the horror that he was a character in a story someone had written.
Then the monstrous presence burst in behind him and dragged him into the night.



ON THE FLOOR OF THE CELL CORRIDOR, DROPPED BY AGENT NIGHTINGALE.

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"Here's a list of people and phone numbers. I need you to call them and tell them that you have a message from me. 'Night Springs.' Okay? They'll know what to do."

This piqued Barry's interest: **"'Night Springs,' like the TV show? Gotcha."**

"Can you do this?" Breaker asked. **"You'll be safe here, the backup power's on. These guys need to be alerted, just in case we don't come back."**

This didn't sit well with Wheeler: **"Uh, you'll come back for me, though, right?"**

"As soon as we get the chopper ready. Thanks, Wheeler, I owe you one." Breaker was off, through the cell corridor to the parking lot.

Wake wanted—and needed—to follow Breaker, but he was tempted to stay behind, to listen how Barry managed on the phone **[Fig 5.3]**, to convince a town of strangers of Breaker's message. He listened to a few calls, then headed down the cell corridor.



[Fig 5.3]

Activity: Find a way to access the rooftops

Wake took the steps down to the parking lot. Breaker was standing in a cone of light, swaddled in a security floodlight beam. She wasn't happy: **"Oh, hell. Whatever took Nightingale must have broken the gate controls."** She gestured outside: **"We can't reach the gate's control box from here. We need to get to the other side over the rooftop."** Wake instructed his new partner: **"I'll go. I'll open the gate for you once I'm across. You stay here in the light and cover me, Sheriff. Okay?"** And with that he was off, flashlight in one hand and shotgun in the other, heading across the parking lot; he'd remembered a way to access the rooftops. Breaker shouted back: **"Are you sure? Okay then. But hurry."**



[Fig 5.4]

Wake retraced his steps, back into the overgrown lot where Mott had placed Alice's driver license. The place seemed creepier in the dark. Wake leapt up the tarp-covered lumber and over the remains of a wooden fence, then squeezed through the hole in the mesh enclosure **[Fig 5.4]**. The truck itself was still there, but there were batteries among the low-lying weeds. There was also something else. Something odd. Dark Matter that Wake had seen before. Two small piles of this eldritch substance lay at the base of a roof ladder. Wake aimed his flashlight on the nearer mass, and shards of light crackled off the mass like a band saw cutting through metal. After both puddles were removed, Alan focused on the job at hand: **"I needed to reach the rooftop to get to the other side of the broken gate."**

Looking up at the warehouse building, Wake glimpsed two giant eyes staring down at him. Even the Deerfest parade float's plastic stag took on a frightening countenance in the moonlight. Behind the antlers, Wake could see the glowing Oh Deer Diner sign. Wake yanked on the metal lever, and the ladder extension came shooting down to the ground. Up on the roof, Wake managed to scare away another couple of black birds. Then he made a quick, counterclockwise visual sweep of his surroundings. He was close to Harbor Street, where their ferry had docked. Looking left, Wake spotted some red festive lights a few blocks east. Then the illuminated clock tower of the town hall. Across the road, behind the traffic junction was Bright Falls Post Office. Then a small cluster of local shops. At the top of the town was a church spire. At the top of the hill behind town were two searchlights. Wake could just make out the helicopter past the trees.

Activity: Find a way to reach the street level



[Fig 5.5]

Wake crossed the flat roof, moving between the duct work and chimneys, and seeing more black tar puddles everywhere, as if spread out from the outer explosion of a central vortex. They crackled, shrieked, and finally dissolved into black smoke as Wake shone his light on them. He worked his way to a small cylindrical water tower **[Fig 5.5]**. On the roof below it were two flares. Wake grabbed them, and quickly ran to the opposite edge of the roof. He had a commanding view of Harbor Street, the "fresh seafood" building, and the jetty. It seemed the festivities were over. Back at the water tower, Wake burned the last globule of dark goop close to the attached ladder, and came across another message, painted onto the brickwork. "IN LIGHT YOU CAN HURT THEM." Atop the water cylinder, Wake remembered he was taught to look before he leapt, and burned off two more black oozing patches: one on the cylinder roof and the other at the landing spot on the Wahlberg Warehouse building. He took a careful aim, and jumped.

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[Fig 5.6]

He landed heavily, and skipped a few paces before he regained his balance. Without warning, he was attacked. A blurry mass of winged foes shot forward, smothering him in feathers, beaks, and talons. Wake backed up, lighting a flare and sending a few of the ravens back into darkness. Wake aimed as accurately as he could, but they were relentless. When Wake saw a lull in the almost constant attacks, he crossed to the far-left corner of the roof, where a small plank ramp allowed access onto some precarious scaffolding. Old Man Wahlberg was repointing his brickwork and had left his hydraulic lift extended. Between the batterings, Wake leapt the gap, onto the second plank scaffold, and then stumbled onto the lift **[Fig 5.6]**.

Activity: Open the gate

As if on cue, the birds started to disperse. Wake looked around and pressed the switch to lower the lift. He saw Breaker still standing in the cone of light. Wake waited until the lift came to a halt, to avoid falling too far, and made a quick sweep of the street he was on. At the junction with Harbor Street, Wake saw his way blocked by traffic. He just wanted to see whether he could find additional items to help his cause. He found some batteries, flares, and ammunition in an emergency box attached to a container hut. In the alley opposite the parking lot, Wake found a flare by the covered hut with the trash can in it.



[Fig 5.7]

"You need to bypass the damaged control box!" Breaker explained. The box was caked in disgusting black slime. Wake seared the patches of ooze off the sides and top of the box, and tapped on the circuitry to bypass the gate controls, which promptly shorted out in a small shower of sparks, fortunately releasing the gate. Wake cursed, shaking his lightly toasted right hand, and watching Breaker run out to the road by him.

"Good job, Wake. Okay, stick close. Our first stop is the town hall. The keys to the chopper are there." The floodlight blinked out. There went the Safe Haven.

Activity: Follow Sarah (yet again)

Breaker was armed with a shotgun and flashlight, and didn't need any protecting, although both their lives depended on working and fighting together effectively. This strategy was fully realized when Wake took a few steps down the street, toward the van blocking their path, and it rose into the air, pushed forward by dark possessed hands, and dropped to the tarmac floor, allowing a quintet of dark shapes to storm Wake's position **[Fig 5.7]**. Breaker was extremely accurate with the shotgun, blasting those closest to her across the street, but failing to fully burn the dark protection from their backs. **"Get back!"** This prompted Wake to ignore the destruction of the van—he needed his battery full to tackle the Taken—and to aim his boosted flashlight at the nearest foe, a threatening fellow in a hooded top, armed with a hand axe. Continuous movements helped Wake avoid being boxed into a corner.



[Fig 5.8]

A flare was dropped to singe darkness from multiple foes. **"Ahh! Dammit!"** And when the going became tough, Wake stepped back, letting Breaker absorb some of the strikes. She was a tough cookie. When they both aimed and fired at the same enemy they were working properly—in tandem. Despite Wake's tendency to save his ammunition and let Breaker finish off the damned souls they were whittling through, she was impressed with Wake's firearm abilities. But then, he'd had some practice over the last week. While Wake's flashlight battery recharged, he emptied the emergency box of remaining items, before boosting his flashlight onto the body of the stranded, but possessed van **[Fig 5.8]**. As the filaments of light vaporized in front of him, Wake stepped through the vanishing vehicle, and onto Harbor Street. According to the blinking traffic light, he could proceed with caution.

He looked left, then looked right. **"Look out!"** Wake snapped his neck left again the instant after Breaker's yell, and watched, transfixed to the spot, as the truck float carrying the Deerfest stag hurtled toward him, driven by dark madness. He didn't dodge early, because the truck might have changed direction, but dove out of the way just in time for the vehicle to scream past, and crash into the locked gates to the fishery on the street's west end. The float remained stationary, but out of the confusion there was movement along the wharf. **"Hold it right there!"** Wake counted five Taken, including a deputy officer Breaker probably knew. But she didn't have any problems knocking the beast back with a shotgun blast or two. "That's far enough!" The two of them fought the Taken at the junction **[Fig 5.9],** using the parked container nearby to coax remaining foes into a narrower sidewalk area, where they were more easily burned and turned.



[Fig 5.9]

Wake was feeling a little drained after the combat, and was pleased to discover there was help close at hand. On the information board at the wharf, and on the container truck itself, two arrows were daubed. They pointed toward the west end of the street, near where the Deerfest float had come to rest. Wake looked around the other side of the wooden information kiosk, on the wharf, and chanced upon a Coffee Thermos. Taking it, he jogged past a van and a speedboat on a trailer behind that. Breaker saw Wake run, and yelled: **"Over here, Wake! The chopper's in the other direction!"** She'd be okay for a moment. Wake reached the gate, saw spots of paint flicked onto the stop sign gate post. There looked to be the remains of a pier to his left. Leaping the gap, Wake found the crate nestled below a propped pallet with the sign of the torch sprayed on it. The flare gun and ammunition would certainly help. Wake avoided the many gaps as he navigated the ruined pier, back to the relative safety of the road. Looking at the water, he saw the refracting light was different. It was being usurped somehow, by a deep mire of infinite darkness. Switching back to the shotgun, he met Sarah back at the junction.

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[Fig 5.10]

"That's far enough!" Breaker sent a lone Taken spinning around with a shotgun blast to the head. Wake burned the smoke off its form, and finished the job. Wake passed the wharf, and the pickup truck. He was by the traffic light and close to the festival barricades on the right side of the road, looking east toward the Oh Deer Diner. The vehicles were parked haphazardly. He knew the town was under some kind of attack, and hoped he wasn't at the epicenter. Or the cause of it. But he knew the truth. He'd taken a few more steps along the sidewalk when he checked the small hut where Keelwell sold his outdoor equipment **[Fig 5.10]**. It was a brief initial sweep, but Wake noticed another hidden arrow on the shack's wall. It was pointing to the corrugated "Fresh Seafood, Fish and Shrimp" building, illuminated in the darkness. **"The air smelled of fish. This was Bright Falls' industrial area. There was probably a cannery nearby."**

The cannery seemed to be worthy of investigation, especially as the Keelwell shack was closed. Wake almost ended up in the inky water as he inspected the shut-up shop, but found a gate in the mesh fencing and stepped through, onto the cannery jetty, surrounding the building itself. Breaker joined him after Wake helped her finish up a Taken back on Harbor Street. Wake's suspicions were confirmed when a bright yellow arrow appeared on the corner of the cannery building as Wake walked along the jetty's edge. Another arrow, pointing between the cannery and a shoreline building revealed he was on the right track. But stepping between both buildings revealed Wake wasn't the only one skulking about on the cannery jetty. Five burly fishermen, workers with so'westers and grizzled expressions, carrying fish-carving blades and picks, loomed out to ambush them **[Fig 5.11]**.

A dropped flare forced them back, and Wake used the narrow space to coax and kill them, one by one. The doors to the cannery, and the shack to the right, were sealed. On the other side of the jetty, Wake peered into the sound. A thick mist enveloped even the proximity buoy. He could hear the water lapping on the ancient wooden supports below. Where was the hidden cache? Passing the pallets, crates, and cogs piled along the jetty, Wake found a set of exterior steps up to a door, set into the main cannery wall. A hidden arrow pointed up, so Wake ascended adjacent to the corrugated structure, finding his prize at the top. Batteries and a flare gun were worth the exploration. The cannery building was closed, so Wake descended, rejoining Breaker back on Harbor Street.

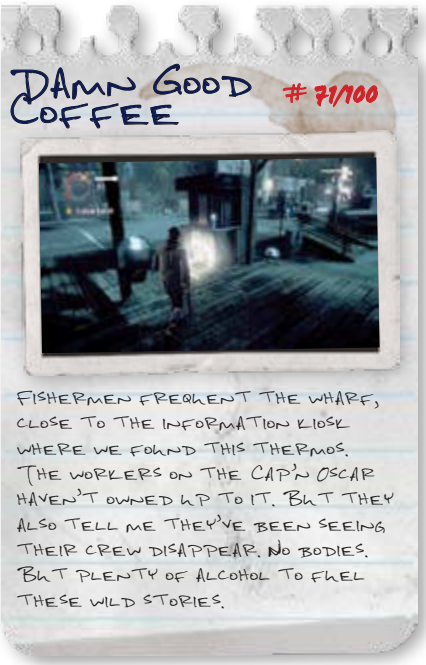


[Fig 5.12]

There was an air of brooding silence as Wake looked across at the deserted tents on the left side of Harbor Street. There should have been more townsfolk celebrating the festival, surely? The place felt empty and full of woe. Wake's flashlight beam cut through the light mist. The tents themselves, in front of Wahlberg's supplies and garage, yielded nothing of any use. So Wake pressed on. Between Wahlberg's and the Oh Deer Diner was a parking space and short alley. This was where the parade float had been parked—before it tried to kill him. Wake found a couple of flares on the ground, by the overturned trash bin. As he was stooping to pick them up, two Taken decided to scale the mesh fence behind the bin, and attack **[Fig 5.12]**. They didn't even get to land on the other side before Wake had burned off their dark protection, and dropped them with a shotgun blast each.



[Fig 5.11]







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[Fig 5.13]

The lights were on, but there was nobody home next door, as Wake entered the Oh Deer Diner **[Fig 5.13]**. It was odd; Wake almost missed the people he'd met there. He inspected the counter. On it was a flashlight considerably more weighty and potent than his current model. He swapped them and continued around the counter to the revolver bullets. Just then, the door opened and Breaker walked in. Wake entered the serving area in the middle of the diner, and took a Coffee Thermos on the ground.

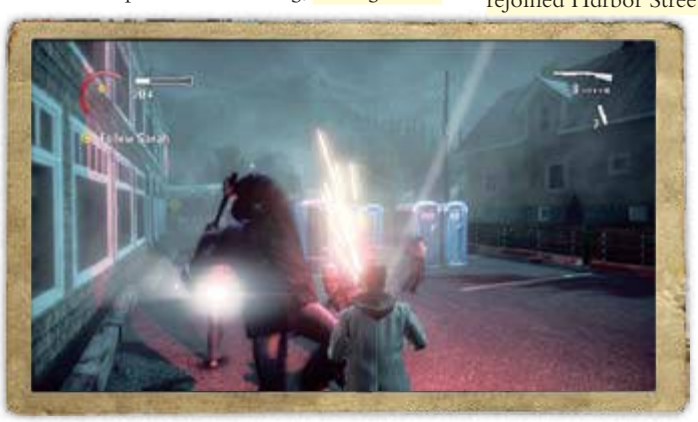
Wake made a point to return to the booth where he'd spoken with the Andersons. Some batteries had been left on the table there. Then he stood by the jukebox. What was the song again? **Drink 'Em Bot' Up**? He scanned the titles. No, it was "Coconut" by Harry Nilsson. He used the jukebox one more time, just to pay his respects to Odin (and to piss off Tor). He hummed the tune all the way to the restroom corridor, where he spotted another Manuscript Page, pinned to the wainscotting of the corridor. He added it to his collection. Then he rattled the doors to no avail.



[Fig 5.14]

Crossing Harbor Street, Wake followed Breaker's lead. A yellow truck, abandoned halfway through packing up after the festivities helped block the way, forcing them to use a small jetty platform that surrounded the Kwik Tac store, a shingle edifice on the water's edge **[Fig 5.14]**. Through the mesh gate, Wake noticed the word "FOLLOW" splashed onto one of the building's boarded-up windows. As Breaker rounded the corner, something hissed and congealed from the shadows, running straight at her with a blade raised. They both unloaded and took down the wayward Taken. Wake paused at each of the tables on the shoreline deck, and claiming a flare, bullets, and batteries.

"You have the right to remain silent!" Chaos erupted around the corner, in-between the rows of chemical toilets, as the Taken took this opportunity to launch a more vicious attack, forcing five dark souls into Wake and Breakers' flashlights. **"Get back!"** Breaker yelled as a particularly imposing, and completely deranged law enforcement officer attempted to cleave them with his fireaxe. They focused their flashlight beams and firepower on this foe, Wake dropping a flare as the rest of them closed, repelling them with enough vigor that he could concentrate solely on slaying the big guy **[Fig 5.15]**. As the cowboy deputy split apart, the two of them turned to his lowly brethren, using the blue, plastic toilet huts as cover, and dodging the storm of thrown and swung blades. Wake had received some heavy pummeling during the fight, and was keen to rest. He got the chance at the security barrier. Breaker pushed open the pole, but Wake stopped and flicked on the security light, adjacent to an emergency box that also allowed him to rearm his revolver.



[Fig 5.15]



[Fig 5.16]

There was little point searching the abandoned bleachers, storefront, or half-packed cargo vehicles as Breaker and Wake rejoined Harbor Street; the place was as devoid of helpful items as it was of revellers. The only route was east, farther along Harbor Street **[Fig 5.16]**. Wake moved from the road junction, and under the large, unfurled Deerfest banner tied to the traffic lights, and pressed on. The street was becoming a little more residential, with pretty, detached Victorian homes built over a hundred years ago, and augmented with craftsman details, dotted along the right side. Over to the left, someone had parked a hotdog trailer in front of the Gunderson's Auto Supplies store. Wake almost didn't see the small stack of beer cans oddly positioned on the corner of the hotdog trailer's roof. Switching to his pistol, he let Breaker dash on ahead for a moment, while he aimed and forcibly dismantled another Can Pyramid.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 72/100



CHERYL JOHNSON HAD TAKEN OVER MARIGOLD'S SHIFT AT THE DINER WHEN SHE TOLD ME ABOUT ANOTHER THERMOS, THIS ONE PLANTED IN THE SERVING AREA, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GROUND. THEY'RE ALL PRETTY SHOOK UP ABOUT ROSE'S NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. DOC NELSON'S BEING EVASIVE WITH THE DIAGNOSIS. NOT MY PROBLEM.

Departure. # 88/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Barry in the Sheriff's Station

Barry was in his element, making calls, making things happen, even if he didn't entirely know what those things were. He wouldn't let the hot sheriff chick down, even if every noise he heard from outside—and he heard plenty—made him jump. He had only paused to text Al a message, told him to hurry up. Suddenly, Barry froze in mid-dial: a window broke somewhere in the building, and then the lights went out.



PINNED TO THE WALL AT THE FAR LEFT END OF THE DARK CORRIDOR, INSIDE THE OH DEER DINER.

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[Fig 5.17]

Somebody's vehicle alarm was pulsing through Wake's head as he checked out the cargo van and a yellow hauler truck nearby. Breaker yelled out **"Wake! Over here, there's light!"** and ran to the yard adjacent to the Auto Supplies shack **[Fig 5.17]**, glowing slightly under the collection of red fairy lights. The ominous presence had returned, camouflaging the road with light and shadow, and the wind was howling once more. Wake checked the mailboxes and vehicles; there was nothing to scavenge. So he ran as far up Harbor Street as he could, until the red-and-white striped parade barricade prevented any further progress. Taking a breather at a portable toilet, Wake noticed that something had fallen from the back of a parked dump truck. There was a Coffee Thermos placed next to the toilet, and a scattering of ammunition—mainly batteries, flare gun ammunition, and bullets—behind the truck.

Wake returned down Harbor Street and moved to meet Breaker in the side yard. Wake saw Breaker at the gate, fiddling with the lock. **"I have a key. Watch my back, Wake,"** she shouted. Wake was about to take the shotgun and revolver ammunition and the flares from the emergency box clamped to the electrical pole, when he was alerted by a tremendous crashing noise. The van with the ringing alarm was flung across the road toward them, with almost inhuman strength. Wake saw a massive construction worker raise his equally huge lump hammer after pounding it into the vehicle. The Taken were numerous, and converging on the red-lit yard. Wake managed to yell **"It's an ambush!"** before they were upon him.

Even for a man well-versed in banishing the Taken, this combat was fraught with danger. The Taken were plentiful—Wake thought he'd executed around eight after the battle was over—and the yard they were in, with two entrances either side of the emergency box, didn't allow them the maneuverability they required. Wake acted quickly, and dropped a flare at the gap in the fence to one side. **"Fight 'em off!"** This allowed both of them to funnel foes to the single opening, striking down the larger construction man first, then a couple of smaller workmen in the process. When they could, they both stepped back out into Harbor Street, staying close, and using the vehicles as cover, and Wake switched to his revolver; saving shotgun shells for the larger foes. The fight was theirs, and they breathed a sigh of relief as the first wave of foes fell. That was, of course, until they heard the sound of the chainsaw.



[Fig 5.18]

The second, deadlier wave began with a huge, bulky entity bursting out from behind the boxes inside the yellow hauler truck **[Fig 5.18]**. The sound of the growling chainsaw almost drowned out the screaming wind. Without regard for his personal safety, Wake rushed forward and dropped a flare; it luckily landed on the form of the chainsaw-wielding monstrosity. Gouts of black smoke tore away from the man's mass. Wake needed to take this guy down, and fast. Still it came for him, prompting Wake to switch weapons to his flare gun, and plant a shot straight in the Taken's belly. It screamed and thrashed while Wake switched weapons again, this time to his shotgun. Now that the foe lacked his dark armor, Wake was able to plant blast after blast into it, circling around the wooden yard fence to further flummox it. **"Keep hitting 'em!"** When it finally toppled over, the remaining Taken, although troublesome, were no match for the sheriff and the writer.

A Can do Attitude #9/12



He won't see these cans; I carefully stacked them on the roof of the hotdog trailer near Gunderson's Auto Supplies on Harbor Street. Emil wasn't happy. Says Wake won't even be on Harbor Street until after the parade. If he makes it there at all.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE #73/100



I BRAVED THE SIGHTS AND SMELLS OF A CHEMICAL TOILET TODAY, NEAR THE DUMP TRUCK TOWARD THE END OF HARBOR STREET. ANOTHER COFFEE THERMOS, SAME AS ALL THE OTHERS. THE FIELD OFFICE IS GETTING FULL OF THEM NOW. NEED MORE BAGGIES, TOO. STILL WAITING FOR COOPER AND TORRENCE TO LET ME KNOW WHAT THEIR "OUT OF THE BOX" THINKING IS TELLING US.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE #74/100



ONE CHEAP PLASTIC TABLE. ONE CHEAP PLASTIC THERMOS, CLOSE TO THE RUSTY GRILL BEHIND THE AUTO SHOP, CLOSE TO THE TOWN HALL. TOWNSFOLK SEEM GENUINELY CLUELESS WHEN I ASK THEM ABOUT THE THERMOSES. THE DINER'S OWNERS ARE ON AN EXTENDED VACATION. DO I REALLY NEED TO CONTACT INTERPOL ABOUT THIS? COME ON TORRENCE, WHERE'S THE INFO?

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[Fig 5.19]

Wake had been wounded in the fight, but he hadn't given up, and his sacrifice had impressed Breaker. She quickly unlocked the gate, and beckoned him to follow her. She was heading up through a patch of rough ground, through a small parking lot behind the Auto Supplies store, to the town hall's side entrance. Wake followed, but slowed up at the two festive tents along the way. The one to his left was of particular interest; sitting on a table next to the barbecue grill was another Coffee Thermos. Over at the second tent, held up by white metal poles jammed into concrete breeze blocks, there were three flares to grab, on a plastic outdoor table. Up ahead, there was a mesh fence. Wake could only peer through to the Bright Falls Post Office, and small park. With no other entrances open, Wake met Breaker on the steps of understated side entrance **[Fig 5.19]**, a small wall lantern illuminating the town hall building.

Activity: Find the helicopter key



[Fig 5.20]

Wake and Breaker had just stepped into a completely dark building. Breaker was staring at the fuse box, expecting Wake to work his magic again and get the lights working. But Wake—quickly grabbing ammunition from the shelving to the right of the fuse box—had other ideas: **"I already got electrocuted once today. How about I look for the keys and you get burned for a change?"** She wasn't thrilled with the sarcasm, but otherwise that seemed fair enough; Breaker stood by, and let Wake continue into the building: **"Fine. They should be in the clerk's office on the other side of the building, near the main entrance."** While Wake searched for the clerk's office, he made a mental note to methodically explore every part of this building; he didn't want to overlook anything important to his survival. He passed the painting of Harbor Street on the left wall, and was about to move around a rather uncomfortable-looking bench, when he spotted some stairs heading up to the "Hall Records" up in the attic **[Fig 5.20]**.

Wake's flashlight was casting elongated shadows off the office furniture. The lack of headroom, with the sloping dormer windows the only other source of light, meant Wake needed to slow down; one spin around, and he could lose his bearings. From the top of the stairs, Wake gazed ahead. There was a television attached to the wall. He stepped up to it to switch it on. He was just in time; the introductory credits to *Night Springs* were just starting, and tonight's episode was a real humdinger.



[Fig 5.21]

Wake had spotted a door, left of the television, in the same wall. Wake opened the door. It led to a second, smaller filing room, which looked to double as a dumping ground for boxes and unused office equipment. Wake noticed a familiar, daubed arrow on the wall. Wake followed the arrow around, past the stacks of chairs and other boxes, and let out an audible roar of fright when a Taken dropped down from a ceiling skylight **[Fig 5.21]**. Wake was quick with the boosted flashlight and firearm, nullifying the presence as quickly as it had arrived. In the sloping cubbyhole corner of the storage room, Wake found another Chest, branded with the sign of the torch. He gathered up a flare gun and flare, then remembered to switch back to his revolver. He didn't want to accidentally waste the flare gun's limited ammunition. On the way out, Wake spied another wall inscription: THE DARKNESS CONTROLS THE TAKEN.

Down the creaking staircase, and around past the grandfather clock, Wake moved into a dark debriefing room, complete with seating for the press, and a stage with a serene-looking black-and-white photograph of "Bright Falls, WA" and two American flags flanking the central podium. On the corner of the stage, Wake found a Manuscript Page. He tucked it into his inside jacket pocket with the rest of them, before heading through the open doorway to the meeting room beyond. This long chamber featured a multitude of tables and bookcases, some clustered in a small blockade, forcing Wake to walk in clockwise around the room. Along the way, his cell phone beeped. **"The message was from Barry. He was getting worried at the station. He wanted us to hurry."** Passing the Bright Falls crest on the wall, and the whiteboard, Wake took the only available exit, out into the foyer. And gazed at the giant sheriff's deputy who charged with an axe raised, ready to decapitate him.

TELLY TIMES

12 MARCH, 2004 # 12/14



Episode 5 of the psychological oddity from across the pond. Bright Falls Town Hall records is the setting for tonight's episode: "Taken in His Prime."

8:10 pm
Night Springs
with Alan Wake

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # X/30

"Sunshine is my quest," Winston Churchill once said. You share goals, just as I share this prize, tucked away in the rafters of the town hall's attic storage room.



DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 75/100



FOUND ONE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, IN THE ADJACENT KITCHENETTE. ALMOST WALKED RIGHT BY IT. SOMEONE WAS IN A HURRY; DIDN'T BOTHER TO OPEN THE DOOR BEFORE CHARGING RIGHT THROUGH IT. NO SIGN OF THE MAYOR. NO SIGN OF HARTMAN. NO SIGN OF MOTT. I MEAN, THESE GUYS DIDN'T JUST BLINK OUT OF EXISTENCE, DID THEY?

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[Fig 5.22]

Wake had milliseconds to react before the officer's axe connected with Wake's skull. Quickly bringing up his flashlight, Wake remained at the door; he didn't want to stumble into the small foyer where he could easily be cornered. Instead, he burned off as much of the Taken's outer skin as possible, ready to backtrack around the meeting room if he misfired or ran out of flashlight juice. Reeling back, Wake let off a couple of shotgun blasts to temper the attacks, one of them catching the deputy in mid-charge and knocking him back. Then he pushed into the foyer to finish the foe **[Fig 5.22]**.

With the foyer temporarily free of intrusions, Wake decided to check the office—marked "Mayor"—that the monster had broken out of. On the ornate, carved wooden desk, surrounded by oak bookcases, Wake spotted a hunting rifle, which he promptly took. Also on the desk, and the wooden shelving under the window, Wake found enough rifle ammunition to make dropping the shotgun worthwhile. Wake turned to leave, and almost missed a small walk-in kitchenette. He snagged a Coffee Thermos from the counter before heading back into the foyer.

Activity: Leave town hall



[Fig 5.23]

The main door down to street level was locked, prompting Wake to check the first of two clerk's offices. This one was to the left of the entrance door. Wake grabbed a flare from the desk, but there was little else. Running back out into the foyer, and into the clerk's office opposite, adjacent to the mayor's study, he found more to discover. Inside the thankfully illuminated room, Wake saw a large, bulkier lantern on the clerk's desk, and swapped it for his usual flashlight. The extra width of the beam would come in handy during the close-quarter street fighting he was getting used to. Grabbing a flare from a chair, Wake ransacked the emergency box bolted to the wall, scooping out bullets and batteries. There were two flashbangs on the corner desk, but the item Wake had been searching for, the helicopter key **[Fig 5.23]**, was on the desk at the back of the room. **"Okay, Sheriff, I got the keys!"**

Departure. # 84/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Dark Presence Set Back

The darkness that wore Barbara Jagger's face was furious. The story in the manuscript had been making it stronger all the time, but now the light had set the writer free and hurt it, weakened it.
It was only a matter of days before the Dark Presence would be strong again, but meanwhile, it would be difficult to recapture the writer.



Part 2: Darkness Falls into the Rising Light

Activity Log

- Follow Sarah (once more)
- Go to the church
- Survive the assault
- Make it through the church
- Go to the helipad
- Get to the helicopter
- Survive the assault

Breaker was waiting outside, on the main street as Wake stepped out of the town hall, watching something. Movement down the street caught his eye. **"Barry?"** Wake called. Wheeler was running as fast as his lungs would allow, not looking back. Behind him, vehicles were drifting up from the road, and hanging in the air like balloons. Barry had heard Wake yell, but couldn't see him thanks to the Deerfest bleachers littering the street.

"Barry, look out!" Wake saw the pickup truck and school bus lift up before Wheeler did. Glancing backward, Barry dived for a storefront. **"Barry, move!"** Behind Wheeler, the pickup truck rammed the stoop. The bus spun in the air like a pinwheel, crashing down into the steps and blocking the road. **"Barry!"** Wake screamed. Breaker held him back. **"He made it inside, Wake. He's okay!"**



[Fig 5.24]

Activity: Follow Sarah (once more)

Wake left Breaker to head across the road; he wanted to find out whether Barry had survived or not **[Fig 5.24]**. Moving carefully around the debris-strewn street, Wake was at the back end of the school bus, which had started smoking from the front engine, when he shouted **"Barry? Barry! Can you hear me? Are you okay in there?"** Wake's relief hit him like a wave when he heard Wheeler respond; **"Yeah, I'm cool! Don't worry, I'll find another way out and meet you two out back."** Trusting Wheeler to extricate himself from the hardware store, Wake backtracked along the street.

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[Fig 5.25]

Breaker was beckoning Wake over to an acre of park **[Fig 5.25]**, the sloping ground shrouded in trees, and lacking visibility. Apparently, this was the only way to the top of town, as the post office on the right was firmly shut, and the road was blocked by a sparking electrical pole. Wake entered the park with a sense of trepidation. In the center of the grounds, there was a large stone statue. The granite base had a plaque to read. Wake stepped over, and squinted down at the sign, and read the (truncated) story of Hubert Biltmore and Amos Gunderson.

Behind the statue was a tall concrete retaining wall. In-between the oak and maple saplings, someone had written "TRUST NO ONE IN THE DARK" in invisible paint. Wake hoped that didn't include Sheriff Breaker, who he followed up the stone steps to the upper section of the park. Rustling and growling announced the arrival of four Taken, dropping down from the perimeter wall, or literally appearing from the shadows **[Fig 5.26]**. **"It's hunting season!"** the bigger one growled. Wake circled around to the right, close to the iron birdbath at the east side of the park, and began to shave black armor off the three lesser entities, while Breaker struggled with the bigger one. **"Keep hitting 'em!"** she shouted as Wake aimed his hunting rifle at these smaller foes, one shot ripping through two of them at once. With the Taken dispatched, the birds once again began to chirrup in the trees.

Breaker was waiting for Wake at the park exit. Wake noticed lights on at the rear of the post office, and some residential homes above, backing onto the perimeter of the park, but he couldn't reach these locations. Heading up the last section of stone steps, Wake was glad to step into the light of the sloping side street. The thoroughfare was blocked in both directions. But Breaker knew a shortcut: **"We can make it through the bookstore! Wheeler should be waiting for us in the back yard."**



[Fig 5.27]

Without waiting for a response from Wake, Breaker dashed out, across the road to the bookshop **[Fig 5.27]**. Next door was the Family Practice, and Wake focused on the upstairs window. He saw a figure move and open the curtains. It was Doc Nelson, annoyed at the infernal racket: **"Hey! What's wrong with you people? Keep it the hell down or I'll call the sheriff!"** Breaker looked up and shouted **"Oh, hi, Doc! I've got it, don't worry about it."** She rattled the bookshop door lock.

Bright Falls bookshop was a local business that the big chains hadn't strangled yet. The shop owner mainly stocked crime, adventure, and nature. She'd had some success with self-help titles too, which included everything from *The Creator's Dilemma* to—surprisingly—hintbooks on video games, although she was baffled why the kids didn't just find the answers online. But her biggest seller was *The Sudden Stop*. They couldn't get enough of Alex Casey around here.

Wake had already spotted Bright Falls' enthusiasm for Alex Casey as he passed the front window and stepped inside; his posters were spread across the front facade. The owner had made space for some decorative succulent planting too, and a Coffee Thermos. Taking the thermos, he weaved through the bookcases, on the way to Breaker, who was waiting at the cash register at the rear of the premises. She stifled a laugh: **"They're really taking advantage of your presence here, Wake. I heard they're selling a lot of your Alex Casey books!"** Very droll, Wake thought, before responding: **"Right now, I'm not a big fan of my own writing."** He was happy with that witticism; the response worked on a number of levels.

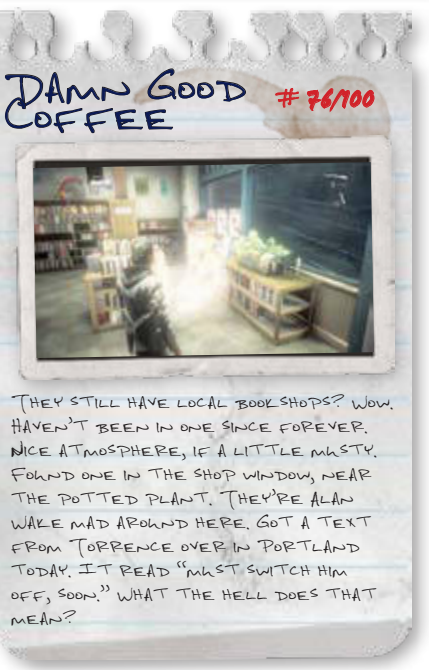


[Fig 5.26]



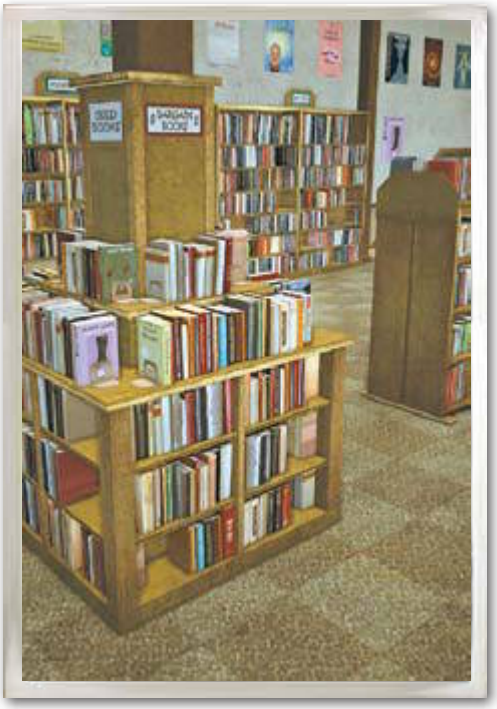
It's not recorded when Bright Falls was first formed as a nameless trading post, but it became a town when the Bright Falls Mining Company started to operate nearby in 1878. It was then that Hubert Biltmore, a fur trapper, and Amos Gunderson, a pioneer from Tacoma, decided to build a post office, saloon, and hotel—all operating from the same building.

It was through the efforts of these two men that Bright Falls became the permanent and thriving town it is today.



Breaker had already opened the rear door and was heading outside, but Wake wanted to double-check the bookshop. He'd already found batteries at the reading desk, and saw a Manuscript Page on the counter. Taking that, he returned to the reading desk. There was another piece of paper pinned to the wall. It was an advertisement for his books, which he read before quickly darting upstairs. He soon returned. There was nothing up there except the smell of musty paperbacks, and an old poster of a buck-toothed dopefish.

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Photolog: Even local celebrity Pat Maine's autobiography can't hold back the crime thriller *The Sudden Stop* from stealing the number-one spot on Bright Falls Book Shop's Book Club of the Month! Poster courtesy of Doc Nelson.

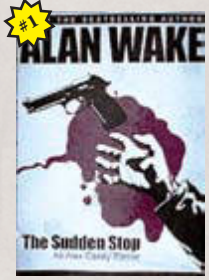
BRIGHT FALLS Book Shop

August Book Club.

Well, you've voted in your dozens, and the following six books have been the most popular purchases in the month of August, and are therefore recommended to rent or buy. Remember: Reading is fundamental!

The Sudden Stop (Hardback)

#1

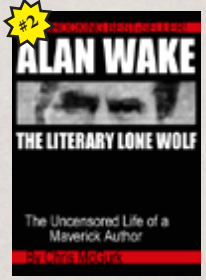


Alan Wake (Author)
Price: $25.99

Join Alex Casey, the hard-boiled detective as he's forced to make the most difficult decisions of his career. Nail-biting thrillers don't come much more addictive than this!

Alan Wake: Literary Lone Wolf (Paperback)

#2

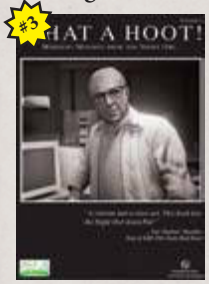


Chris McGurk (Author)
Price: $16.99

The New York Tattler and Too Much Information Magazine hack reveals the darker side of Alan Wake and his Wife, Alice. Salacious! Shocking! And possibly libelous.

What a Hoot: Midnight Musings from the Night Owl. Volume 1 (Paperback)

#3

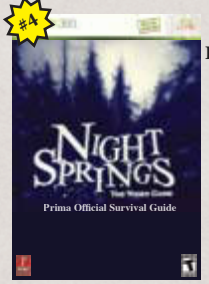


Pat Maine (Author)
Price: $10.99

Bright Falls' own night-time disc jockey waxes both lyrical and hysterical in this part-autobiography, and part-transcripts from his nightly radio show, spanning more than 40 years.

Night Springs: The Official Survival Guide: (Paperback)

#4

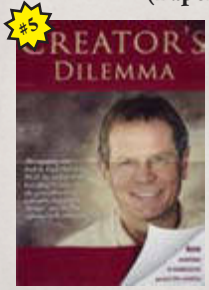


Steve Stratton and Prima Games (Author)
Price: $19.99

The popular video game Night Springs receives its official strategy guide, although why anyone wouldn't just go online for this information is beyond me. Still, it has all the information you need.

The Creator's Dilemma: (Paperback)

#5

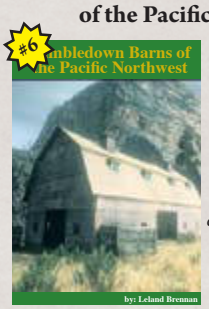


Dr. Emil Hartman (Author)
Price: $15.99

Appealing to a mass audience, and promising creative growth and renewal, this self-help book has vaguely cosmic theories relating to the powers of artists. Read at your peril.

Tumbledown Barns of the Pacific Northwest

#6



Leland Brennan (Author)
Price: $34.99

Our local reporter catalogs over three-hundred dangerously-unstable barns, out-houses, water-closets, and cabins: Time waits for no shed.

Departure. # 85/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Cynthia's Work

Cynthia Weaver worked hard, following her obsessive rituals —sometimes fighting them, always giving into them in the end.

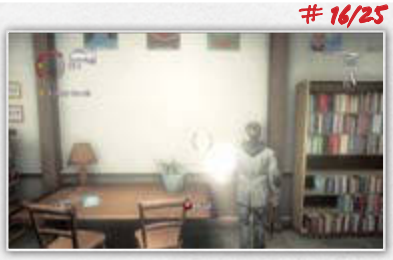
She haunted the halls of Bright Falls' abandoned power plant. She marked her caches with light-sensitive paint that could only be seen by eyes that had been touched by darkness and saved by light like she'd been. She was preparing defenses and supply lines for the war she knew would come—the war between the forces of light and darkness.



ON THE CORNER OF THE COUNTER AT THE BACK OF BRIGHT FALLS BOOKSHOP.



16/25



Alex Casey books by Alan Wake, modern master of crime fiction!

Alex Casey, What I Can't Forget, Return to Sender, The Things That I Want, The Fall of Alex Casey, and *The Sudden Stop.*

All in stock! $20/book, $100 for the full set!

Mr. Wake is in town, see if you can get them autographed!!!

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 22/30

"We can easily forgive a child who is afraid of the dark; the real tragedy is when men are afraid of the light." Not in this case, Plato! I've placed a chest inside the potting shed, in the parking lot of the bookshop.



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Activity: Go to the church



[Fig 5.28]

Stepping out onto the dimly lit tarmac parking spaces behind the bookshop **[Fig 5.28]**, Wake collared Breaker: **"I don't see Barry!"** As if on cue, they both heard a bang, and saw a flare launch up into the sky, illuminating the surrounding trees and buildings in a red glow. **"Look, Wake! Maybe that's him? That's the way to the chopper."** Wake saw the floodlights up the hill, in the same general direction as the flare. So there was hope. Breaker had already run off, through an iron archway and into a children's playground. Before he joined her, Wake resolved to check the back lot. There was a small shed on the property, which looked to be in a poor state; in fact, someone had piled a stack of lumber under a tarp, in repair readiness. At the barred gate that prevented Wake from stepping out onto the next street, Wake saw a window. There was the mark of the torch in there! Around the other side of the wood, Wake found a doorway into the potting shed. Sure enough, there was a Chest, with a flare gun and ammunition. Grabbing it all, Wake changed back to his revolver, and rejoined Breaker.



[Fig 5.29]

The children's playground was an eerie place **[Fig 5.29]**. The odd breathing sounds he'd been hearing during the last minute or so faded as he headed toward the very rudiments of his youth: a tiny, paint-chipped carousel, a faded-wood climbing frame, a tire swing, seesaw, and a small sandbox, upon which was resting a Coffee Thermos, close to the small rocking horse. He rejoined Breaker after remembering his strange childhood—these playground structures were similar to those he'd played on years ago— but now concentrated on following her through the iron gate exit, and up onto Church Street. The reason the town-planners had christened the street was readily apparent. An imposing spire of Bright Falls' chapel loomed up into the heavens. Wake parted briefly with Breaker to check the noticeboard in front of the church. It made for interesting reading, because Wake now knew the exact date: September 14.



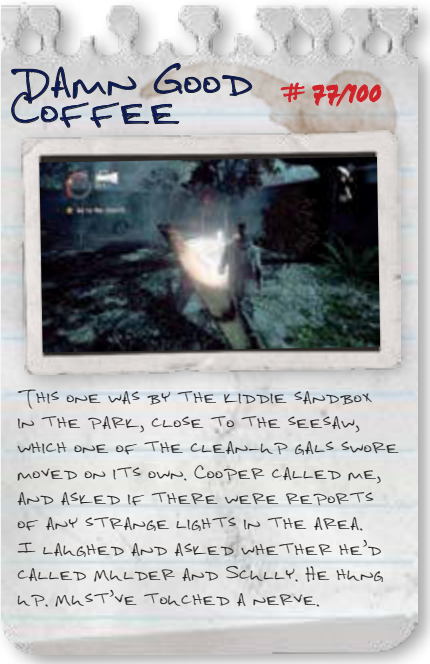
[Fig 5.30]

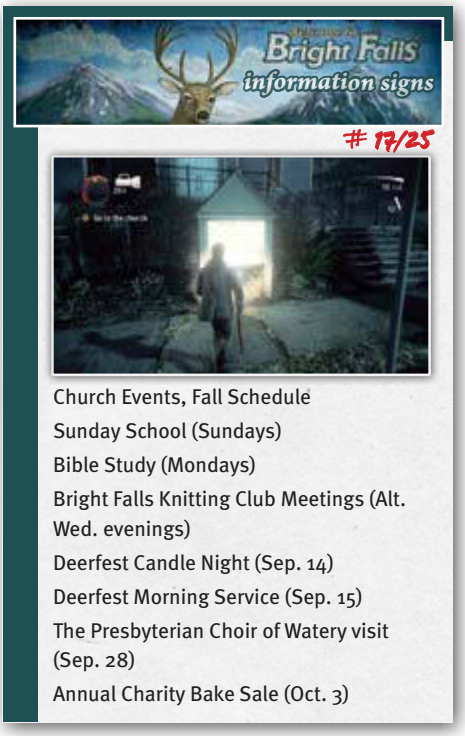
Church Street was cluttered with barker huts, half-packed vans and trucks, and general scenic obstacles in keeping with the tidy up after a raucous festival. Wake made sure he scouted a counterclockwise path, turning right at the iron gate from the playground. The first vehicle, Marty's Hotdogs, offered nothing to collect except a possible case of botulism. Next was a barker hut, draped in red and white—the same color as a metal box attached to an electrical pole, where Wake picked up some much-needed ammunition for his rifle and revolver, plus some batteries. The rest of the road, with its carnival bleachers and festive streamers, yielded nothing but the memory of a sunny day with children at play. There was something interesting in the back of the yellow van though; amid the fragile boxes, Wake found another Manuscript Page. Just in front of the church sign, Wake spotted another pickup truck bearing a familiar insignia **[Fig 5.30]**. He had a good idea who was parking these vehicles, and he'd thank her for it later. For right now, Wake grabbed flare gun ammunition, flashbangs, and lantern (which he removed the batteries of to add to his own). Leaning against the driver's door was a hunting rifle. He reloaded, made a cursory glance at the two small tents and stage, devoid of any helpful items, and stopped for a moment. Something wasn't right.



[Fig 5.31]

It was time to go. Specifically, to church, although when Breaker and Wake reached the front door, the place was firmly locked. Breaker finally gave up trying to open the church door. Suddenly Church Street was invaded. Gray pallid forms clambered over the railings and vehicles, scrambling to reach Wake and Breaker. Breaker leveled her shotgun at the gathering of Taken: **"Here they come!"**





Activity: Survive the assault

"Fight 'em off!" Breaker yelled, unloading her shotgun on a darkened shadow figure. Determined to be as frugal and strategically competent as possible, Wake quickly studied the location during the five or so seconds before the foes reached them. The steps leading up to the church were the perfect place to mount a defensive attack. Although there were two entrances, the Taken were coming across from the yellow truck to the left. With the additional height advantage afforded by the steps, they could burn off the Takens' outer protection, and dispatch them on the steps easily. **"Get back!"**

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Departure. # 89/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Barry in the General Store

Barry got back to his feet inside the Bright Falls General Store and dusted himself off. Right next to the cans of baked beans was a locked case filled with flare guns. And yet, here was a conveniently placed barrel of crowbars!
Barry's smile widened as he realized that this was the classic movie scene where the hero had to gear up and arm himself to the teeth. Barry threw himself into the role.



ON THE FLOOR OF THE YELLOW HAUL TRUCK CONTAINER ON CHURCH STREET.

Departure. # 86/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Dark Presence Hunts Wake

For it to be free, the Dark Presence needed the writer to finish the story. Again and again the story let it get frustratingly close to the writer without letting it capture him.
It was bound by the events depicted in the manuscript.
But it could pursue the writer indirectly, put others on the task, and stop those who would help him.
It took over everything in its path, made them its puppets, and sent them after Alan Wake.



SITTING ON THE WOODEN PULPIT, INSIDE BRIGHT FALLS CHURCH.

Breaker yelled, as one particularly relentless Taken almost broke through. With Breaker in front, absorbing some of the pain, Wake could more easily aim his lantern, and tag the rest from a distance with the hunting rifle **[Fig 5.31]**.



[Fig 5.32]

The Takens' forces were small, but nimble. Flanking foes meant the church steps were a somewhat trickier place to hide and fire from, although Wake's longer-range rifle was most proficient at takedowns from this range. Breaker staggered a Taken back with a full shotgun blast of both barrels in the face. But these enemies needed light to fry them. The two smaller, slow-moving Taken were easily dispatched. The two quicker, flanking foes were more troublesome **[Fig 5.32]**, but the barrage of both weapons soon knocked them back. These were Tele-flanker Taken, whispering, flitting forms with large knives. **"Freeze! Hold it right there!"** Breaker yelled. As expected, the Tele-flanker simply leapt into the void, leaving only a trail of rippling air to dissipate, before scuttling about, again, forming completely to launch a series of dashing knife swipes. Wake thought about his previous confrontations with this particular damned soul, and retreated to the church door. Letting the Tele-flanker come to him, and tracing their forms with the flashlight, would be easier atop the steps. Staggering them with flares worked well. As the last of the Taken gathering at the church were dispatched, Breaker moved to the imposing double doors, and tried a second time to cajole the lock mechanism into clicking over. This seemed to work.

Activity: Make it through the church



[Fig 5.33]

"Wow." Stepping into the nave of the church, Wake felt at peace for the first time in a long time. There was a simple elegance to this place, where the majesty of the almighty was praised with plain but thick wooden arches stretching to the finely crafted heavens above, and uncomfortable wooden pews kept the congregation honest. Although the architecture impressed him, it was the multitude of candles, burning brightly from wall and column sconces, and a central ball of light, that had stopped him in his tracks, and let him focus for a moment **[Fig 5.33]**. **"We keep them lit all night long on the night before Deerfest."** Breaker explained. Wake walked down the aisle, stepping onto the raised altar platform at the end, and turned to Breaker, standing near the pulpit and rear door. A Manuscript Page caught his eye.



[Fig 5.34]

Breaker opened the door, and they both stepped into a small sacristy flanked with wooden walls. **"We're almost there! We'll have to go through the basement to get to the parking lot."** Breaker said. Wake responded with his trademark sarcasm: **"Yeah, there's no way going through the crypt'll turn out to be a bad idea."** But he felt better saying it: It was almost as if the route they were taking was a tour of Bright Falls' most potent Taken hotspots. Before leading Breaker down the stone steps and into the crypt, Wake searched the sacristy. It appeared Pastor Howard was a keen outdoorsman; he'd left different ammunition types and some batteries inside an emergency box. Wake took them, and then cautiously stepped down to the basement.

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This place as a maze of limestone brickwork, low archways, broken pews, and diamond-shaped wine storage shelving. He quickly realized that a main passage to his right ran the length of the crypt, all the way to what looked like a furnace at the far end. Wake didn't get a chance for a closer look, as a couple of clattering trash bins announced the unwanted arrival of two large Taken **[Fig 5.34]**. Armed with large hammers, the two deputies were fearsome enough when there was room to dodge them, but in the confines of the crypt, Wake was in danger of retreating into a corner and being bludgeoned to death. He got around this problem by remaining at the end of the passage, and letting the foes come to him. He stepped to the side so both he and Breaker could catch the first foe with blasts, and with some boosted flashlight finagling, they cut it down easily. **"Keep hitting 'em!"** Breaker yelled. The second was more of a problem, as it tried to rush them. Wake dropped a flare to prevent the Taken from overrunning them. Then he circled around, behind one of the brick columns to keep the Taken at bay.

After a final blast from Wake's hunting rifle, the Taken fell, and the crypt fell silent once more. While Breaker traced a route to the exit, Wake conducted a thorough search, turning up a Coffee Thermos in one corner, opposite the entrance steps, around some diamond and book-lined shelving. Wake finally reached the furnace, and peered at the glowing embers. To the left were more wine shelves and bookcases, and an exit staircase. The door at the top of the stairs was troublesome, and it took a swift kick to swing it open. Wake looked out into the church parking lot, and into the dull, broken face of a dead police officer.

Activity: Go to the helipad

"Did you call 911?" it gurgled. Wake didn't even have time to react: the Taken was engulfed in a blinding gout of red fire. It screamed and shattered into pieces, flying through Wake and Breaker as they scrambled outside. **"Guess that one saw the light!"** a familiar voice yelled through the futting noise of the fizzling flare. The red glow had faded, allowing Wake to see his friend. Wheeler had been busy at the hardware store making some brave fashion enhancements...or to put it another way: he'd wrapped fairy lights around his jacket, and strapped a lamp to his forehead. He looked... *ridiculous*. Wake attempted to contain his mirth, and almost lost it: **"What...what are the Christmas lights for?" "Protection, man!"** Wheeler answered, with an air of mock-exasperation. **"Like garlic against vampires."** Didn't Wake and the cop know *anything*? **"Vampires."** Wake repeated, in on the joke. But only if Wheeler ever admitted these augmentations were for comedic, rather than combative effect.

As for Breaker, she was all business: **"The helicopter's just across the parking lot and up the hill! C'mon!"** She strode off across the tarmac, to the stone steps cut into the hillside, heading for a path that led to the upper road. Wake passed the parked vehicles and the trash hut. Pausing at the foot of the steps, Wake pried open another emergency box, scraping out the bullets and batteries into



[Fig 5.35]

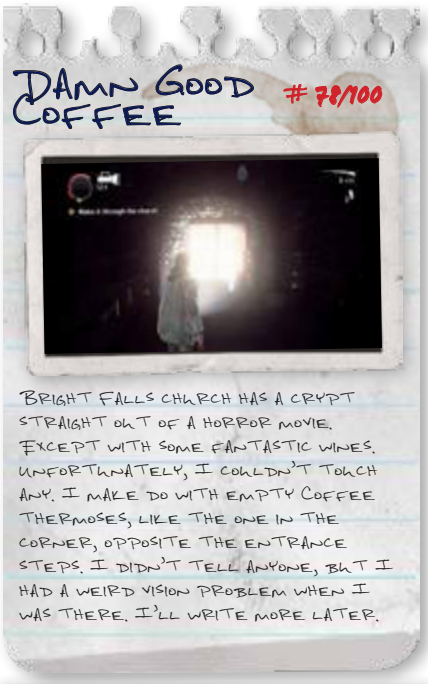
his coat pocket, and following his glowing friend up to a slightly overgrown trail between the rocky outcrops **[Fig 5.35]**. Barry kept the party's spirits up, explaining what he'd been up to on his enforced vacation. **"The Bright Falls General Store is now my favorite place in the entire world. See this head lamp?"** Wheeler pointed at his head: **"It's like a super power. I can just look at one of those things and they die! It's my flaming eye of Mordor!"** Wake and Breaker looked at each other and cringed in unison. Barry broke the embarrassed silence: **"I wish I didn't say that." "Yeah."** Breaker agreed. The trio reached a wooden lookout platform, offering an impressive view of Bright Falls down below. Wake could almost trace his route through all the buildings he and Breaker had navigated. There were more tangible rewards too: a flare sitting on the wooden deck railing, and a Manuscript Page on the picnic bench.



[Fig 5.36]

The night birds called in the mist as they proceeded along the wooded path toward the road to the fire station. Wake peeled off as they reached the road itself, heading right, along the left verge to a white van, parked in front of a couple of fallen trees where it had been abandoned. Wake heard Wheeler say **"Coulda sworn I saw something,"** as he was gathering the flashbangs from the open cargo door. Then the darkness came for them. Wake saw a shape, and boosted his already-impressive lantern beam, peeling off dark smoke like layers of an onion, and exposing gray human flesh. It shattered with a rifle round to the gut.

"Timber!" Wake had moved back to rejoin his team when the shadows came alive again. A massive, chainsaw-wielding entity cut through an electrical pole, as a prelude to a different kind of limb cutting. He stomped purposefully forward. **"Stay back!"** Breaker yelled, spotting a couple of smaller Taken





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extracting themselves from the ether. Wake focused on the chainsaw foe **[Fig 5.36]**. The large expanse of road meant avoiding the foe was straightforward. But burning the thick, smoky layers of armor it was wearing was time-consuming. So Wake struck it with a flare. **"Keep hitting 'em!"** Breaker was shouting, as Barry stayed back, aware that a collection of Christmas lights might not win him the fight. Wake slotted in another battery, and boosted the power of his lantern, dodging the wild swings of the chainsaw. **"Oh, no, you don't!"** Finally shaving off the final layer of darkness with a flashbang, Wake planted rifle bullets into the beast's hide, with Breaker joining him. The foe finally detonated, but the fracas wasn't over; a large deputy strode into view from farther along the road, armed with a fireman's shovel. It was soon staggered, and dismissed.

Activity: Get to the helicopter

Wake stepped over the felled electrical pole, and passed by a crashed pickup and a white van, picked clean of useful items. This time it was Breaker's turn to boost morale. **"The helicopter's just up ahead,"** she said, as they reached the entrance to the Bright Falls Fire Department. **"I'll need a while to prep for takeoff." "Don't take too long,"** Barry warned, although it was more of a plea: **"I wanna get out of here."** While Wheeler and Breaker ran across the parking lot to the helipad, where an impressive search and rescue chopper was sitting, Wake searched the area. He eyeballed some pressurized gas canisters; these would create a lethal diversion if he needed to give covering fire. Parked up on either side of the lot were fire engines, good for hiding behind, but little else. Over by the engine parked at the foot of the fire tower, Wake found some batteries sitting on a low wooden barrier. Following this barrier, Wake came across an emergency box. It contained shotgun and revolver ammunition, plus more batteries. There were even more batteries on a refuse bin in front of the tower, and on the last section of barrier, near the Coffee Thermos. Wake looked out over Bright Falls from the impressive vista point. The fog had cloaked the entire town in impenetrable gloom.

Wake noted yet more batteries scattered on the vista wall to the right of the chopper, and in the corner below the fire station itself. Fire Station #18 was a double-garaged affair with a metal box containing more ammunition and batteries. Wake stepped over to check another parked pickup belonging to Bright Falls Light & Power. A kind (and not to mention, busy) soul had parked the vehicle in the middle of the lot, and had set out two work lights on either side. But the biggest help was a small crate with a pump-action shotgun propped up near a flare gun, batteries, flares, and more. Finally, as Wake moved toward Breaker and Wheeler standing at the foot of the steps to the helipad, he spotted, and gathered, a couple more flares and flashbangs. Breaker bolted up and into the helicopter, with Barry in tow. The rotors had just begun to turn, when the wind started its inhuman howl. Dark clouds converged on the area and congealed into a black, snaking monster that slammed the fire department's perimeter gates shut in a grinding cascade of sparks. There was a vision. Alice sinking below the lake surface, into darkness. He heard the old woman's voice: **"You will never get her back!"**

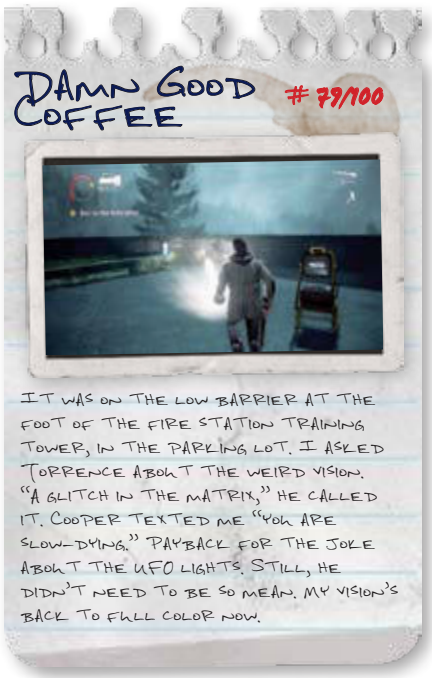
Activity: Survive the assault



[Fig 5.37]

"We're not ready to take off yet!" Wake could just hear Breaker over the roaring wind buffeting him around the parking lot, and the whine of the rotor blades as they gradually built up speed. Up on the bluff of the hill above him, the darkness had gathered into a maelstrom, a whipping tornado of penetrating black, with large girder sections ripped from the ground, now circle-dancing in the air around the unspeakable form. **"Well, get ready! I'll hold 'em off,"** Wake replied, although the power on display was nothing like he'd witnessed before. Two of the girder sections thudded into the ground close to the fire engines. These were accompanied by Taken: two larger foes plodding in and a trio of faster forms to the side. Wake tagged the gas canister by the pickup, and it fell forward, shooting flame, and exploded, just in time to take out one of the bigger guys **[Fig 5.37]**. The smaller entities were upon him, brandishing blades too close for comfort. Wake dodged and backed away, coaxing the foes into a corner, before dropping a flashbang. The remaining Taken vanished into the light.

Wake reloaded his last rifle bullets, and watched as two more steel girder javelins found their mark, alarmingly closer to his location. The second wave of Taken attacked from both sides of the parking lot. Wake tagged another canister, close to the



right fire engine, and it took out a foe straight away, leaving three more to nullify. Wake played possum, then brought the light of a flashbang and shattered them. The black tornado spat out another two metal projectiles when Wake heard Breaker shout **"Try to stay alive, Wake! I'm skipping everything I dare on the checklist!"** As the metal rained down, Wake flicked the work lights on. These usually had limited effect: in fact, they were detrimental to Wake as they took too long to switch on during combat, when there were more important tactics, like expending ammunition. But on this occasion, the extra light helped, as a quintet of damned souls appeared across the station roof. One of them attempted to scurry around to the right, but the light froze off its thin protection with a fizzling pop, a sound Wake recognized, and he quickly took out the Taken before it could ambush him. As for the others, Wake waited for them to group together, and caught most of them with a well-aimed flare gun shot **[Fig 5.38]**. The foes were relentless, but after Wake defeated 50 with the rifle, it was **Taken Season**.



[Fig 5.38]

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[Fig 5.39]

Wake was increasingly concerned as the thudding girders began to encroach on the rear of the parking lot, close to the helipad steps. **"Keep fighting, Wake! We're almost ready to take off!"** Sheriff Breaker shouted. More Taken were scrambling down from the shingle roof of the fire station, but Wake had swapped out his hunting rifle for a pump-action shotgun, and was waiting, almost willing them to come. Wake threw everything he had at the advancing foes **[Fig 5.39]**; flares stopped a couple of them, forcing them back into a gas canister he'd just erupted. This was satisfying, but there was no time to gloat. Other foes were closing in. He backed them up with more flares, and tore them into light shards with his shotgun. During the execution of the last Taken, Wake heard the instructions he'd been waiting for: **"Wake! We're leaving! Get a move on!"** Wake could have waited for more Taken to arrive. To be overwhelmed, as his ammunition and hope dwindled. But escape was foremost in his mind. He bounded up the steps, and across to the passenger compartment of the helicopter.

A Taken reeled back into shards of light as Wake backed up slowly, fighting off the foes threatening to overwhelm them all. **"Al! Come on!"** shouted Barry, almost pulling him into the helicopter as a steel girder pierced the ground where Wake had just stood. The helicopter took off as additional metal flew at the craft, missing the mark as it gained height and distance. **"Wake, you better put an end to this,"** Breaker told Wake, in no uncertain terms. Wake knew what he had to do: **"Just get me to Weaver, Sheriff."** Wake's continuous trek across **An Idyllic Small Town** was over.

Chapter 5B: Bright Falls Light & Power

Part 3: Shock and Awe



Transformer Yard

Breaker's helicopter was following the river gorge, heading upstream toward the Bright Falls hydroelectric power plant, north of the town. They reached the airspace above a swing bridge packed with stationary traffic, but no sign of life. The area was dotted with small industrial warehouses, but dominated by a huge, stone structure emanating brightness from every window.

Breaker gestured toward it: **"We're coming up on the power plant! See the lit building over there? And that's the dam farther up the river."** Wake could just about make out some huge inlet pipes snaking up the mountain to another structure. The chopper circled over the power plant, Breaker searching back and forth for a safe landing spot: **"There are too many power cables. I'll take her down the road across the river." "Just get me there, Sheriff."** Wake responded. Breaker brought the craft down slowly above a warehouse forecourt. Slowing for final approach, Breaker spotted a raven take off from its perch. It was joined by another. Then another. Wake slid the door open, ready to drop out. Breaker was confused; the sky above her was filling with black birds. She heard a shriek, audible even over the rotor engine. An unkindness of ravens swooped in, buffeting the helicopter wildly. **"Hold on!"** Breaker yelled, trying to keep the craft stable. She'd witnessed one chopper crash this week, and didn't need another. Again the birds struck, their bodies pummeling the side of the craft. Wake lost his balance, and

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Path to Power Plant

fell out of the open hatch, grabbing the foot rung to prevent a 40-foot drop onto concrete. **"Al!"** Barry screamed, trying to reach him. The chopper dropped again. **"Oh, son of a bitch!"** Wake shouted, and let go of the rung. He landed heavily, but managed to roll out of the momentum. Breaker swung the craft around, catching a flock of black ravens in the chopper's floodlight. Their dying shrieks flooded the valley, as Wake slowly got up. It was a miracle he'd survived the fall with all his bones intact.

Activity: Cross the transformer yard



[Fig 5.40]

"Wake! We're gonna have to shake these things. We'll meet up at the plant!" Breaker spoke over the helicopter's voice amplification system. Wake didn't have the luxury of watching the craft struggle out of the ravens' territory; an unkindness of ravens was dive-bombing him from across the grounds. He felt for his flare gun. It was still in the chopper; Wake had landed with only a flashlight. He made a valiant attempt and shone the light straight into the bird cluster. He was struck by them, but not badly wounded as the unkindness swooped on either side of the boosted beam. This situation was hopeless; the best Wake could hope to do was to gradually whittle down the flock's number. He managed a couple of adept dodges as the birds attacked again, but the situation was looking grim. Wake's eyes darted around, looking for options. On his left, past the half-covered speedboat on the trailer, Wake spotted a small security hut. He sprinted for it **[Fig 5.40]**, flinching back in agony as he was caught by the outer birds of another swooping unkindness. But once in the hut, the unkindness was gone. Wake was relieved to discover a revolver on the counter, along with some batteries. A crate of revolver ammunition was duly ransacked, as Wake tried to recreate his inventory system from earlier that evening. It was a start.

Wake spent a few moments searching the yard. Aside from the mist, there was also a general sense of unease in the air. The forecourt was littered with containers, junk, pallets, and an overturned van. Over in the grassy verge on the opposite side of the hut, Wake found a workman's Coffee Thermos sitting on a concrete barrier. Wake returned and observed the warehouse itself. Messages scampered across the wall, on either side of a garage door: "THE DARKNESS CONTROLS THE TAKEN" and "DARKNESS WEARS HER FACE." Focusing on the garage door, Wake saw that it was stuck. **"I had to do something about the chain for the door to open."** A quick flick of the flashlight steadied his aim for a revolver shot, and the weight attached to the chain clattered to the floor and the door began to rise. Moments later, Wake was set upon.



[Fig 5.41]

He heard the Taken growl before he was almost brained by a thrown axe. As the garage door was taking its sweet time to open, Wake Sprinted back to get a good look at his foes **[Fig 5.41]**. A huge sheriff's deputy was leading a trio of weaker foes, and with a revolver, this would be a more protracted battle. Wake concentrated on the deputy, retreating to a pressurized gas canister, then shooting it as the deputy stepped close to it. Twelve more bullets took down the remaining foes, at the expense of a couple of flashlight batteries. Wake quickly ran back to the hut, gathered more bullets, and stepped into the soothing white light at the warehouse garage entrance. The light was so bright, he almost tripped over a barrel as he wandered inside.

The large warehouse was filled with useless junk. Wake was pleased to discover some batteries, bullets, and shotgun shells on the shelves near the small pile of threadbare tires. Over in the corner, a mechanic's table was home to a shotgun, batteries, and more ammunition. Not for long. Wake finished his scavenger hunt at the shelving to the left, grabbing more ammo, batteries, and a small collection of flares. The only aspect of the

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[Fig 5.42]

warehouse Wake was troubled about was the lack of exit. Peering left through the mesh fence, Wake saw a green blinking light. It was on a radio. He then solved his door problem by circumventing it. He climbed the unstable-looking plank ramp, jumped onto the stack of crates, and dropped down on the other side of the fence, to the other, larger part of the warehouse.

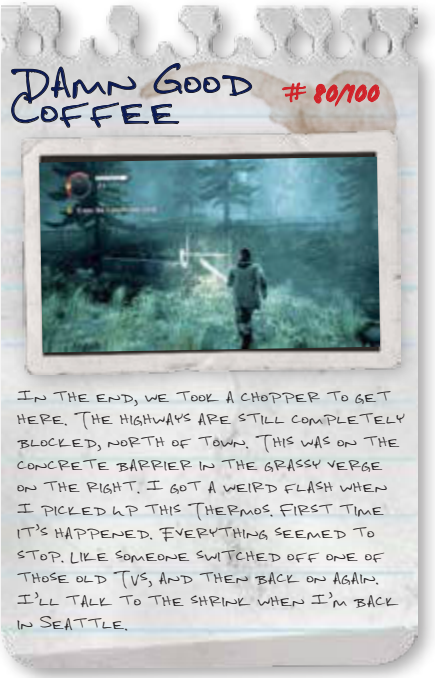
Wake saw the radio light blinking, and switched it on. Pat Maine was on—of course—but this time he wasn't embroiled in some local tete-a-tete; he was introducing one of his favorite tunes: **"And here's a new song from a band that—they always remind me of our local rock legends, the Old Gods. I couldn't tell you why, I guess it's just—you know, one of those things. Anyway, here's Poets of the Fall and their latest single, 'War.'"** As the rock music filled the cavernous warehouse with noise, Wake thought he'd heard something. A large metal shelf tumbled forward, and scattered its contents across the floor. **"This is good work for a night person!"** Wake counted around nine Taken, ranging from thin, gangly grease-monkeys to towering, bulky hard-hatted workmen **[Fig 5.42]**. And a foe in a red hood. He might not make it through this fight without some pretty comprehensive planning.

Simply running to the open exit was an option, but not one he took lightly; only if he was out of bullets, **or in a particularly vivid Nightmare.** At various times during the fight, Wake switched to his revolver, dashed and dodged until around three foes were almost upon him, then dropped a flare, and seared off the armor of one as he backed up. Then he switched to another, bigger foe, maneuvering so the bulky workman's corpse strayed close to a pressurized gas canister. A single pistol round detonated the device, instantly killing the larger Taken. Wake used the shelves, stacked cylinders, and large crates too, circling around behind them to force the Taken to attack one at a time. This enabled him to singe off the smoke with a flashlight, and finish them with a shotgun he was rapidly running out of ammunition for. Without any way back to the initial warehouse area, Wake also pushed forward during the battle, heading around to multiple piles of timber. Jumping onto the tarp, he climbed as far as he could, using the tarp as extra protection from the foes milling about him. When the last Taken finally fell, Wake looked around. Nearby shelving contained various machinist's tools, as well as some revolver ammunition. Another nearby metal shelf contained shotgun shells. Wake was glad he inspected the stack of concrete tubing; he wouldn't have found the Coffee Thermos otherwise.

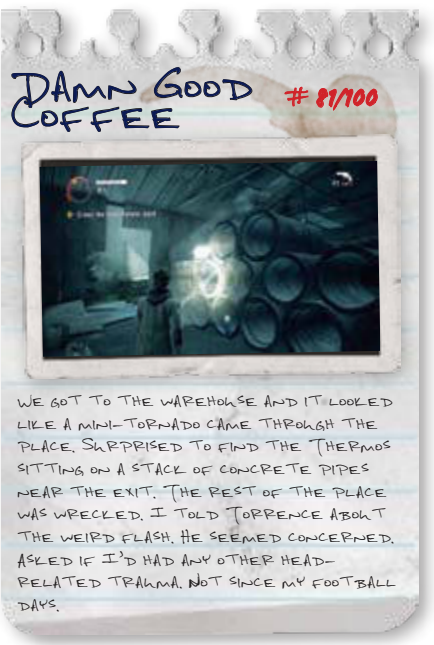


[Fig 5.43]

The air off the river was cooling as Wake headed out of the warehouse. He also felt the hairs on the back of his neck bristle. Wake climbed a small rocky embankment, stopping to rest at a Safe Haven lit by a floodlight, past a large but discarded cable spool. He then maneuvered around to a vantage point overlooking his next course of action **[Fig 5.43]**: **"The power plant glowed in the night. It was close, but I had to find a way across."** It became clear why his body was coursing with static electricity; there was a transformer yard in front of him. A maze of concrete, buzzing electrical currents, transformer boxes, and spent spools littered the landscape. But it provided energy, most of which was being siphoned to the power plant across the river, it seemed. Wake leapt off his rocky perch, landing atop a spool, then stood on it for a moment, utilizing his flashlight like a searchlight. It found a yellow marking on another spool, to his left. Dropping to the cracked concrete ground below. Wake followed the painted breadcrumbs along the wall, to another spool pointing at the sign of the torch. The Chest under it had a flare and flashbang for his troubles. He took it all, before retracing his steps, around to an entrance gate. A press of the green button, and the gate swung open. He was into the yard.







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[Fig 5.44]

A gruff gurgle coming from Wake's left side startled him. He swung around, planting a boosted flashlight beam directly in the face of a tall, faceless foe armed with a huge pickaxe and a thirst to kill. Wake didn't even give him the chance. The beast backed up, and brushed against a pair of transformer cables. There was a deafening bang and a crackling sound, and the Taken evaporated instantly **[Fig 5.44]**. A good tactic, Wake thought to himself. Behind the cables, which were still live and extremely dangerous to both man and Taken, was a Manuscript Page. He didn't want to be the second one to test the current, so he left the page alone for the moment. He'd have to pick a safe route through this deathtrap. Heading right and around the corner, Wake passed a number of transformer boxes, and a large crate, en route to a lower shoreline platform, granting exceptional views across to the power plant. Where was a boat when you needed one? Wake continued along the platform. He spotted a large, light blue metal box with shotgun and revolver ammunition, and batteries on it. But first, he checked a green flashing light behind a switch box. Studying the area, Wake saw that this probably switched a floodlight on, above the items. But for how long? He didn't need a temporary Safe Haven right this second. Perhaps he would in a moment. This didn't stop him from grabbing the bullets and batteries though.

Wake knew something was odd as he crept up the short flight of steps, into a small unloading area.



[Fig 5.45]



[Fig 5.46]

"Most of us are skilled professionals!" It was the garbled cry of the large, hard-hat wearing hammer-wielder as he barged out of his ambush hole **[Fig 5.45]**, knocking a section of subfloor across the concrete arena. The power plant workers were shells of their former selves, but still adept at killing, as Wake almost discovered to his cost as the bigger threat swung his lump hammer. Flanked by two smaller fiends, Wake was quick to react, running forward with his revolver drawn, boosting the flashlight at the foe on the right, hitting him as soon as he'd dropped from the fence, and shooting him so he stumbled back and exploded on the transformer cable line. The bigger foe was a real threat, so Wake lit a flare, holding it as he steered the remaining Taken back, and into the cable for another almighty white flash and bang. He could have coaxed them back to the floodlight, too, Wake thought, as he retraced his steps, and bathed in the light. For a moment. Until it shorted out.

He pushed the metal gate the large, inhuman workman had hidden behind, and quickly spotted another incoming foe on the left. Backing up to avoid the monster's swing, Wake positioned himself so the Taken was striding toward him with its back to another cable line. Seconds after he focused the flashlight beam, and shot the revolver twice, the foe was a crackling shadow of smoke **[Fig 5.46]**. This collapsed the cables, shorting the circuit. However, there were plenty more live wires to use. And avoid. Wake moved around the fallen cables, to a pathway left and right. On the left were the first transformer wires he saw. Now on the other side, he could claim the Manuscript Page, as the hum of electrical discharge into the night air intensified. Wake headed onward, following the narrow path between the mesh fencing on either side, and stopping at an emergency box. His electrocution fears were put to rest as the box opened easily, and he eagerly added more flares, batteries, shotgun shells, and bullets to his inventory. As the path rounded a corner, the gate and door leading to a stone way station were both closed. There must be another way out...

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER

23/30

"Truth will ultimately prevail where there is pains to bring it to light." —George Washington. The chest is behind the spool, at the entrance to the transformer yard. I thought you might enjoy a quote from the man this state is named after.



Departure.

93/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Cynthia on Her Way to the Dam

Making her way through the water pipe alone, Cynthia was angry at the writer. Foolish young man, taking unnecessary risks. And the way he broke the rules! Didn't he understand what was at stake?
Since the terrible days in the 70s, she hadn't wavered once, as hard as it had been. She was tired of protecting the town all these long years and now only wanted to rest.

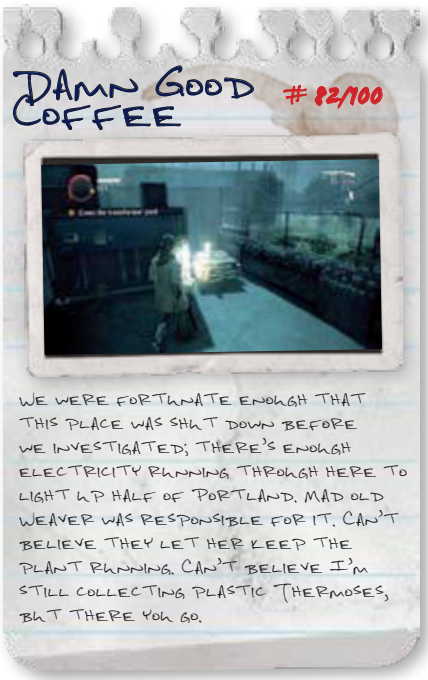


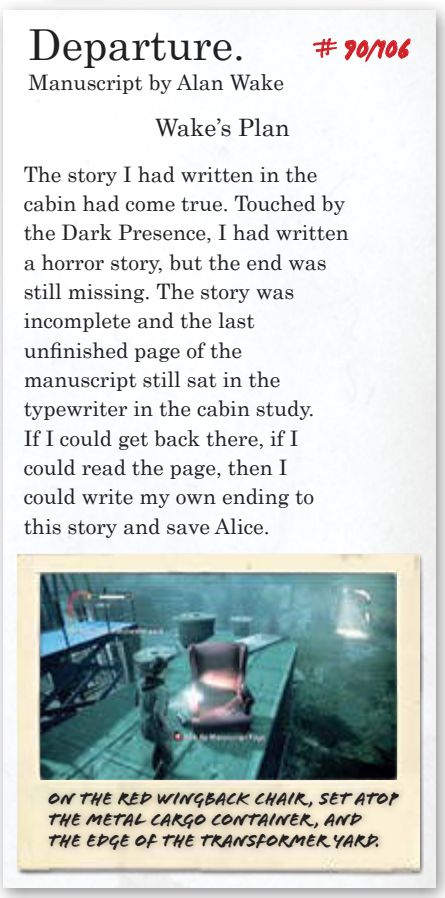
ON THE GROUND, BEHIND THE FIRST ELECTRIFIED TRANSFORMER CABLES, IN THE YARD.

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[Fig 5.47]





Electricity was sparking along the high current lines and out of transformers and power cables all around Wake. His extreme unease was further exacerbated with the feeling of sickness he was experiencing. Perhaps he was hypersensitive to electricity. Or the thought of death by electrical shock, if the Taken didn't get him first. Someone was playing "silly beggars" as his father had been fond of saying; there was a Coffee Thermos in full view, but it tormented him by being out of reach, behind a mesh fence. Wake began a clockwise search for a route through, and found it. Up three steps to a raised transformer relay pad, Wake counted four draped cables surrounding him. And then two giant Taken attacked him from in front and behind **[Fig 5.47]**. Turning this trap against his foes, without blinking, Wake faced the foe ahead, forcing it back by boosted flashlight and shotgun fire, into the wires. Spinning around, Wake repeated the process, backing the second Taken into the cables just before his flashlight battery died. Stepping down off the relay pad, Wake hadn't forgotten the Coffee Thermos on the small stack of pallets. He grabbed it, then continued around to the railing above the water.



[Fig 5.48]

Although the yard appeared an expansive maze, Wake only had to navigate around another couple of huge spools to a blue metal workman's hydraulic lift, like the one he used to descend from Wahlberg's warehouse roof. Except this time, he was going up. Wake summoned the lift with a press of the switch on the body of the machine. The support concertina tightened as the lift platform reached a level Wake was capable of leaping to. He stood on the platform for a moment, before realizing with an embarrassed chuckle that there was a switch for the lift to rise, too. He waited, slowly being hoisted aloft **[Fig 5.48]**, and once the lift had stopped, he dropped down to the top of a large shipping container. Someone with a spare wingback chair and a penchant for weak beer had been busy up here. The collection of scattered cans was also home to another Manuscript Page to carefully pore over. The view across to the power plant was the most impressive yet. But there was little time for vistas. Wake looked for a safe way off the container, using the spool below to break his fall, not his ankles.

Activity: Cross the bridge

Wake was out of the yard, but there was still a river to cross. He trekked along a rough dirt path, pausing to catch his breath where he knew he'd be safe—under the protective light of a Safe Haven— before continuing up through the patches of bracken and unruly wild grass, toward a stone outcrop and a main road. Two black birds took off from their rocky roost, and Wake knew by now that this was a prelude to attack. Although the road was only a two-lane highway, there were a few areas to explore. Wake stopped at the sign itself, and took a moment to read the dedication. The bridge itself was most definitely out; the silent scene that had greeted him had once been one of chaos. The bridge was "open"; it had been turned to let river traffic through, stranding a military truck and a car on the structure. Over on this side of the bridge, there was a back-up of traffic, but no one at all still waiting. **"I couldn't get across until I found a way to turn the bridge."**

Skirting the bridge control booth exterior, Wake found a Coffee Thermos sitting in the long grass on the promontory closest to the river. He quickly pocketed it, and wandered around to the rear of the structure. He was passing the door when the bridge operator burst through the door brandishing a nightstick, and Wake recoiled in horror. Automatically, he fought back, using instinct to quickly finish the foe. He quickly composed himself, and took a look at the traffic jam back on the road. It was a real mess; a small white sedan had plowed into the back of a school bus, and the fire was still smoldering. **Wake's vision twitched. He was having a real Nightmare once again, and picked out a Manuscript Page on the road by the bus.** Returning to the bridge booth, Wake was relieved to discover that the place was now devoid of creatures. **"The rotating bridge was open. I had to find a way to close it."** After a rummage around, which yielded a handy flare gun and ammo, revolver ammunition, and batteries, Wake was at the bridge controls. He pressed the green button and looked through the window. The swing bridge, accompanied by a loud metallic rumbling, began to move. Out of the control room, Wake watched as the creaking iron structure slowly pivoted counterclockwise.



[Fig 5.49]

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It took a few moments for Wake to realize the bridge wouldn't be stopping. He stood, almost transfixed as sparks danced off the rim of the bridge. When the bridge continued to turn, Wake jumped onto the moving structure. He was a few paces forward when he saw them. **"Oh…birds!"** Wake managed to splutter, as two masses of ravens flew down from the opposite end of the bridge, and then from the right. He had a split second to aim and fire his flare gun, knocking the majority of the first unkindness of ravens out of existence. He then swung his flashlight around and caught a few of the other flock, preventing them from savaging him to death **[Fig 5.49]**. As the remains of the unkindness flew away, he boosted his flashlight, tagging individual forms. The parked pickup and military truck. weren't carrying anything of worth, so Wake stayed on the edge of bridge he'd just stepped on, and rode it around to the far side.



[Fig 5.50]

Wake heard the familiar roaring whine of the helicopter rotors as he landed on the road opposite. Breaker's welcome voice echoed around the hillside: **"We managed to lose the flock! You're almost at the power plant, keep going! We'll give you support."** Wake was urged to reach the worklight the hovering chopper was casting over the path leading across to the power plant. But once again, Wake wanted to make sure hadn't missed anything. He also wanted to check the bridge control booth on this side, wary of another frightening ambush encounter **[Fig 5.50]**. Once inside though, the only fright he got was from the sparking bridge controls. They'd been sabotaged, in the same way as the fuse box back in the ranger office. This explained the bridge malfunction. Wake's gaze moved to the pump-action shotgun on the counter. He'd definitely take that. And the ammunition. Oh, and the flare. And checking the sofa, he almost forgot the Coffee Thermos. He'd hate to keep Breaker waiting, but Wake was also drawn to the old television on the counter. He wondered what was playing. As it happened, it was another episode of the critically admonished *Night Springs*.

Activity: Go to the power plant

Departure. # 95/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Children of the Elder God Lyrics 1

Children of the Elder God lyrics
by Old Gods of Asgard
The first verse and chorus:
Warriors, torchbearers, come
redeem our dreams
Shine a light upon this night of
otherworldly fiends
Odin's might be your guide,
divorce you from the sane
Hammer's way will have its say,
rise up in their name
Oh, Memory and Thought
Jet black and clawed
Children of the Elder God
Scourge of light upon the dark



ON THE ROAD BY THE SIDE OF THE CRASHED BUS, CLOSE TO THE SWING BRIDGE.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 83/100



IT TOOK A HAMMER IN THE CONSOLE TO BRING THE BRIDGE TO A STOP. PERHAPS WE CAN ACTUALLY GET TO THE POWER PLANT NOW. ACTUALLY TRIPPED OVER THIS ONE, SITTING IN THE GRASS BY THE CONTROL BOOTH, AND ALMOST ENDED UP IN THE RIVER. FELT DIZZY, LOST MY FOOTING. CALLED COOPER UP AND HE TOLD ME IT WOULDN'T BE LONG BEFORE I WAS REPLACED. HE SEEMED SAD. BIT EMOTIONAL, THAT GUY.



18/25



Lt. William T.G. Randall Memorial Bridge

This bridge has been designated as a Memorial in honor and in recognition of Lt. William T.G. Randall (1919-1981), a World War II POW and recipient of the Distinguished Service Cross.

He died of injuries received during his successful rescue of two children from a burning car, crashed at this location.

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 84/100



COOPER TEXTED ME AGAIN TODAY, JUST AFTER WE'D TAKEN A FINE-TOOTHED COMB OVER THE OTHER CONTROL BOOTH, AND FOUND ANOTHER THERMOS ON A SOFA IN THERE. HE WROTE "FOR HE DID NOT KNOW THAT BEYOND THE LAKE HE CALLED HOME LIES A DEEPER, DARKER OCEAN GREEN." SIMILAR RHYME TO THE ONE HE SENT A WHILE AGO. STILL NO CLUE WHAT HE MEANS. SAID THE DWARF WAS INSISTENT HE TELL ME.

TELLY TIMES

13 MARCH, 1994 # 13/14



Episode 6 of the critically criticized Night Springs. Tonight's episode, "An Absence of Creativity," is available to watch in a bridge control booth, close to a power plant.

8:10 pm
Night Springs
with Alan Wake

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[Fig 5.51]

Breaker's helicopter was kicking up a small dust storm as Wake exited the booth. Wake waited for Breaker to take the lead, watching as her helicopter's worklight strafed the bumpy pathway of scrub grass and rocky embankments. The worklight stopped and the helicopter hovered over the path between two trees, as a trio of large Taken, along with a faster, smaller entity, metamorphosed out of the shadows. The worklight was strong enough to shatter the black smoke from each of the foes, allowing Wake to unload on them using his shotgun **[Fig 5.51]**. Running into the light, Wake afforded himself extra protection, as the Taken writhed as the light took their power. But their swinging implements were still to be feared. Wake also considered "herding" the foes, before dropping a flashbang to deliver them back to evil. Wake continued along the pathway, slowing as six more Taken appeared from the scrub and undergrowth, close to a small stack of concrete cylinders. Wake switched to his flare gun, and led the Taken a merry dance, circling them in the light, and firing off a flare as they clustered to attack. The remaining forces were cleaned up with judicious use of the shotgun.



[Fig 5.52]

Wake could see the looming facade of the power plant as he closed in on it. Wake maneuvered around the rocks and boulders, with the helicopter's safety blanket of light never far away. As Breaker hovered over the water, Wake heard a crackle and a loud scream. A flood of blurred, black wings intercepted the craft, and it swung around wildly. Wake heard Breaker over the speakers yell **"The birds are back! Wake, we can't stay here! Get inside! Call us when you know what the plan is."** Almost immediately, a mass of beaks and feathers dive-bombed his current position, coming in off the water **[Fig 5.52]**. Wake quickly lit a flare, just as the unkindness was about to strike, and the cawing of ravens turned to screams. Wake knew he faced a relentless attack from the birds, so once the helicopter had disappeared farther upstream, he ran for the massive concrete foundations of the power plant. The last glowing embers of the flare were illuminating the rocky outcrops in fading pink light. Wake could see the arrows and other painted hints clearly, following them to the water's edge, and a Chest tucked away under the sign of the torch.



[Fig 5.53]

The cawing of the ravens was fading as Wake ran back from the chest, toward a floodlight on a pole. Pausing at the Safe Haven allowed Wake to look up and across at a gigantic pair of pipes feeding into the power plant from up the mountain. After stopping to grab some bullets and batteries from a nearby trailer cart, Wake ran under this gigantic concrete creation. The clattering of stones along the cliffs above and the wail of the wind signaled an incoming attack, and sure enough, a party of six Taken, the remains of power plant workers consumed by madness, rose up to thwart Wake. He reacted quickly; these critters were fast-moving, but only lightly dipped in darkness. He dropped a flare, and it did the job of five flashlights, allowing Wake to quickly end the ambush with a barrage of shotgun fire **[Fig 5.53]**. A well-placed flare gun shot would have been spectacular, too. Wake scrambled up the gravel path, checking more invisible signs showing the direction of a "SAFE HAVEN." Dropping down to a flat, tarmac ground, Wake stepped around the cable spools and spotted something familiar ahead. Pieces were beginning to fall into place: **"I recognized the logo on the power plant's sign. I'd seen a version of it painted all over the area, signifying hidden caches of supplies."**

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 24/30

God says to an Angel: "It is done. Twenty-four hours of light, then darkness has been created." The Angel asked "What do you intend to do now?" God replies "I think I'll call it a day." Don't scare the Taken with your laughter. And find this cache by the base of the power plant, near the water's edge.



DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 85/100



ANOTHER ONE. BY THE SECURITY HUT, OVER IN THE CORNER, TO THE LEFT OF THAT LARGE, GREEN SIGN. LOOKED DOWN AT MY HANDS TODAY. SAW THEM BEGIN TO SPARKLE, LIKE THOSE VAMPIRES DO IN THE MOVIE MY WIFE KEEPS WATCHING. I COULD SEE THE GROUND THROUGH THEM. I CAME OVER ALL FAINT AND HAD TO SIT DOWN. STRESS AND CATALOGUING THESE DAMN OBJECTS, TORRENCE RECKONS, ALTHOUGH HE DIDN'T SOUND TOO CONVINCING.

Bright Falls information signs # 19/25



WARNING

This decommissioned site is private property. The power plant is no longer in operation.

Trespassers will be prosecuted.

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[Fig 5.54]

Wake was outside the power plant's main entrance **[Fig 5.54]**. Light was streaming out from inside. Not only did the "Bright Falls Light & Power" sign mimic the more primitive torch symbols, but the pickup trucks Weaver had left and the work lights all seemed to be her doing. The amount of invisible wall daubing had increased too. Before he tried to enter the facility, Wake checked the parking lot. Over in the corner, to the left of the main sign, Wake spotted a Coffee Thermos close to a security hut with the message "TRUST NO ONE IN THE DARK." **Wake's eyes glazed over for a moment. He was having a Nightmare vision. Wake also saw a Manuscript Page, but it had been placed on the other side of a tall mesh fence he couldn't scale. He would need to remember where that was for later.** But for now, the wall messages ordering him to the generator hall—or SAFE HAVEN as the yellow paint dubbed it—were beckoning him in. Wake was almost at the pair of double doors with the light streaming around the cracks, when he stopped, stepped right a couple of paces, and read the Warning sign riveted to the wall. Only then was he ready to step into the light.

Part 4: Lamp Lady of the Light



Power Plant

Activity Log

- Talk with Weaver
- Cut the power to the transformer yard
- Return to Weaver
- Follow Weaver

Activity: Talk with Weaver

"DARK." "LIGHT." "TOM…." Wake pushed open the large, metal doors to the generator hall **[Fig 5.55]**. He immediately stopped, shading his eyes from the incredible brightness in the chamber beyond. He heard an old woman's voice, sternly shouting **"Hold it right there!" "Ms. Weaver! Cynthia! I'm a friend."** Wake quickly replied. **"Prove it!"** Weaver snapped. **"Uh…"** Wake desperately tried to remember some pertinent facts: **"You knew Zane, Thomas Zane. You're the lady of the light in the song. You can help me."** The searchlight dimmed enough that he could see Cynthia Weaver step forward, still clutching her lamp. She looked Wake over: **"About time! Young man, I've been waiting a very long time for you."** Wake's eyes adjusted to the interior of the power plant. Cynthia Weaver had everything she needed: enough water in the reservoir upstream to power the place, and enough lighting equipment to rig a football stadium.



[Fig 5.55]

Everywhere Wake looked there was shelving with some piece of equipment—mainly mechanical, but all in good repair—related to lighting, rigs, searchlights, and other forms of illumination.

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"It's in the Well-Lit Room." Weaver said, out of the blue, as Wake inspected the room for anything helpful. Wake was half-listening as he gathered a couple of flares from a workbench in the corner, and moved across to the shelving, gathering batteries, flare gun ammunition, and a couple of flashbangs. Weaver continued: **"What you need to drive the darkness back. The Well-Lit Room is at the dam. I built the room to keep it safe." "Will it help me find Alice?"** Wake asked. **"Will it get me back to the cabin? Fine, let's go. I can get my friends to come back with the helicopter."** Weaver cracked a smiled—her first in a while—holding and stroking her lamp like a Bond villain's favorite white cat. **"Oh, we won't go outside! Never at night. That's rule number one. You've been breaking the rules, young man, and where has that gotten us, hm? No, I have a secret route, a lit route. An old water pipe."** Walking up through a claustrophobic concrete tube didn't seem particularly safe, Wake remembered thinking as he spotted a heavy-duty lantern on a counter close to the shelving. He took it, then passed Weaver and stepped into her living quarters.



[Fig 5.56]

"Something was damaged at the transformer yard." Weaver informed Wake. **"It's draining all the reserve power. Without it, the pipe will go dark. The power to the yard must be cut."** Wake knew what was coming next. **"Let me guess, you want me to do it." "Young man,"** Weaver replied, in the stern tone of a strict school headmistress; **"you're the one who likes to break the rules. I can't be outside in the dark! The kill switch is outside."** Beyond the mesh fence lay a huge turbine. Wake wondered how Weaver could stand the noise when it was activated. Inside Weaver's "home" **[Fig 5.56]**—an old control room with the control systems removed and replaced with basic modern conveniences—Wake studied the walls. They were punctuated with thoughts as cluttered as her sink: "DARKNESS WAITS IN MY DREAMS." "I MISS YOU, TOM." Weaver had gathered every form of light she could find, from elaborate wall sconces to draped cables of bare light bulbs. He heard Weaver at the entrance controls again: **"I have been preparing for these times. The dark tides. You have found my caches, haven't you? You can see the signs? Very few people can."**

Stooping to pick up a box of bullets by Weaver's uncomfortable and thin bed, Wake saw her collection of table, floor, and desk lamps had spiralled out of control. By the windows overlooking the turbine, Weaver had built some kind of "table fort," complete with unstable climbing access to her light bulb decorations. On one of the tables, Wake found a flare gun. Weaver saw his scavenging, and commented: **"Yes, please, take what you need. This is all for you, for the likes of us. We do Tom's work, don't we?"** Reloading his flare gun then switching back to the shotgun, Wake was almost out of the room when he spotted a Coffee Thermos, half-hidden by a low bookcase. **"I cannot take you to the Well-Lit Room if the lights in the pipe go out. You must go outside to use the emergency switch. Hurry! The switch is on the wall facing the shore."** He had his marching orders, and it wouldn't do to disappoint Weaver.

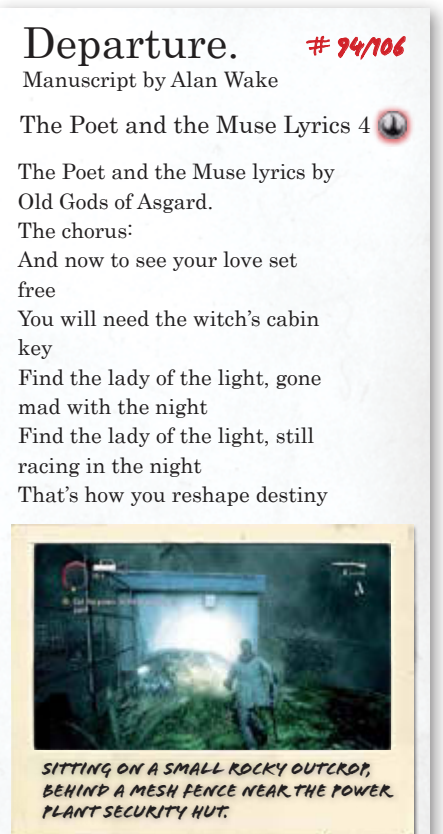
Activity: Cut the power to the transformer yard



[Fig 5.57]

"Weaver had sent me to cut the power to the transformer yard. I was willing to do grunt work for her to get her to help me. I hoped Weaver was dependable. I had stumbled into this crazy world a little over a week ago. She had been living this insanity for decades." The brooding fear was back as Wake waited for the security gate to slide back. Wake headed down the steps leading out and around the base of the power plant. A small transformer area proved to be the prowling grounds for three Taken. Wake raised up his new lantern and peeled off dark smoke faster than ever before. Using a mixture of lantern boosting, shotgun blasts, and the deadly and highly electrified transformer cables, Wake pushed the Taken back into the light **[Fig 5.57]**. **With the coast at least temporarily clear, Wake remembered the Manuscript Page he'd seen, but not gathered. He turned left, following the rocks and grass between the perimeter fence and river to the security hut, and peeled the parchment off its rocky perch.** Back at the small transformer plant, Wake passed more of Weaver's painted messages, opened a metal gate, and ran along the concrete ledge dotted with conduit piping and a large spool. Wake leapt the four steps at the end, close to another daubing that read: "RULE #2: NEVER GO OUT AT NIGHT."





At the top of the steps, Wake looked across to the power conduit array. Across at the water's edge, Wake spotted something important: **"I could see the kill switch that would cut the power to the transformer yard. Now I had to find a way to reach it."** Unfortunately, from where Wake was standing, accessing the switch would be impossible, as there was a gap between the left and right sides of the array platform. **"If I could figure out the gates, I could use them to**

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Photolog: The true extent of Cynthia Weaver's mania, and her servitude, is revealed. This appears to be the first page of a gigantic checklist of some kind, noting the luminosity of every single bulb in the Well-Lit Room. Found by Barry Wheeler.

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER

Well-Lit Room. Checklist. September 13-19.

Page 1 of 15.

#	Strength (1-5)	Notes
	4	Functioning normal
	5	Brand new
	2	Faulty wiring. Replace soon
	4	Functioning normal
#5	5	Brand new
#6	1	Bulb almost out. Replace at once!
#7	4	Functioning normal
#8	4	Functioning normal
#9	5	Brand new
#10	4	Functioning normal
#11	3	Functioning normal, hairline crack
#12	5	Brand new
#13	4	Functioning normal, weird flicker
#14	2	Faulty wiring. Replace soon
#15	5	Brand new
#16	5	Brand new
#17	3	Functioning normal, wrong wattage
#18	4	Functioning normal
#19	5	Brand new
#20	3	Functioning normal, wrong wattage
#21	4	Functioning normal
#22	4	Functioning normal
#23	4	Functioning normal
#24	2	Faulty wiring. Replace soon
#25	5	Brand new
#26	4	Functioning normal
#27	3	Functioning normal, wrong wattage
#28	3	Brand new, but glass cracked
#29	4	Functioning normal
#30	5	Brand new
#31	4	Functioning normal
#32	3	Functioning normal, wrong wattage
#33	1	Bulb almost out. Replace immediately!

Comments: The chosen one is coming. Not long now. Not long. Spent too long positioning the worklights. But it'll be over soon.

(and over to page 2)



[Fig 5.58]

get to the kill switch." Wake stopped at the three switches, all illuminated by green lights **[Fig 5.58]**. To the left was a sign. It proved important reading. Then Wake stepped to the switches. It appeared the switches were related in some way to the three gates, a lock system for raising or lowering the water level. But for Wake's purposes, he needed to close all three gates so they acted as "bridges." After a few moments of head-scratching, Wake figured out the following, and made a quick note:

The left switch moved gates #1 and #2.

The middle switch moved gates #2 and #3.

The right switch moved gates #1, #2, and #3.

By "moving," Wake meant the gate would switch position, from open to closed, or closed to open.

Initially, the gates were in the following positions: Gate #1: Open. Gate #2: Closed. Gate #3: Closed.

Wake pressed the left switch: Gate #1: Closed. Gate #2: Open. Gate #3: Closed.

Wake pressed the middle switch: Gate #1: Closed. Gate #2: Closed. Gate #3: Open.

Wake moved back to the left switch: All gates were now open.

Wake stepped over to the left right switch. This closed all three gates. Simple, lateral thinking had won over random, confused, and eventually angry random switch pressing. Wake was pleased with himself. He caught the edge of another message, on the right of the last switch. It read "RULE #3: ALWAYS REMEMBER THE LANTERN."



[Fig 5.59]

Wake moved around to the left, and began crossing each of the three bridges, in an elongated snaking pattern across the array.

Wake reached the kill switch **[Fig 5.59]**. Before committing murder, he made certain to gather the shotgun ammunition and flare from the counter. He reached out again to the switch, but stopped as something caught the corner of his eye. A stack of beer cans, arranged in a Can Pyramid, was neatly positioned on the concrete perimeter wall. Wake didn't waste this opportunity for target practice, but made sure he only expended revolver ammunition in doing so. Then—finally—Wake gave the kill switch a wrench. Seconds later, the transformer array above his head sparkled with a million watts of shorted power. The lights went out, and he had a bad feeling; Weaver had been the **Gatekeeper**, but the gates were now open. He could not let darkness prevail. **"The transformer yard went dark and dead. Weaver's water pipe passage should now be good to go."**

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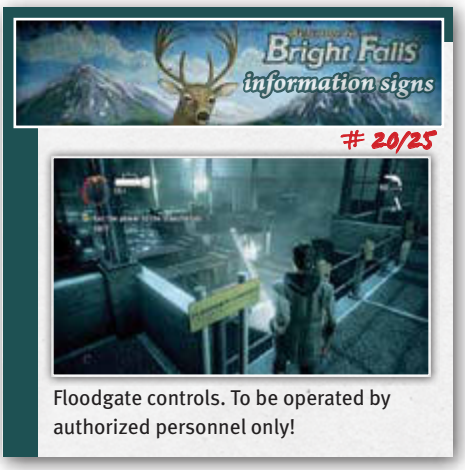
Activity: Return to Weaver

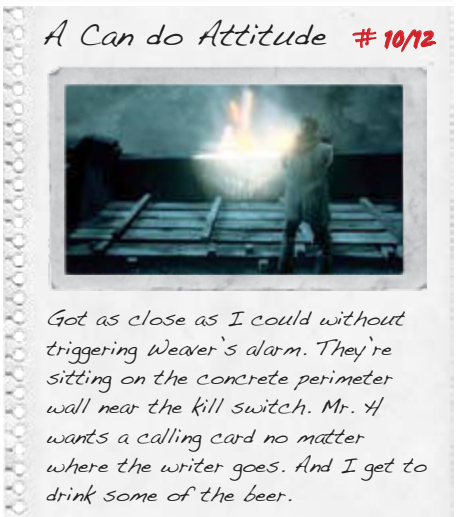
The gate bridges were going crazy, opening and closing of their own accord. Risking a watery death if he mistimed his Sprinting, Wake waited for the bridge to start to close from the open position, and then ran across. This way, he didn't need to try any pinpoint accurate jumping. Over by the concrete ledge, Wake reached the cable spool before the dark corners of the earth opened, and the Taken stormed out. Instead of running forward, trapping himself at the gate, Wake held back. He retreated up the steps, dropping a flare to prevent the Taken from following him, and tagging them from the raised area above. This certainly hurt a lot less than trying to fight them off in the narrow platform area. Another reason for Wake's defensive play became apparent when he reached the gate to the small (but still active) transformer area; the gate writhed in black echoing traces; it was possessed, a twisting, mad obstacle requiring a boosted flashlight to remove.

At the small transformer area itself, Wake eyed the steps to the Safe Haven nervously. He needed to get out, but opening the gate would take time. When he heard the growl of a chainsaw, Wake knew he was in real trouble. Wake dodged, narrowly missing a beheading as the monstrous wielder, resplendent in wafting dark matter, swung its weapon wildly **[Fig 5.60]**. Wake dropped a flare immediately, burning off what smoke he could, as he faced a second, large entity armed with a shovel as tall as he was. Three other, lesser spirits tried to tear and claw at him. After a couple of seconds of coaxing the foes into the sparkling transformer cables, Wake knew this was a lost cause; he'd spend more time and energy positioning these Taken so they were knocked back into the cables than was safe. So Wake broke out the flashbangs. Two dropped grenades later, the Taken herd had thinned considerably. He used the transformer bank as a defense, running around to gain vital recharging and reloading time. When the last Taken fell, Wake hobbled up to the security gate, swung open the switch, and pulled hard.



[Fig 5.60]





Activity: Follow Weaver

Back in the power plant, Wake waited for Weaver to turn off the incredibly bright searchlights she'd trained on the front doors. When the room became visible, Wake saw that Weaver had stopped flicking the many switches on her control panel. One of them unlocked the mesh gate behind her, and she beckoned Wake over: **"This way, young man. Follow me. Come, come, the pipe's empty now. We're ready to go."**

After checking her living quarters for anything he might have missed, Wake stepped through the open gate, and onto a long, winding metal surveyor's platform overlooking the huge generator chamber. Weaver continued her story: **"I knew them both. Tom and Barbara. I had such a crush on him...such a beautiful man. I was jealous. There was a part of me that was maybe a little glad when she had the accident."** They passed a scrawled message: CHANGE THE BULBS. Weaver explained Tom's miscalculation: **"And then Tom started writing and woke the darkness up.... He tried to bring her back...but you can't do that. There are no free rides like that."**

Through experience, Wake knew this to be true: **"I'm starting to realize that." "In that case, young man, perhaps you're a smarter man than Tom was..."** Weaver's voice changed. More sad now, with a hint of anger: **"The witch looked like her, but it wasn't. Barbara was sweet. He didn't understand until it was too late. He tried to undo it, wrote himself, her, everything he'd ever written out of the world."** Wake was listening, as well as collecting some batteries and ammunition from a metal table on the walkway directly above the main generator coil. Weaver began again: **"He was so famous. And afterward no one knew. Oh, Tom. He left only one thing behind in my care, in case it happened again. Insurance. He trusted me, or perhaps used me a little. Tom knew how I felt—knew I wouldn't refuse him. I built the Well-Lit Room and put it there. It's been waiting for you."**



[Fig 5.61]

The pair had descended into the bowels of the facility, and Weaver had reached a valve attached to the huge water pipe **[Fig 5.61]** when her rambling story took a jarring turn. **"We are characters trapped in the story you have written and none of us will survive to see the end of it if the darkness isn't stopped. She'll twist the story to her own dark ends."** Wake was shocked. **"How do you know all this?"** he asked. This was the first real confirmation that he was creating his own destiny...at 60 words a minute. **"Tom. That's the way he wrote it. He still talks to me, you know. In television, from beyond, from below."** This was a revelation (although it hadn't occurred to Wake that Weaver might have been written in to tell Wake these exact words, as the repercussions were mind-snappingly complicated). In a small alcove around the corner from the pipe, Weaver had written I CURSE YOU THOMAS ZANE in a fit of pique. It must have been a terrible existence for her. Forty years of solitude, wary locals, and a legitimate

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fear of the dark. Wake picked up a hunting rifle and ammunition from the shelving near the graffiti, and returned to Weaver, who was quickly turning the stiff valve and opening the pipe access hatch. She sighed. **"We have both been touched by the darkness, young man. He saved us both with light. But the darkness stays with you, leaves a stain."**

Weaver led Wake down the huge cylindrical tunnel, fitted with recessed bulbs every few feet, and stretching off to a bright light in the distance. **"This pipe will take us directly to the Well-Lit Room."** Weaver told him.

"Okay," said Wake, **"I need to call my friends, tell them where we're going."** **"Hello? Al?"** Barry's voice was faint, but distinct. **"Barry, we're headed to the dam in one of the pipes. Meet us there."** **"Okay, I'll tell Sarah,"** Barry replied. **"It's 'Sarah' now?"** Wake asked, with a barbed inflection. **"WHOA! NO! For the sweet love of—"** Wheeler was cut off, and the pipe shook, sprinkling Wake with dirt. Something had gone badly wrong in the helicopter. Wake looked and shouted at his phone: **"Barry! Barry!"** He turned to Weaver: **"We gotta go see if they're okay."** **"They're probably dead."** She replied, without emotion. They were superfluous to the cause. **"You must reach the Well-Lit Room! This is no time to be a selfish idiot!"** Emotional rage took Wake over. "**That's my best friend!"** he yelled. Clambering out of the next hatch, Wake saw the helicopter. It was ablaze, engulfed in flames, impacted on a rocky cliff across from the pipe. He looked down at Weaver, in the pipe. **"Well, be a fool!"** She said, hoping he'd see sense. Wake responded: **"I'll use the pipe. I'll meet you at the dam, if you make it."** Once more, Wake leaped into the unknown.

Part 5: Everything Just Clicked into Place



Path to Well Lit Room

Activity Log

- Reach the crash site
- Find Sarah and Barry
- Reach the top of the dam
- Defeat the Taken
- Escape the Dark Presence
- Enter the Well-Lit Room

Activity: Reach the crash site

His friends' safety mattered to Wake, and it took a few moments to descend from the rocky outcrop, down the bluff, and over the moss-covered fallen tree, to gaze across the gorge. The flames had subsided, but sparks from the smoldering and mangled wreckage of the helicopter were visible through the mist. In the distance, the Bright Falls dam was visible. The faint glow of light shone up from its hidden base. Wake continued to drop down; there would be no returning to the pipe now.

To Wake's left, the immense footprint of the gargantuan pipe support column provided little more than an awe-inspiring signpost toward THE WELL-LIT ROOM. Weaver had insisted Wake reach this place, and it seemed to contain the answers he sought. As if to further emphasize the point, some batteries had been left on a dead tree, at the foot of the support. Further along the rocky track, lay another Manuscript Page. Wake eagerly scanned the parchment, to see if there were clues about the fate of Breaker and Wheeler.

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Departure. # 91/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Falling Helicopter

Sarah was almost starting to relax. Maybe they could turn this into a win yet.
Suddenly, there was a piercing sound, like a table saw gone wild, as a hundred birds made out of shadows swarmed into the rotor.
The chopper bucked wildly and the board lit up, telling her what she already knew: they were going down. Barry Wheeler screamed next to her.



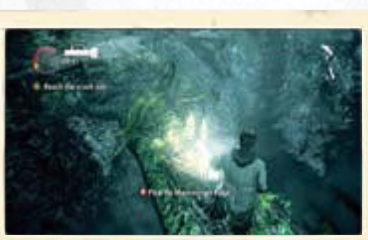
ON THE ROCKY TRACK BELOW THE GIANT WATER PIPE, EN ROUTE FROM THE PIPE TO THE HELICOPTER.

Departure. # 96/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Children of the Elder God Lyrics 2

Children of the Elder God lyrics by Old Gods of Asgard.
The second verse and chorus:
Scratching hag, you can rake your claws, and gnash your crooked teeth
You've taken slaves, like ocean waves, now feel the ocean seethe
Father Thor, bless this war between the dark and light
In their songs let their wrongs bring dissolution's night
Oh, Memory and Thought
Jet black and clawed
Children of the Elder God
Scourge of light upon the dark



ON THE MIDDLE PART OF THE FALLEN TREE TRUNK, SPANNING THE GORGE FISSURE BETWEEN THE WATER PIPE AND HELICOPTER.



Photolog: The rock archway along Bright Falls Dam Hiking Trail, which is currently closed to the public because the dam is under a lengthy retrofit. Ornithologists will be pleased to learn this is a preferred nesting area for the Pacific Northwest raven. Photo supplied by Cynthia Weaver.



[Fig 5.62]

Wake had already noticed the birds. They were soaring high above the gorge, and when they started to faintly caw, Wake knew to prepare for unkindness. The attack came as Wake passed through an impressive rock archway, the result of two huge boulders falling from the upper cliffside during blasting for the water pipe. Spinning around to catch the rear attack, Wake aimed and fired his flare gun. The unkindness of ravens was torn apart, with almost a dozen birds sent spinning and crackling into the gorge beyond. The remaining birds flew off, giving Wake a few moments of respite. The narrowing gorge trail now ran around to a second water pipe support, and Wake could see the continuation of the path across the fissure he was standing on the edge of. The squawking cluster of birds returned as he reached a large tree trunk **[Fig 5.62]**, set across and naturally cemented across the gap, presenting a quicker, but much more precarious route.

Wake could have lit a flare and carried it across, but he decided to play it safe, sparking his flare as the birds came, and carrying it down the trail. He'd be pecked to death if he remained stationary, so he broke into a Sprint to reach the base of the column, where there was light to stand in, and stay safe. At the adjacent emergency box, Wake was hoping for more flares, but was presented only with hunting rifle and revolver ammunition. Fending off more birds as he continued around the path, Wake eventually reached the opposite end of the fallen tree trunk. **Twitching with a strange vision, Wake entered a Nightmare, and spotted a Manuscript Page on the trunk. Some careful balancing allowed him to reach the middle of the trunk, retrieve the paper, and return to the lower path. Waving a flare solved the bird problem.**

Wake was in real danger of being clawed to death, and while boosting his flashlight worked to some degree, firing off the last of his flares, and igniting his final flare meant he could expect little mercy, and a lot of unkindness. Sometimes it was better to run, so Wake Sprinted off, slowing to cross a frankly vertigo-inducing tree trunk bridge across



[Fig 5.63]

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a small collapsed trail section, and then he dropped down a rocky embankment, pausing only to spin around and boost his light into the hundred beady eyes and sharp beaks that were intent on pecking him to death. But as Wake kept going and finally caught a glimpse of the crashed helicopter, the birds were gone. They were replaced by a sense of panic at the whereabouts of his colleagues. **"Barry! Sheriff Breaker! Sarah!"** Wake stepped up to the chopper **[Fig 5.63]**. It listed badly on its right side. Wake was amazed it hadn't broken up after the heavy landing. It was to Breaker's credit that she hadn't plunged into the gorge.

Activity: Find Sarah and Barry



[Fig 5.64]

Catching his breath, Wake prepared for a grisly sight as he neared the cockpit door. **"The crash site looked bad, but as far as I could tell, the wreck was empty."** Slightly farther up the track, Wake saw some scattered items—flare ammo and two flares—jettisoned from the craft, or dropped by Breaker or Barry. Wake ran forward, up the crevasse and toward the two upright rocks; the natural and spectacular entrance to the dam vista **[Fig 5.64]**. According to the primitive signpost scrawled on the rocks, THE WELL-LIT ROOM was this way. Wake was looking up at the dam itself, when a flare exploded, bathing the ground ahead and above him in brilliant red light. **"Barry. Barry!"** Wake yelled. He heard Breaker's voice, and her shotgun. His friends were alive, but under attack.



[Fig 5.65]

Sprinting up the ridge, Wake saw another flare launch and speed across the gorge sky, signalling their position. **"Al! Over here!"** Wheeler's voice was hoarse with shouting and fear. **"Hang in there, I'm coming!"**

He followed the wooden fence around, into a small pasture of long grass and a large wooden shack. Breaker and Wheeler were engaging the Taken, who were advancing in a horde from the right **[Fig 5.65]**. **"Get the hell back, you freaks!"** Barry screamed, as Wake quickly joined the melee, cocking his flare gun, and blasting a bunch of them into smithereens. With four or five foes remaining, Wake actually charged toward the foes, burning the armor off the biggest one, and letting Breaker expend her ammunition dispatching it, as he moved onto the next Taken, using his boosted lantern to great effect and dodging any thrown blades.

Activity: Reach the top of the dam

After the last Taken had collapsed into light, Wake rejoined the troupe. Breaker was understandably pleased to see him: **"You know when to make an entrance, Wake. We were ready to make like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."** Wake grinned. He hadn't imagined Barry Wheeler as Paul Newman. Newman from *Seinfeld* perhaps... **"I have a different ending in mind."** He told her. **"Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks for asking."** Barry yelled, exhausted. The preceding landing, fight, or sarcasm had taken it out of him. **"I knew you'd be all right,"** Wake responded, running around the left side of the shack. He'd seen indications of a Weaver cache along the rocky ledge above the building. **"How's that?"** Barry shouted back. Oh, this was too easy: **"'The flaming eye of Mordor.'"** He'd make sure Barry never forgot that particular comment. Wheeler yelled back, indignantly: **"Laugh it up, funny man. Didn't we have somewhere to go?" "Weaver'll meet us at the dam."** Wake said, spotting the torch symbol, and unlocking a hunting rifle and ammunition inside the Chest.

Wake didn't bother to inspect the scattering of rusting appliances in the shack, or the dilapidated garage with the remains of a tractor in it, farther up the ridge trail. The track narrowed again, with a precarious drop to the right, and a leaning tree for them to maneuver between, prior to the steps overgrown with bracken. As they reached a trail light, and the Safe Haven of the floodlight on a pole, Barry exclaimed: **"Oh! We made it! We're not dead!"**

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER **# 25/30**

English novelist William Makepeace Thackeray once wrote: "An evil person is like a dirty window, they never let the light shine through." Time to clean some windows: You'll find the necessary supplies in the rocky alcove above and behind the shack on the trail to the dam elevator.



Wake meanwhile, had already scooped up the batteries and hunting rifle ammunition from the emergency box. They swung back as the path wound past a propped-up wheelbarrow and barrel. Wake was more focused on the lights at the water pipe junction that Breaker was pointing to. **"You see those lights? That's the elevator we need to take."** Wake took one last look at the majesty of the dam. But as the darkness danced across the dam wall, Wake foresaw another battle before they could reach the safety of the Well-Lit Room.

They were halfway up the steep embankment trail when the next assault came. Two figures strode down from the trail above and then vanished into the mist. Wake had previous experience of these flanking Taken, but for Barry and Breaker, the experience was truly terrifying. **"What the hell is that thing? It's everywhere!"** Barry was particularly disturbed, as Breaker fired off shotgun rounds that hit everything but the enemy. Barry was frantic now: **"Oh, crap! There's more than one of them!"** Breaker was



[Fig 5.66]

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awe-struck: **"Nothing moves like that! It's impossible!"** Barry was backing up, wildly trying to follow the dashing blurs with his 'eye of Mordor': **"Aah! Al! Do something!"** Wake tried tracking using his boosted lantern, but he knew they had to wait until the foes stopped and attempted a close-range attack. **"He's too fast! I can't get a shot!"** Breaker remarked. Barry was panicking: **"There! No, there! Al, they're all over the place!"**

The two of them needed to calm down: Wake pushed himself against the rock wall, so the Tele-flanker Taken could only attack in a 180 degree radius. Breaker was still firing randomly. Wake caught a Tele-flanker with a blast of lantern light. Then one made the mistake of slowing down to the speed the human eye could comprehend. Barry was badly frightened as it appeared, its blade glinting off his head lamp: Wake focused his lantern and rifle fire on the foe **[Fig 5.66]**, and dropped it. Then they spent a minute or so gradually ascending the hill, tracking the other Tele-flanker until it lashed out. It took three or four rifle shots to down it. Barry was still flinching: **"Was that it? Are we safe?"** Breaker replied **"That was…wow! I think we're okay."**

Toward the top of the slope, Wake paused, peering down at the shack below him. Barry, protesting his enforced hike, stopped at the Safe Haven trail light, by the fence: **"Whoo!"** he gasped, **"Oh, man! C'mon Al, couldn't we just wait here? Please?"** Wake passed him on the way toward the base of the elevator. The flashlight glanced off the rock, where Weaver had written a warning sign: THE TAKEN ARE FILLED WITH DARKNESS. A small section of concrete piping, left to slowly sink into the earth after construction had finished, greeted Wake. He ducked into the pipe, coming out of the other end clutching a Coffee Thermos. Breaker called over to him: **"Wake, call the elevator! I'm keeping watch."** Barry was getting antsy, too: **"I think I hear something moving around."** Wake looked across the gorge. They were close now. The dam loomed over the landscape, getting bigger all the time. Wake crossed the rocky terrain, flinging open the emergency box door, and gathering bullets and batteries. Then he called the elevator.

As expected, this produced an small invasion force of Taken, trekking up at them from the Safe Haven, now completely unsafe after the light shattered. Breaker saw them first: **"They're coming! We have to hold them off!"** Wake led the charge, staying out of their melee combat range but close enough to remove their protection, then backed up and let Breaker help out with the shooting **[Fig 5.67]**. Two more Taken, and a duo of larger, more imposing foes stalked them from below. The larger foes could be trouble, so Wake dropped a flashbang as they converged, stopping them dead in their tracks. **"It's almost here, Wake! Just hold on!"** Breaker cried, as a third wave of Taken appeared, and Wake realized this was a relentless force of foes. He lobbed a flare out, close to the flatter top of the hill near the elevator entrance. This held the evil back until the elevator door finally creaked open. Wake took out another Taken with a long-range rifle shot, prompting Barry to yell, in no uncertain terms; **"Al, please, you'll get us all killed!"** The three of them backed up into the box, firing as the foes closed in on them. **"Al, hit the button!"** Barry screamed. Wake obliged as Breaker guarded the entrance, and the doors clamped shut.



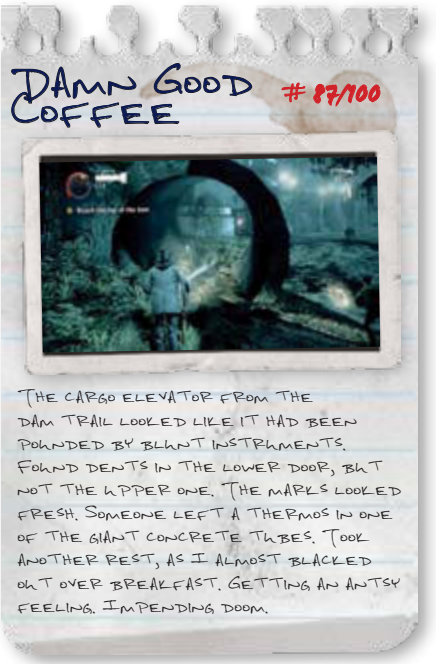
[Fig 5.68]

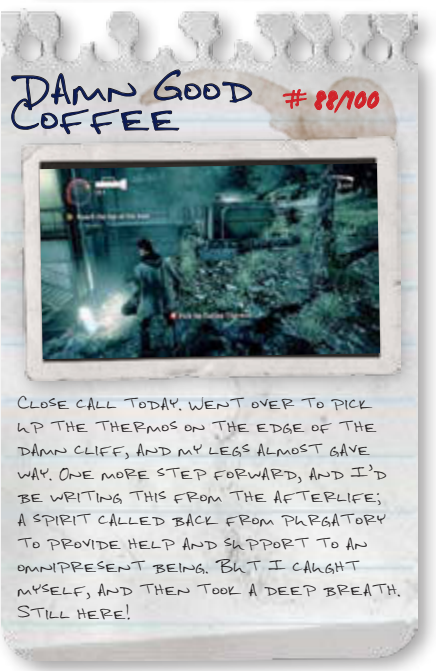
The elevator rose as slowly as it had descended. Breaker wanted to know if there was any strategy involved, or if they were going to wing it: **"We're almost there. There's an entrance into the dam at the top. What's the plan, Wake?"** Wake responded: **"Well, Weaver's crazy, but she's got something Zane left behind, something to fix this."** Barry wasn't happy with the cryptic nature of the pre-planning elevator ride: **"Gee, could you be a little more vague?"** Breaker interrupted; she'd heard the name before: **"Thomas Zane? Seriously? Might as well be Paul Bunyan or Bigfoot."** Wake turned to her: **"Yeah, well. He was real."** The elevator jolted to a stop, and the doors closest to Barry slid open. Wake took the lead, stepping out over the metal connecting walkway, to a cliff with the dam wall just ahead **[Fig 5.68]**. Wake ignored these instructions, and took his life in his hands, stopping at the rusty jalopy, and beginning a careful crawl over the rock outcrop to the right. The reason for this short detour was the Coffee Thermos, balanced delicately on the edge of the precipice. He slowly picked it up, backed up a few paces, and ran over to rejoin Breaker.



[Fig 5.67]

Wake looked around and about; above him, the concrete pipe he'd been following from the power plant finally connected to the dam.





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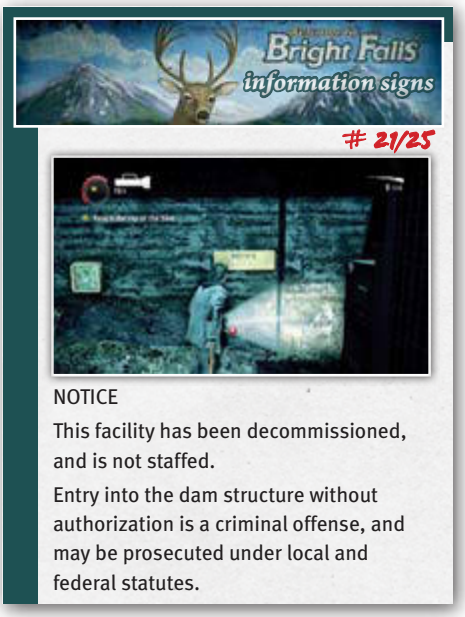
He was hoping Cynthia had made good time. Up ahead was a shuttered garage door directly under the pipe, with thick concrete buttresses to support the weight. Bright white light shone through the windows in the door. Breaker gestured to the slab wall on the right: **"Okay, Wake, there's a button over there that opens the door."** Wake moseyed on over to the switch, taking a moment to read the nearby notice. He pressed the green button and heard the door mechanism click, but not catch. **"I think something's broken,"** Breaker said, standing by the giant cable spool. **"Hold the button down so we can get in."**

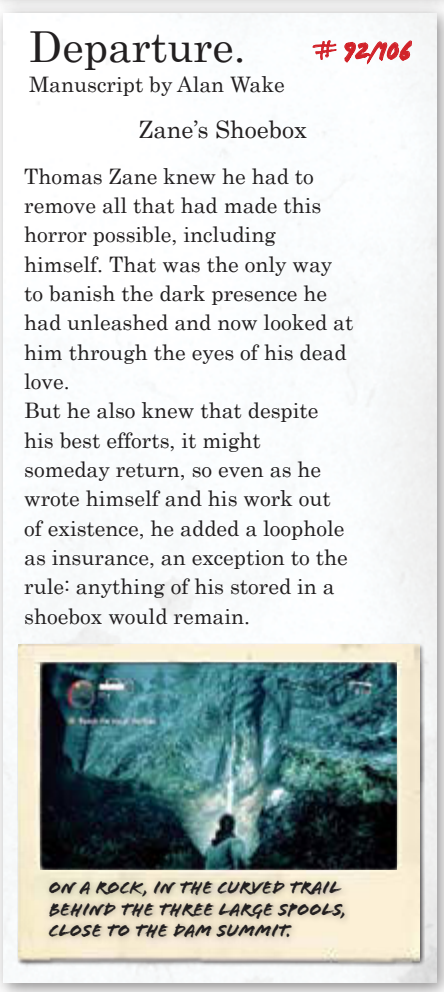
Wake obliged, and the light shone from the chamber beyond. Breaker and Wheeler quickly ran for the door, and stepped inside, their silhouettes half dissolved as the light crept around their forms. As the door finished extending, it stopped, and creaked. Smoke began to appear from the switch, and the door slammed shut, and the force of the breaking mechanism was enough to send a huge iron rain catchment cylinder crashing down to block the door completely. The switch was useless. Wake could only hear Barry's muffled cries: **"Al! Al! What's going on?!"** Breaker shouted: **"Wake! We can get to the dam through here! What's happening out there?" "You guys go ahead and find Weaver,"** Wake replied. **"She should be in the dam now. I'll have to make it alone through the top!" "Okay, Wake. Good luck. Don't get yourself killed!"** Breaker replied. Barry got a little emotional: **"Al? Please be careful!"** Breaker quickly interjected: **"I'll take good care of Barry, Wake. You just look after yourself!"**



[Fig 5.69]

It was obvious the Dark Presence had returned. **"You gotta be kidding me,"** Wake muttered, as the trio of large cable spools raised themselves out of the ground of the small gully they were resting in, and spat themselves in Wake's general direction. They could crush Wake if they struck him, so Wake backed up, and stood behind a tree. It would bear the brunt of the poltergeist attack **[Fig 5.69]**. Sure enough, the first spool came hurtling toward Wake, ricocheted off the tree, and landed near the shorted switch. Wake shone his lantern, boosting the beam until the spool exploded. He was saving his flares for later. Employing the same tactics on the remaining spools, Wake slew the trio of immediate threats, with a witty **"down, boy!"** exclamation, but still needed a way up to access the dam interior. The only route was over the fence the spools had animated themselves from. He clambered over the broken fence, noting the "hard hat" sign. Not to worry; he had a hard enough head. He moved up the path, up through the rocks, stealing another Manuscript Page from the rock it was lying on as he went. He rested for a moment in the flood-lit Safe Haven, at the foot of a long, metal ramped walkway.







Photolog: Farther up the trail, the views become more awe-inspiring, and the trail more dangerous. Hikers are urged to stop and look, instead of gazing at the dam and losing their footing. Photo supplied by Cynthia Weaver.

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[Fig 5.70]

The resurgence of the Dark Presence began when Wake was halfway up the metal platform. A terrible howl shook the walkway, and Wake could only watch as each of the dam's road lamps were snuffed out, one after the other. Only a single light was left, intermittently blinking. Then the birds came. Wake just had enough time to turn and aim his lantern at an unkindness of ravens as multiple black birds swooped in for the kill. With limited flares, and attacks from multiple directions, Wake took out as many ravens as he could before fleeing up the rest of the walkway **[Fig 5.70]**. After some wild flashlight pointing, the flocks seemed to retreat, allowing Wake to reach a metal ladder embedded into the dam's superstructure. The cries of the birds faded as Wake ascended, clambering up and onto the dam itself. To his right, gray smoke was billowing out of a car; part of a multi-vehicle pile-up on the span. But that wasn't Wake's biggest concern; that came from the motley collection of insane woodsmen, hikers, and loggers clambering over the second traffic jam, to his left.

Activity: Defeat the Taken

"Fishing can be a hobby, or a job." This handy hint was brought to Wake by an imposing gray man with a hard hat, huge shovel, and thick black overcoat of smoke. He was joined by a dozen other foes of various sizes and speeds. But all of them wanted Wake dead. **"I was ridiculously outnumbered. The searchlight could even the odds."** Instead of waiting for his head to be caved in, Wake raced to the searchlight, and turned the massive beam of light on the advancing foes, staggering them back, then boosting the light and crippling them, before they shattered into glassy fragments of invisible dust. Wake let off the boosting as much as he could, as he didn't want to burn out the searchlight. This plan of attack was working well, until foes began climbing over the pallet stacks and hut to Wake's right.

He burned away the larger, closer foes, and turned the beam to the left again, so it would catch more enemies walking up from a distance, and stepped away from the searchlight. He could face the remaining foes **[Fig 5.71]**, but he tried a more cunning plan. He dashed to the white car, on the left edge of the road, and grabbed a flare from the ground below it. Then, with a mixture of dodging and good luck, he made it inside the hut to the right, and took a pump-action shotgun and flashbang grenades, using one just as the horde descended on him. He dropped his flare on the ground where he was moving the searchlight, so the foes couldn't reach him, and burned everything away in the light's limited radius. The remaining flashbang took care of the remaining devils.



[Fig 5.71]

Activity: Escape the Dark Presence



[Fig 5.72]

A blinding light and a scream stopped Wake. He grabbed his right temple, seeing a flitting image of Alice being pulled into the dark. An old woman's voice echoed about inside his head: **"Enough. You will go no further."** A tall tree crashed in the woods. A white van appeared, hurled through the sky by a force both powerful and inhuman. The Dark Presence was here. It was gaining power, and manifesting itself. The van landed on the vehicle wreckage, ironically knocking it apart, allowing Wake a chance to escape. But as the black tornado formed, Wake knew it was only a slim chance. The voice was clear: **"Stop. Stop now."** The deafening roar, mixed with screams and the tremendous wind, could drive a man insane. But it drove Wake into a full-tilt Sprint. He raced down the dam road until he was winded, desperately seeking a path. He looked to the light, heading for the only lit lamp by the jackknifed oil truck **[Fig 5.72]**. There were stairs heading down, collapsed at the bottom. The only way was under the dam road to a precarious metal walkway on the opposite side.



[Fig 5.73]

This was made all the more precarious when the Dark Presence began to tear sections of the walkway. These buckled and twisted out of position, many falling away, down into the gorge below. Wake kept to the left, and kept running, avoiding the worst of the walkway's destruction until the penultimate section, where he leapt to the right, avoiding the falling floor. He dashed back under the road, to his left. Out the other side, Wake was almost impaled by two massive pointed girders stabbing into the ground. He dodged right, up the steps and back onto the road **[Fig 5.73]**. More steel beams rained down on him, and barrels began to roll toward him, then through the air, caught in the huge and chaotic vortex cutting a devastating path behind him. Only a dam fortification saved him; he dived through the entrance, and almost took a tumble down the spiral stairs. He paused only briefly to look at the walkway that lay outside, ahead of him, and to look right at the modest storage area under the stairs, where Wake took a Coffee Thermos from a shelf.



[Fig 5.74]

Taking a deep breath before his death-defying crossing, Wake Sprinted forward, riding the buckling metal walkway sections like a rodeo cowboy. He slowed as a pickup truck was thrown vertically, and came crashing through the walkway **[Fig 5.74]**. Without slowing, Wake leapt the gap, then stayed to the left as he claimed another victory over darkness, and scooted under the road again. The Dark Presence wasn't finished; the wreckage of a car almost crushed him as he emerged on the concrete platform and steps back up to the road. With a final glance back at what hell looked like, Wake made a last ditch attempt

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[Fig 5.75]

to reach the Well-Lit Room. Girders rained down with increasing accuracy, and there was no time. Suddenly, Wake spotted a light. It was the "eye of Mordor"!

Wheeler was waving frantically from the entrance to the next dam fortification. He caught a glimpse of another shadow. Wake stumbled forward, into the light. The roaring intensified as the Dark Presence, furious with the knowledge of Wake's escape, passed overhead. Wake looked to Cynthia Weaver as the wind grew to a cresce ndo: **"Don't worry about the noise. We're safe here."** Wake appeared to be in an elevator, slowly descending.

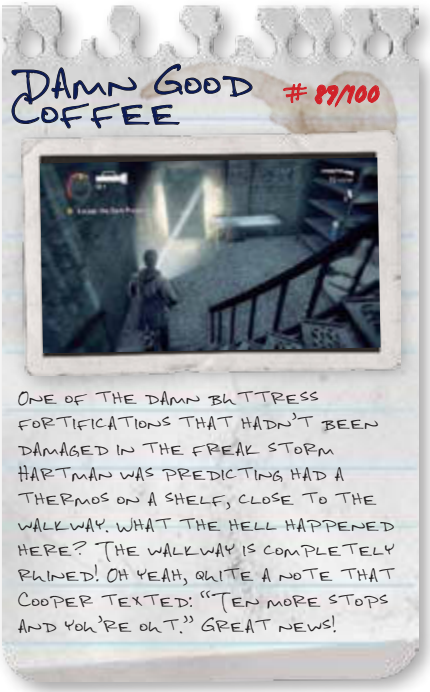
Activity: Enter the Well-Lit Room

The terrible crashing and roaring was muffled now, as the elevator opened, leading them deep under the dam. Breaker seemed to know a little about the place, too: **"There's an old Army base at Rain Cove Point, north of here. It was active during the Second World War. They operated here back then. They must've built this."** Weaver nodded: **"Yes, they did. It's my place now."** The foursome stepped out into a tall, long corridor built with concrete thick enough to withstand the pressure of a man-made lake above it. There were some generators, old computer banks dating back 60 years, and a huge, metal hatchway at the far end **[Fig 5.75]**. Wake moved to it, compelled to spin the hatch valve open. The answer to Wake's mental riddles lay behind here.

The hatch door slowly opened, and light spilled out everywhere. They entered the Well-Lit Room, a cavernous stone chamber with hundreds of large bulbs hanging from every single hook, cornerstone, and column. This was the perfect panic room, a place of no shadows. Wake stepped forward to an old, fold-out table. On the very center of the table was an old shoebox, dating from the late 1960s. Wake picked it up in a slight daze. Everything was moving ever so slightly in slow motion. Wake spoke softly to himself as he gazed at the parchment: **"The page was autobiographical, a memory from my childhood. But I didn't write this. It was a page written by Thomas Zane. None of them were supposed to exist anymore."**

Wake read the page. It was a story about a boy, aged seven, called Alan Wake. **"Alan, seven years old, would fight sleep to the bitter end. When he did sleep, he soon woke up, screaming, the nightmares fresh in his mind. One evening, his mother, sitting by his bed, offered him an old light switch. She called it the 'Clicker' and said flicking the switch would turn on a magical light that would drive the beast away. To imbue the talisman with all possible power, she added that it had been given to her by Alan's father. Alan never knew him, and anything of his took on mythical proportions in his mind. With the Clicker firmly in his hand, Alan finally slept like a baby, safe from harm. Now, almost thirty years later, Alan thought of this, as he stood on the rim of Cauldron Lake, the Clicker in his hand. He took a deep breath and jumped."** Wake looked into the bottom of the shoebox. Inside was a small, plastic oval object, a frayed cord at either end. **"My mind swirled. I'd given the Clicker to Alice. Yet it was here. Zane had written it into existence, in a story I had written."** Wake picked up the Clicker.

"I can get to her now. I can finish this."







Photolog: The huge dam structure is currently in good repair, after extensive cracks were patched up during over a half-century of earthquake tremors. Aerial photography is courtesy of Daniel Torrence.

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Episode Six: Departure

Statistical Evidence						
Evidence Type	Number Available (Chapter 6A)	Number Available (Chapter 6B)	Chapters 6A+6B Total	Episode Start Total	Episode End Total	Grand Total
Manuscript Pages	6(*4)	0	10	96	106	106
Coffee Thermoses	10	1	11	89	100	100
Can Pyramids	2	0	2	10	12	12
Chests	5	0	5	25	30	30
Radio Shows	0	0	0	11	11	11
TV Shows	1	0	1	13	14	14
Signs	4	0	4	21	25	25
Songs	0	1	1	15	16	16

Chapter 6A: On the Road to Cauldron Lake

Part 1: Barely Awake

Activity Log

- Get sunglasses and painkillers
- Leave the Bedroom
- Listen to the messages
- Turn on the TV
- Follow Alice to the kitchen

Activity: Get sunglasses and painkillers

Activity: Leave the Bedroom



[Fig 6.1]

It was two years ago. That much he could remember. He'd woken in the middle of the day, bleary-eyed, and still wearing his previous night's clothing **[Fig 6.1]**. His breath came in short, shallow bursts. **"I had a hangover. My head was about to explode, and the light hurt my eyes. I need my sunglasses, and painkillers to dull the pain."** Wake winced as he slowly stood. Even the most delicate movement caused his vision to blur, tinged with red. Stumbling out of the door, Wake looked around—SLOWLY—and spotted the glasses on his bedside table. He grimaced as put the glasses on. He could see without feeling like someone had taken a pick-axe to his temples, but he needed to dull this pain. He made it to the bathroom, and took the pills: **"The pills worked fast. The prospect of being awake started to seem bearable again."**

Activity: Listen to the messages



[Fig 6.2]

Wake walked—gingerly—into the hallway, and saw his answer-phone light blinking at him. He'd listen to the message in a moment. First, he checked his office. He hadn't written anything for a few weeks. *The Sudden Stop* press tour—and the partying— had put paid to that. He inspected the first copy from the printers, dog-eared, and still on his desk. He was a proud poppa. He shuffled into Alice's office. Where was she? He wandered into the kitchen, and across into the living room **[Fig 6.2]**, gazing briefly through the sliding doors to his deck. Too cold to go outside. Central Park was shrouded in mist. The living room was pristine; one advantage of marrying a neat freak.

Activity: Turn on the TV

"You have one new message," said the robot woman hiding in his answer machine **[Fig 6.3]**. It was Barry. Who else? **"Al! Are you still asleep? Wakey wakey! You should have your show on your Tivo... if Alice wasn't too mad to record it.**



Harry Garrett's guests tonight are author Alan Wake, writer Sam Lake, and musical guests Poets of the Fall. Tonight, at whatever time you press your fancy flatscreen's remote, in your swanky apartment, Alan.

8:10 pm
The Harry Garrett Show
with Alan Wake, Sam Lake, and Poets of the Fall.



[Fig 6.3]

She called me earlier and really chewed me out. Yeah, yeah, we went a little overboard last night, but parties are part of this business. Al, look, I'm saying this as your friend: she's not doing your career any favors by trying to run your life like that. Okay? I'll talk to you later, Al. Watch the show!" Wake walked

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back into the living room. He could barely remember the interview with Harry Garrett. He hoped to God it had gone well. It was a big deal. Some doomed starlet had taken one too many barbiturates, and he'd been bumped up to main guest, along with some Finnish dude. He bent down and hit the remote to find out how badly his jokes had bombed. He'd be a **Couch Potato** for a while: He stopped wandering, and focused on the show.

Activity: Follow Alice to the kitchen



[Fig 6.4]

Wake clicked off the television. A few seconds later, he heard the door slam. Alice was back from the grocery store, with a paper bag carefully filled with shopping **[Fig 6.4]**. She beamed at him: **"Hey, honey. Did you watch the show?"** Wake responded: **"I didn't say anything stupid, if that's what you want to know."** She paused: **"Oookay, grumpy. You want an aspirin or something?"** There she went again. **"Are you gonna start with me about drinking, now?"** Alice was learning not to rise to these occasions. **"You know what? Go back to sleep, Alan."** Wake knew he should have followed her advice, and taken a few deep breaths. But suddenly, he was angry. Mostly at himself, and she was there.

Alice pulled the fridge door open a little too hard. Wake stood by the doorway, with an increasingly usual, aggressive posture **[Fig 6.5]**. **"What, now you can't even talk to me?"** Alice wasn't about to lose it again, so she throttled the milk bottles as she placed them with trembling accuracy, into the fridge: **"Well, this morning I was angry, because you said you'd be home at midnight and you showed up at seven a.m. and passed out in mid-sentence."** She closed the fridge,



[Fig 6.5]

and looked over at him. **"Now I'm over it. Are you angry?"** Wake took his glasses off. He didn't want this to escalate, either: **"This goddamn tour. It's gotten out of hand…"** Alice was quick to forgive. Especially as Alan was starting to act like an adult, and less like a petulant teenager. She moved in, and placed her small hands around his hips. **"Once this is over, let's go away together—a vacation, just you and me. Some peace and quiet."** The two of them embraced, and kissed for a moment. A moment in time.

Part 2: Alone in the Light



Highway 509 (Daylight)

Activity Log

Get to Cauldron Lake



[Fig 6.6]

Shadows were still banished from the Well-Lit Room. Wake stood by the table, holding the Clicker he'd found in an old shoebox **[Fig 6.6]**. He pressed the Clicker once. On, then off. **"Somehow, the Clicker was the key to the cabin. I had to return to Cauldron Lake to save Alice."** Wake looked at Barry, who was still clad in his adventuring equipment: **"I'm going back to the lake to finish this. I'm going to write an ending to the story in the manuscript, on my own terms, to make it all right."** Barry turned to follow his friend as he made for the hatch: **"Why can't you just write it here?"** That, unfortunately, was not possible, as Wake explained: **"The last page is still in the typewriter. I need to read it first. Everything needs to be just right. Zane tried to cut some corners, and it didn't end well."** **"Okay. Ready when you are."** Sheriff Breaker stepped forward, with her hand on her gun, ready to offer her support. Her face dropped when Wake pulled out his revolver, and pointed it at her: **"I'm sorry Sarah, but I need to do this alone. Barry, take her gun."** Barry did as he was told. But he didn't want Alan to go. Cynthia was at the hatch, spinning the door open. **"Ms. Weaver, close the door when I leave."** She nodded. He saw Barry well up with emotion, his bottom lip quivering. He couldn't escape the blubbering fool's bear hug. **"Good luck, Al."** Barry sputtered. Wake turned, glanced at Breaker, and walked to the hatch. **"See you later."**

Activity: Get to Cauldron Lake

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[Fig 6.7]

Wake shoulder-barged the wooden door out to the road atop Bright Falls Dam. **"When I got out, it was warm and sunny. I had flicked the switch of the Clicker. Had it done this? I didn't stop to question it. I had to take advantage of the sunlight to get to the lake."** Wake secured an older off-road vehicle for the ride south, down Highway 509. The day was gorgeous, not a cloud in the sky. At a turn-out, a couple of miles down the road **[Fig 6.7]**, Wake stopped to think. He pictured the journey, as if flying down the valley. At journey's end was Cauldron Lake, shrouded by the Mirror Peak range above. **"On Zane's page I had stood on the rim of Cauldron Lake, about to use the Clicker. That's where I was headed."**



[Fig 6.8]

The turn-out on Highway 509 was just south of the tunnel. The vista area was guarded by a wooden fence well past its prime. He wandered the flat tarmac, speaking to himself **[Fig 6.8]**. He needed to clearly foresee his actions. There were two log picnic tables nearby. One had a six-pack of beer. The other a Coffee Thermos. It was becoming increasingly apparent—at least in Wake's own mind—that these objects were being willed there. They were recognizable aspects of normal life, anchors to keep his brain from capsizing in the deep. He murmured his thoughts out loud: **"Alone, in daylight, surrounded by the beauty of the Pacific Northwest landscape, it was hard not to let doubt creep in one last time. I could still chalk everything up to a dream, a delusion. I told myself it didn't really matter. My course was set. Crazy or not, I believed. I was going to save Alice. I was going to write an ending to this story, my story. The Clicker would return me to the cabin."**

Wake moved back to his parked vehicle, and studied the information sign welcoming him



[Fig 6.9]

to the Bright Falls area. The map showed he wasn't far from the lake. He slowly pulled out of the rest area, and onto the highway, passing the billboard, and following the line of telephone poles **[Fig 6.9]** as they marched off into the distance. He could have driven back, toward and into the tunnel. But the logging big-rig would have blocked his course back to the dam. There was only one place to head to. He kept it at around 50 down the long, straight road. He crossed a long bridge, and saw another turnout, and a sign pointing to the scenic area. He pulled in again.



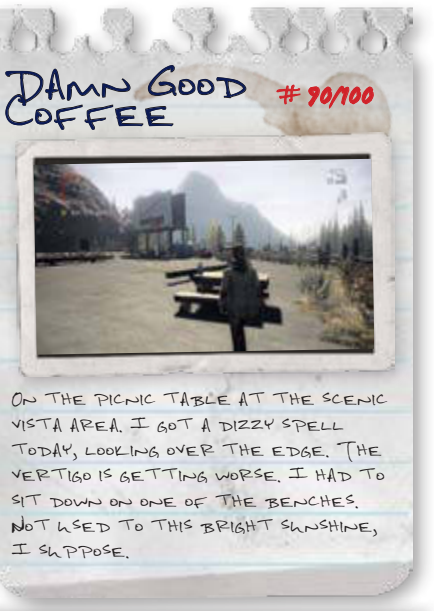
[Fig 6.10]

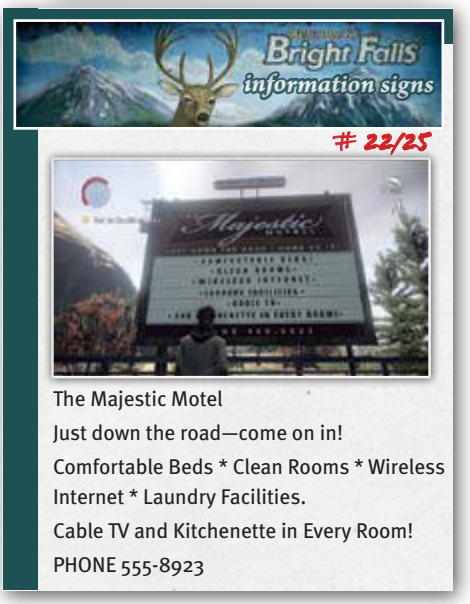
Wake looked down at the farmstead in the valley, over the side of the scenic outlook. He walked purposefully over to the picnic benches **[Fig 6.10]**, and spied some batteries among the discarded beer cans. Passing the silver camper trailer, Wake closed in on the large road sign advertising the Majestic Motel. He read the sign before returning to his parked vehicle. Eyeballing the more modern SUV, painted a color the manufacturer would probably have dubbed "mountain cranberry," he decided to test the suspension of this, more modern vehicle. Although bouncy, the ride was a little tighter. Wake drove back onto the highway, and continued, passing a notice reading "Logging area ahead."

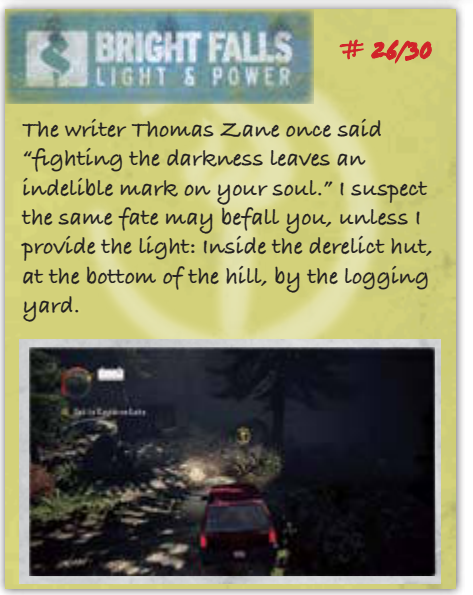


[Fig 6.11]

A few hundred feet farther along the highway, Wake pulled in on the left side of the road by the large KBF-FM billboard, onto the rough gravel **[Fig 6.11]**. Biltmore's







logging operations extended to the far east of Elderwood Park, and Wake spotted a pile of recently severed log limbs, as well as their

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stumps. Because it was daylight, Wake wasn't too worried about some piece of crazed machinery attacking him, which was just as well; as the pincers on the log mover and crane looked vicious. The small logging yard's trail continued around and down the valley, and Wake slowed his vehicle to a crawl. It was a long walk back if he totalled this vehicle. As the trail narrowed, Wake stopped his SUV, got out, and inspected a small hut on the left side of the trail. On a box, Wake found a hunting rifle and ammunition, close to the log-cutting machine. This would be a definite bonus if reaching Cauldron Lake proved more difficult than he anticipated.



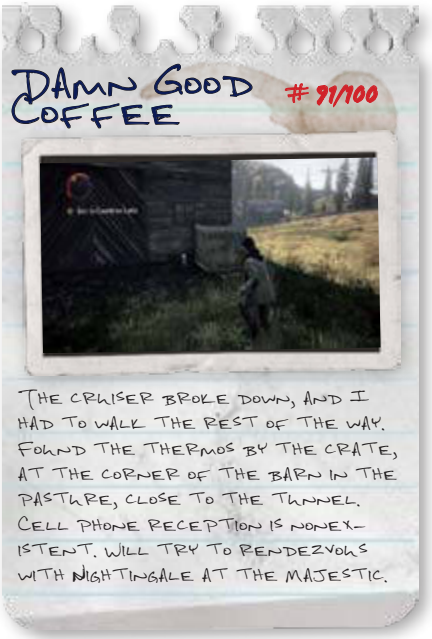
[Fig 6.12]

Back in the vehicle, he continued past the small hut, down the hill **[Fig 6.12]**, taking care not to scrape against the digging machine or perimeter logs guarding the edge of the road. At the bottom of the hill, Wake stopped his SUV between two large boulders. His headlights had picked up a familiar symbol on the right rock. He had no flashlight to confirm it, so he reversed and shone his lights on the rock again; it was indeed the sign of the torch. Getting out of the vehicle, Wake wandered to a derelict hut, with a locked trunk in front of it. Ignoring that, he peered through the broken slat walls, and found another of Weaver's wonderful caches. A flashbang and flare gun ammunition weren't needed right now, but darkness had a knack of descending when one least expected it.... Taking the items, Wake engaged in a spot of pinpoint three-point turning, before retreating up the track, and onto the highway again.



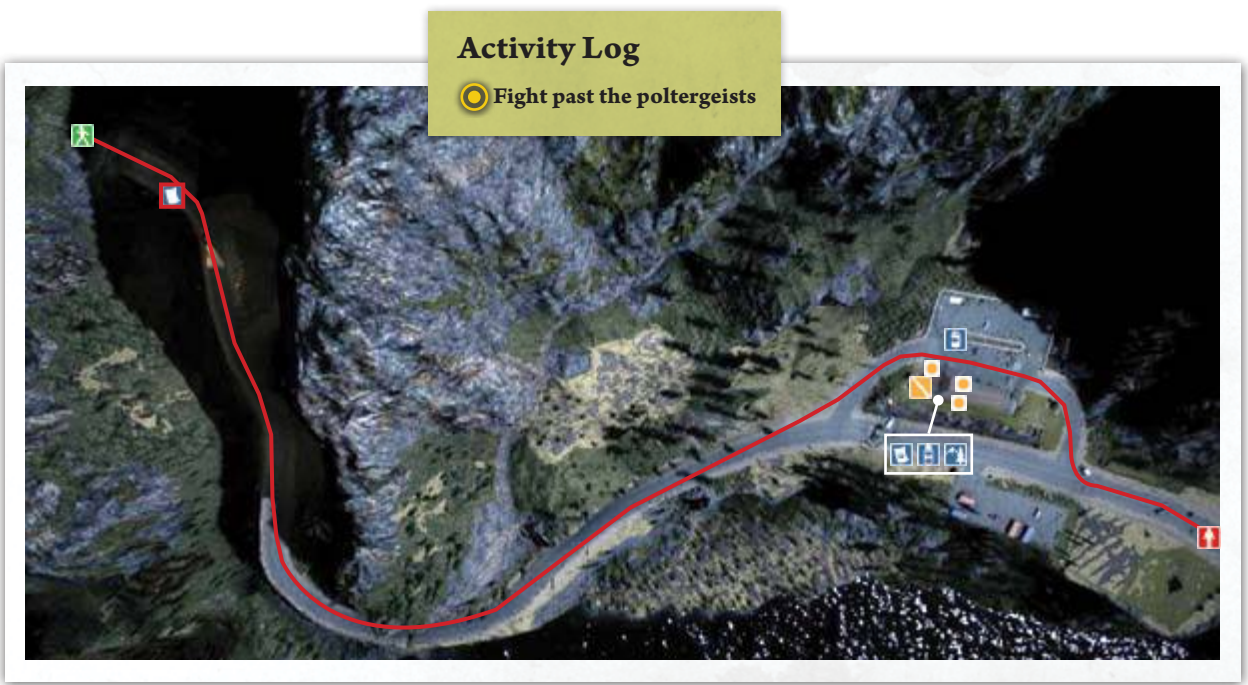
[Fig 6.13]

The highway began a long, lazy left curve downhill, toward a tunnel with a large billboard advertising the recent Deerfest activities. But Wake found the sides of the road the most interesting. To the right, there were the ever-present coniferous forests that had tried to kill him, and the huge haystack mountain. But to the left, after a short (and bumpy) descent, there was an area of flat, grazing land. Planted in the middle of this pasture was another barn **[Fig 6.13]**, this one built decades ago. Wake pulled up to



the large crate at one of the barn's exterior corners, exited his vehicle, and took the Coffee Thermos on the ground nearby. Wake returned to the vehicle, and then the road, driving into the tunnel, because careening around the wooded areas of undulating rock ground near the barn would simply result in a broken axle. Wake said goodbye to the daylight, as he entered the tunnel, slowing down as a tow truck blocked the entire thoroughfare. **"I didn't have to wait for long for it to begin."**

Part 3: Night at the Majestic



Highway 509 and Majestic Motel (Night)

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[Fig 6.14]

Wake was squeezing past the crashed tow truck, when the flash of light, and the shriek of darkness jarred his brain: **"The darkness had touched me. There was a link between us, always would be. I could feel its presence again, getting closer."** Weaving past the vehicular altercation, Wake was running to the large archway of daylight, when he stopped dead in his tracks again. A brief, hurtful vision of Alice disappearing into the inky void was accompanied by a phantom voice snarling from within his bones: **"I will kill your wife!"** He shook himself conscious. Darkness had come to the highway. Three Taken stood before him, wretched and plodding toward their death, as Wake peeled away the dark layers and shot them into the light **[Fig 6.14]**. He couldn't remember entering the tunnel with a lantern flashlight. Perhaps this was an editorial oversight.



[Fig 6.15]

The crackle of a highway light bursting into life ahead of him caused Wake to saunter forward, out of the tunnel, and into the mist. Time had certainly passed, and he was still on Highway 509, but with no vehicle, it would take until daybreak to reach Cauldron Lake. Unless, of course, this was some kind of endless purgatory. Wake continued down the road, receiving a morale boost in the form of a Manuscript Page, placed with forethought on the tarmac, close to the light. As he took a few steps farther forward, the light shattered, but it pointed Wake in the right direction: parked under the light was an SUV **[Fig 6.15]**. It seemed identical to the one Alice had hired to take them to Bright Falls. Now it would take Wake as far as the Dark Presence would let him go.



[Fig 6.16]

The SUV started first time, and its headlights cut through the rolling mist like a Bowie knife through deer pelt. The road was winding, but as Wake took a slow and steady approach to driving and followed the road markings past the pile of logs, and around the hillside on the left that the road was built into. Meanwhile, the mist-filled valley on the right continued to be hidden in fog. The road curved around to the left, and Wake passed another modern SUV, and a military off-roader, crashed into the rocky bluff and immobile. Pressing on, Wake's first instinct was to jam on the brakes when the headlight beams hit three wandering pedestrians on the road. But resisting this instinct, Wake accelerated hard, focusing his high-beams, and tore through the Taken. He swung the vehicle around, targeting the remaining two foes with the high-beams to cut off their protection, before ramming them in the dark **[Fig 6.16]**.



[Fig 6.17]

Wake was tearing along the uphill straight, toward the fuzzy outline of a motel sign, when a hand-axe bounced off the passenger-side window. The brakes screeched, and the vehicle torque-steered slightly, as Wake spun the SUV around, finding the Taken culprit under the large billboard sign, across from a small logging area. Wake stopped the vehicle, got out, and was immediately set upon by foes. Scrambling back into the vehicle, he steered nimbly through the piles of logs and log-carrying machine, and tore the smoke off each foe before ramming them again; this was better than wasting ammunition. It seemed the hill was a place where Taken would continuously manifest, so he swung the vehicle around, and journeyed up to the top of the hill, to the foot of a massive rocky cliff on the left, and the Majestic Motel **[Fig 6.17]**.

Help Wanted!

My name is Clay Steward, and I'm looking for any information on the author Alan Wake, who may be in this town or the surrounding area. If you have any information, or can help in any way, I'm staying in Room #2 at the Majestic Motel. Thanks to one and all, and your continued hospitality!

Clay Steward

Photolog: It seems Nightingale wasn't the only one after Wake. This card was still on the noticeboard at the Oh Deer Diner. Thanks to Cheryl Johnson.

Departure. # 97/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Dark Presence Wants to Stop Wake

The Dark Presence was no longer trying to capture the writer so he could create the ending it wanted.

The writer knew too much. He was too strong, and he carried a weapon left behind by Thomas Zane, something that could hurt it.

Now the darkness was doing everything in its power to simply stop the writer from ever reaching Cauldron Lake and the dark place it came from.



ON THE HIGHWAY ROAD, CLOSE TO THE LIGHT, JUST AFTER DAY TURNS TO NIGHT IN THE TUNNEL.



[Fig 6.18]

The motel was a single-level and modest property, built in the late 1950s, and updated in the 1970s and again in the 1990s. The architect had tried to imbue a sense of the

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[Fig 6.19]

Pacific Northwest about the place, but it still had a rather seedy appearance, in part thanks to the "red light" color scheme of its signage. The large parking lot to the left, where Wake pulled into **[Fig 6.18]**, was a large coat of concrete and tarmac in an otherwise picturesque landscape of farmland and valley vistas.

A favorite rest-stop for truckers, retirees, and those on a shoestring budget, the motel was too far from Bright Falls to beckon the tourists. What went on in some of the rooms was best left unspoken. There was a griminess to the rooms, even after they'd been spotlessly cleaned.

Wake circled around the establishment in his vehicle **[Fig 6.19]**, taking in the bracing night air. Just below the rocky outcrop the Majestic was sitting on was a continuation of the highway, blocked by a cluster of vans and trucks. In the distance, looking south, Wake could just make out a steel bridge and a glow of light. He'd head there after reconnoitering the motel itself. The only other working vehicle was a tan sedan, parked under the Deerfest sign.



[Fig 6.20]

Wake got out, and shifted his flashlight about in the light mist. A small Beer Can Pyramid caught his eye. Loading up his revolver, he took aim, then took out the beer stack with a single bullet to the bottom-middle can. Wake had a choice of entrances, but decided on a direct approach, and ran to the carport overhang and drop-off point at the front reception entrance **[Fig 6.20]**. The concrete steps were sandwiched between a cheap, white plastic chair, and a couple of newspaper vending machines, still holding editions of the *Bright Falls Record* and *Watery Gazette*. Wake headed up the front steps, and into the waiting room. **He didn't know he was having such a Nightmare, until he looked to the right, and spotted a Manuscript Page in the middle of the green couch, between the two scraggly pots of ivy. He took the paper before investigating the rest of the motel.**



[Fig 6.21]

The reception area was fitted out in pleasant green sea-grass rugs, wooden floors, and a sternly worded information board that Alan read before checking the door to the right. This led to a small restroom. The light wasn't working, and Wake was about to leave, when he saw a Coffee Thermos on the floor by the toilet. More reading was required at the reception counter. Next to the small sunglasses carousel, he examined a well-thumbed book with guest data from the past few weeks **[Fig 6.21]**. It contained some corroborating information: **"Based on the signature in the motel register, Agent Nightingale had stayed here, in room number two."** As no one was there to greet him, Wake attempted to snoop around on the other side of the counter, finding an office stocked with files, a microwave, and some struggling potted plants. Over on one of the chairs sat a box of shotgun shells, and the shotgun close by. Counting the number of rifle shells he had left, Wake chose the weapon with the most ammunition, and exited the side door, onto the motel deck.

A Can do Attitude # 11/12



E. told me it was his fault. That he was once wracked with guilt. Not any more. A profiteer. A wrangler. Harnessing power. I don't have long. I put the cans on the low wall, in the Majestic Motel parking lot. That's my lot.

Departure. # 102/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Poet and the Muse Lyrics 1

The Poet and the Muse lyrics by Old Gods of Asgard.
The first verse:
There's an old tale wrought with mystery of Tom the Poet and his muse
And a magic lake which gave a life to the words the poet used
Now, the muse she was his happiness, and he rhymed about her grace
And told her stories of treasures deep beneath the blackened waves
'Til in the stillness of one dawn, still in its misty crown
The muse she went down to the lake, and in the waves she drowned



INSIDE THE MAJESTIC MOTEL RECEPTION ROOM, ON THE GREEN COUCH, RIGHT OF THE ENTRANCE.

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[Fig 6.22]

Wake quickly checked the wrap-around deck the reception office was overlooking, and opened up the emergency box there, stealing some batteries and revolver ammunition. Backtracking, Wake squinted through the window of room number two, and then tried the door. Pushing it open, Wake stepped into a simple guest suite. The room smelled a little rank. The air-conditioner cemented into the wall wasn't doing its job. Wake inspected the scattered mess of photographs on the bed—showing every major character Wake had interacted with—the bullets on the bedside cabinet, the empty beer cans slung randomly around the work surfaces, and finally, the FBI jacket on the chair **[Fig 6.22]**. One thing was for sure: **"This had obviously been the room where Agent Nightingale had stayed when he hadn't been busy harassing me."** On the kitchenette counter, Wake spotted a six-pack of beer and a two-pack of flashbang grenades. He chose the latter. From the angle of the fallen chair and thrown lamp, violence had occurred here, but Wake wasn't sure if it was Nightingale fighting with his own mental demons, or a physical threat. Nightingale hated Hartman too. Next to the (empty) wine bottle on the front desk lay a copy of *The Creator's Dilemma*. Wake had seen enough. He left the way he came in.



[Fig 6.23]

"Look after yourself, and your co-workers!" Well, it seemed motel management had arrived. Wake planted a rifle shot into the Taken's gut. Another was prowling the parking lot, but it didn't last long. It was time to leave. Wake reversed out of his parking spot, spun the car parallel with the wooden ramp over the parked flatbed at the far end of the parking lot, and accelerated over it at speed **[Fig 6.23]**. The vehicle wasn't built for re-creating stunts from *Knight Rider*, and Wake landed heavily, hitting the clump of boulders beyond, and blowing the radiator. After a short jog to the tan sedan, Wake had commandeered an altogether less sedate ride.



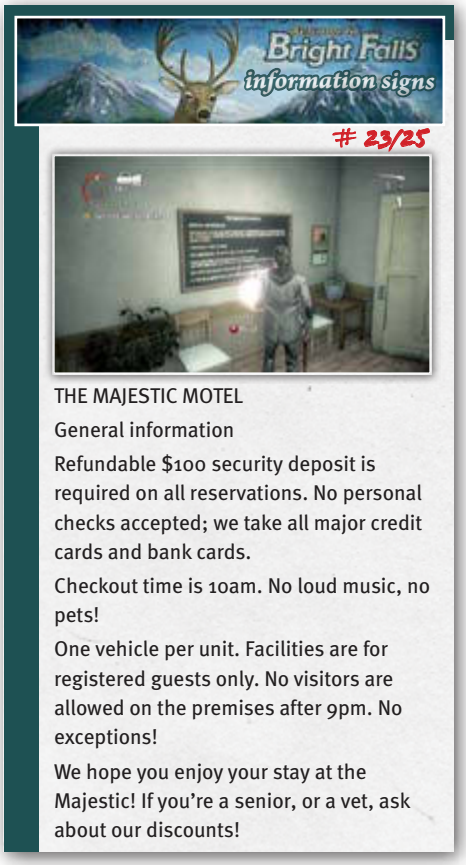
[Fig 6.24]

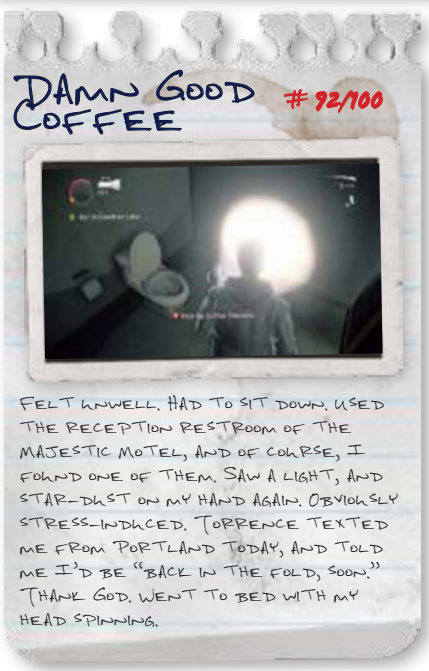
Wake had learned that the Taken tended to appear, and congregate around him, if he left a vehicle for any amount of time. He put this theory to the test when he drove down the gently sloping hill, and around to a pull-out and parking lot dotted with metal containers **[Fig 6.24]**, close to the vehicles blocking the highway. The place was deserted. Beyond the edge of the cliff, the dry valley rolled away to a distant mountain range. When Wake returned to his sedan, the evil wind whipped up again, and more Taken encroached; he just closed the door when an axe bounced off the car's metal frame.



[Fig 6.25]

Gunning the motor, and boosting the high-beam, Wake skidded out and through one of the foes, before fleeing the area. Not every single Taken needed to be killed, unless Wake was keeping some kind of internal score of how many deaths he'd been responsible for, and adding them all up as some kind of Achievement. Although each time he was on foot, the Taken appeared to waylay him, he was relatively safe in his sedan. However, this was put to the test when Wake drove down the slope to the small hay field close to the metal bridge. He felt the ground shake under his vehicle, and suddenly, an old tractor was spinning through the air, heading directly for his windshield. He swerved to avoid the poltergeist's heavyweight attack **[Fig 6.25]**, kept his speed up by swerving to avoid any hay bales that would severely impede his velocity, and ran over three appearing entities.





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[Fig 6.26]

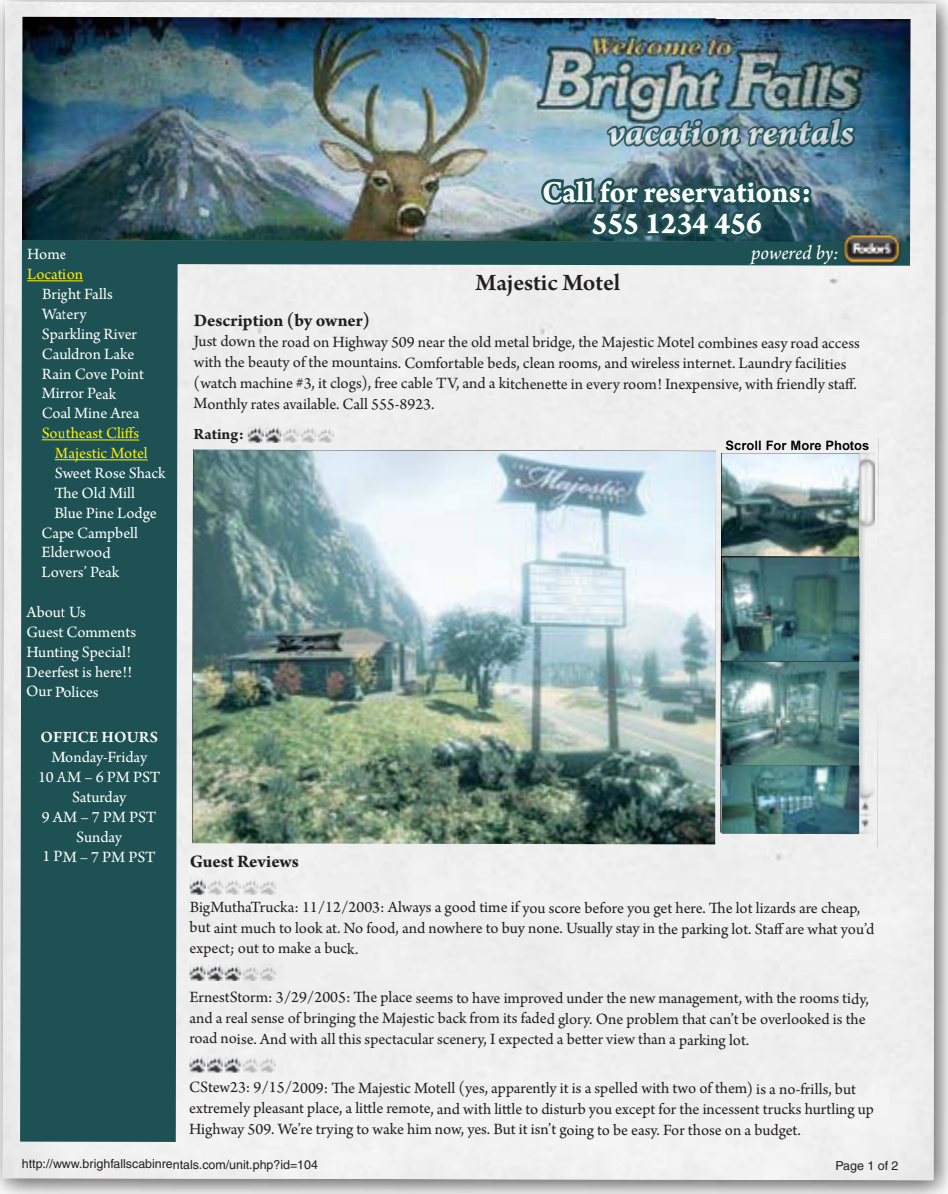
Wake was shocked to see two huge spools wrench themselves from the field, wobble into the air with inhuman help, and hurl themselves at the car. A few more direct hits, and the sedan would be totaled. Wake kept moving, swerved around, and attempted a seemingly foolish game of chicken, as the car's headlights burned bright. The additional light dissolved one of the spools, and the other bounced off the car and over the perimeter fence. Wake swore he heard it shriek before it exploded. Although he could simply have driven straight to the bridge, he cleansed the field of unholy entities before parking his smoking husk of a vehicle up at the start of the bridge's span, which appeared completely jammed with traffic and debris **[Fig 6.26]**.



[Fig 6.27]

Studying the span of this triple-arched steel bridge, Wake saw lights at both ends, and dark river waters in the gorge below. Staying on the bridge was paramount, and the perimeter pathways were jammed with junk to such an extent that moving down them was impossible. The bridge made an alarming creak as Wake pushed through the groups of spools, barrels, and other discarded rubbish, finding temporal solace in the white light of the Safe Haven. Passing the white van, a cherry-colored station wagon, and a military truck **[Fig 6.27]** all adding their weight to an already-protesting bridge floor, Wake continued around to the open trunk of an off-roader. There was a flare to snag on the floor nearby, and more vehicles marooned in place. Amid the scattered tires and fallen timber planks, the entity made its presence felt the only way it knew how.

Activity: Fight past the poltergeists



Photolog: Although internet reviewers have expressed dissatisfaction with the amentities on offer at the Majestic Motel, it is still a destination well worth a visit. Information courtesy of Bright Falls website.



[Fig 6.28]

A bellow from an indistinguishable direction announced the arrival of the poltergeists. A barrel shimmered as it rose, encased in a devilish shadow. Boosting his lantern, Wake saw off the first noisy spirit, then retreated so the second barrel ricocheted off a parked pickup truck **[Fig 6.28]**. Then the light was turned on it. Wake knew from experience that venturing too far forward got you overwhelmed and possibly killed. Ducking the tires arcing toward his head, he blasted them with light, and watched as they bounced off the lone pickup, and off the side of the bridge. Puzzled by the light in the center of the bridge span, Wake edged forward, all-too aware of the propensity for a trap to be sprung. **"What the hell?"** The light blinked out, replaced by shuddering metal floor sections writhing up from their foundations, around the wreckage of an old, blue pickup. Barrels and tires jetted across the ground. Wake backed up behind the initial blue pickup as the scenery bounced by, then destroyed it with his focused lantern beam.

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[Fig 6.29]

The floor of the bridge was in disarray as Wake carefully walked past the wrecked blue pickup half-embedded in the piles of metal girders and bridge sections. Wake had just navigated the pickup when he heard more groans. This time, heavier objects started to shake and float upward. Wake immediately backed up in a straight line, as a refrigerator slammed into the pickup, which was Wake's next barricade. With the fridge slain, Wake once again moved toward the middle of the bridge. The bridge structure was more unstable here, with floor panels missing. Wake kept to the left of the hole, watching as another section of floor growled into life, sending barrels and tires after him. Backing up once more, Wake stopped each object in mid-air with his flashlight **[Fig 6.29]**, then shut off the lantern so the poltergeist dropped through the hole, and disappeared. This way, he'd save a little battery power.

With the coast clear again, Wake sidestepped to the right, as the left section of flooring became impossible to maneuver over. As he moved over the diagonal section of ripped metal laid over existing floor, more snarling objects started to move. Hiding behind the nearby white van or backing up again were both viable propositions. The small crates also served as ricochet points as Wake dodged more objects in front of the van, close to the resting place of a big-rig's cargo container trailer. Edging around the trailer, Wake slowed as he squinted through the haze at some kind of long-necked monster at the far end of the bridge, complete with horns. On closer inspection, this was the arm of a digging machine, cordoned off behind a dump truck with a trio of juddering, barking objects that flung themselves at him. The orange SUV parked to the left acted as an obstacle between the poltergeist objects and Wake, and



[Fig 6.30]

he soon dispatched the rusting freezer, barrel, and other possessed jetsam. Ever-cautious and ready to retreat, Wake stepped to the right side of the dump truck, hoping the large cable spool wouldn't spring to life. It didn't. But Wake wasn't so lucky as digging machine let out a screech, and pummeled the ground with its long, prehistoric neck.

Like some kind of steampunk dinosaur, complete with a wailing, strangled voice and smoke belching from its side gills, the machine monster slammed its neck down on the bridge floor, shaking the structure. Wake knew if he'd been standing under there, he'd be a lot thinner. So he backed up, annoyingly out of his lantern's beam range. Stepping forward, he lobbed in a flashbang, which certainly helped damage the beast. Then he sidestepped the machine's slam attack, strafing left and right of it **[Fig 6.30]**, and changing a couple of batteries before his boosted beam imploded the orange-metal monstrosity into tiny sparkling fragments. Wake stepped onto the remains of the machine, and toward the Safe Haven light at the end of the bridge. A tan sedan was waiting from him in the light. Just like he imagined he'd written it to be.

Part 4: Burning the Infernal Machines



Road to Scrapyard

Activity: Get to Cauldron Lake (again)



[Fig 6.31]

A few moments of acceleration from the Safe Haven, and Wake was driving through a Hieronymus Bosch hellscape. The car's beams flashed across Taken dotted along the road, now strewn with hay bales and overturned military trucks. He caught two with his focused high-beam and hood as he swerved to avoid another truck **[Fig 6.31]**, passing a tossed metal container pod thrown over the metal crash barrier. Seconds later, he skidded left to avoid a massive impact crater in the highway, a mass of burnt-out hulks, twisted metal guard rails in agonized frozen torment, as the wind whipped up again.

Forced off into a field to the left, and tumbling from a wooden deck onto lower ground,

Activity Log

Get to Cauldron Lake (again)



[Fig 6.32]

Wake's car was struck by a pickup with no driver at the wheel. It was literally a monster truck, plenty aggressive and snarling like a pitbull. It crashed into the sedan, attempting to flip it over. It was all over-sized tires, flame-effect paint, and a punched-out muffler. It took on a weird, animalistic mentality. Wake gave chase, all-too aware that leaving his car would result in Taken appearing from dark entries, and there were many of these around these fields. Concentrating on the possessed pickup, Wake followed it up toward a garage barn, which was resplendent in a white glow of light. Wake was lucky enough to shunt into

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Second Tunnel to Scrapyard



[Fig 6.33]

the truck from the side **[Fig 6.32]**, flipping it onto its side where it lay, tires spinning, and letting out a loud but pathetic howl. Wake reversed a little, and tore it apart with his high beams. It was either that, or ducking behind a fence, and keeping an obstacle between him and it.

The Dark Presence had blighted this landscape. Black, cloud-like shadows gave the strange impression Wake was underwater, gazing at the rippled surface. The tremendous power he was fighting against had already staked its claim to the cornfields—literally. Wake scanned the fields from the entrance to the white-light garage barn, and saw a flaming railway carriage, and two huge sections of a tugboat, both protruding from the earth. They'd been stabbed into the ground with impossible force from incredible height. Standing outside was simply a method of coaxing Taken to his position, and slaying them with a rapidly diminishing supply of ammunition **[Fig 6.33]**. Was there any Achievement for him with this strategy? Possibly, but to progress, he needed another ride. The radiator in his current ride was having a smoky protest. Wake entered the Safe Haven of the garage barn.

The blinding light dispersed as Wake checked the ground floor of the barn. An enterprising old woman had left Wake a pickup truck to play with. But first, he needed to fully explore the building. Behind the pickup, there was nothing but barrels and crates, and an open side entrance, so he climbed the wooden stairs to the loft above. As the wind howled outside, Wake negotiated the rafters, and spotted a set of wooden shelves at the opposite end of the barn. He took the flare. **He was also surprised, during a particularly difficult Nightmare, that another Manuscript Page presented itself to him on the shelving.** The rest of the barn was a testament to 19th century carpentry practices, but little else. Wake descended to the pickup, and hopped into the driver's seat.

Departure. # 103/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

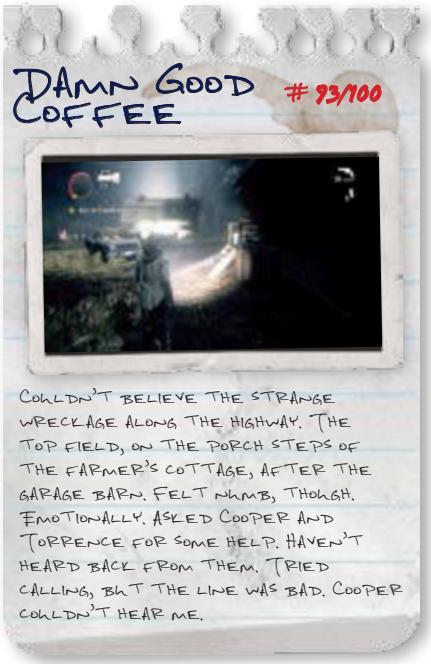
The Poet and the Muse Lyrics 2

The Poet and the Muse lyrics by
Old Gods of Asgard.
The second verse:
The poet came down to the lake
to call out to his dear
When there was no answer he was
overcome with fear
He searched in vain for his
treasure lost and too soon the
night would fall
Only his own echo would wail
back at his call
And when he swore to bring back
his love by stories he'd create
Nightmares shifted in their sleep
in the darkness of the lake,



ON A SHELF AT THE FAR END OF THE GARAGE BARN'S UPPER LOFT, AFTER THE MONSTER TRUCK.

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[Fig 6.34]

Wake slowly tapped the accelerator and peeked out of the garage, as the howling continued across the fields. Instead of heading straight for the remains of the highway, along the dirt road in front, Wake took a sharp left, onto the higher field. He spotted a building out of the barn's side exit, and it needed further investigation. It was a farmer's cottage **[Fig 6.34]**, long-since abandoned, but still standing proud. On the small front porch steps, Wake saw a Coffee Thermos. He pulled alongside, as close to the building as he could. That way he could escape a Taken attack, which came as he was going for the thermos. Three doomed souls, off-white, unblinking men with work uniforms all tattered and torn, were quickly slaughtered. Wake was keeping his flashbangs, but they could save him in a fix. With the Coffee Thermos in his possession, Wake ran back to the pickup, then ran over the remaining Taken in the area, bouncing across the ground, and back onto the road.

Wake passed the giant water tower by the side of the road, and the large boulder at the corner of the track leading back to the barn, and skidded left. He could only wonder how difficult it would be to head along this area on foot. There would be constant attacks, and he'd have to use scenery like the boulder to stand on, allowing him to pick off foes a little more easily. Wake toyed with the idea of driving back to the scene of the impossible crash, or a spot of off-roading on the rim of the valley on the opposite side of the highway. But this was dangerous and pointless. Instead, Wake took off along the road as it narrowed to a long bridge over the valley he'd been following. Just before the bridge, he passed another large billboard, and a pull-out on the right, where another brown sedan lay waiting for a driver. It was a bit like the one his father drove, during the 1970s. The pickup was still functioning, so Wake hit the bridge, steering around the dead vehicles, and hanging on as the bridge began to shudder.



[Fig 6.35]

The bridge cracked, part of the span snapping in front of the jackknifed big-rig, and falling a few feet, enough to block off the escape route behind him. Two foes blinked into existence, but there was commotion on the road ahead; a straight shot to a massive accident close to a distant tunnel. A school bus came tumbling out of the air, and crashed off the verge, coming to a rest jammed up against a tree. Wake skidded his truck around—these 180 skids were getting easier—and aimed for the two approaching Taken, and snuffed them out. Facing the pile-up of trucks in the distance, Wake passed another pickup on the right side of the road (it would be useful if this one got crushed), and slowed to watch an oil tanker trailer rise from its big-rig moorings, and float above the highway **[Fig 6.35]**.



[Fig 6.36]

Wake stopped, and the tanker drum caught the twisted metal barrier, ricocheting off into the canyon on the left. A spool on the back of a wrecked flatbed caught sight of Wake's vehicle, and flung itself at the pickup too. Both damaged the vehicle before falling out of view. It was only a little farther up the road to a highway light still in operation, so Wake got out, and sprinted over the crushed tarmac, dotted with stained black marks. It looked like a tremendous battle had taken place here, considering the numerous civilian and military vehicles scattered about. The way was blocked for vehicles, so Wake left his pickup, and inspected the crashed blue truck instead, thankful to find a pump-action shotgun with ammunition and batteries on the ground **[Fig 6.36]**, spilled out from the flatbed during a terrible crash that Wake was thankful not to have witnessed.



[Fig 6.37]

He was passing between a collection of barricaded vans and trucks, and had stepped to the left of an immobile off-road vehicle when the screaming started. Wake looked down. The highway was covered in black ooze. He'd encountered this awful residue before, and it needed expelling with boosted light. Wake spent a meticulous few minutes slowly trudging up the road toward a tunnel, frying the black ectoplasm **[Fig 6.37]**, picking up a couple of flares at the old pickup as he went. Stepping on these hated dark puddles brought pain and misery and was to be avoided, as was boosting his flashlight too often. He could simply stand and let the light do its job, and conserve the batteries. There were at least a dozen of these globules to cleanse, and the eradication was going well until something stirred in the tunnel. Wake's vision became increasingly caked in fog.



[Fig 6.38]

"Modern camping equipment is lightweight." Wake neared the enclosed entrance to the highway tunnel when the Taken announced their presence with a recitation of a long-forgotten adage, back when these beasts were still human. Now they were fast and numerous (Wake counted four sweat-suited Taken dropping down from the buttress wall to the hauler van, and then to Wake's position). Backing up to the blue truck, he tagged the canister with a revolver shot, and it lit up with a gout of flame and explosion. Two down. The other two faced a circle-strafing Wake who was in no mood to waste time

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with these lowly fools; revolver fire was simple but effective **[Fig 6.38]**. Wake grabbed the shotgun ammunition by the front of the first tunnel truck, and entered the tunnel.

"You can learn about nature and yourself!" This was the cry from the second wave of Taken, crawling out of the dark walls, and from behind the numerous ruined vehicles in the claustrophobic tunnel jam. Wake had diligently followed the trail of shotgun and revolver ammunition into the tunnel, ending at the green dump truck, and as the first Taken started to swarm, he detonated the gas canister standing by the vehicle. Two Taken were vaporized, but more still came, galloping into Wake's frantic shotgun firing. He retreated to another gas canister near one of the blue pickups, but more foes swarmed in from the tunnel entrance, forcing him to go back inside and drop a flashbang. In the brief silence that followed, he found an upturned car, and gathered batteries, a flare, and more shotgun ammo from the ground nearby, before backing up and finishing the job. Twelve? Fourteen? He lost count of how many he'd slain. True, he could simply have run to the red truck at the far end of the tunnel, and into the waiting light of a Safe Haven. But all that additional ammunition—and fun—would have been missed, as well as a Manuscript Page, found by the truck itself.



[Fig 6.39]

Relieved to find further items (batteries and bullets, of course) to help his cause in the emergency box, Wake almost jogged across the bridge on foot, before realizing a good friend had left another Bright Falls Light & Power pickup with the engine running. Wake drove across the bridge, slowing at the slight incline, and peering out at the windswept scrubland. The breathtaking scenery continued to deteriorate somewhat as Wake saw a large, lit-up sign for Larsen's Auto Salvage & Used Parts on his right. He pulled the pickup truck over to the tarmac rest area to have a closer look **[Fig 6.39]**. The place seemed deserted. Wake reloaded his shotgun as he walked to the front gate, and read the small notice attached to the mesh fencing. It seemed Larsen wasn't too fond of strangers selling stuff.



[Fig 6.40]

Wake smelled burning rubber, and not from the pickup's clutch: There were a few small fires on the scrapyard above him. He'd take a closer look at that in a moment. For now, though, Wake returned to the pickup. He wanted to ensure the highway he was following didn't contain any additional surprises. Just beyond the scrapyard entrance, Wake saw a tanker container and a truck parked at a rakish angle, along with some chevron barricades stopping traffic from continuing. Wake took a direct approach, accelerating hard, and steaming into the barriers **[Fig 6.40]**, sending them flying. He only reduced his speed as he came up to another tunnel; this one well and truly jammed with abandoned vehicles.



[Fig 6.41]

But Wake wasn't here to push through along the highway; he knew his next journey continued in the scrapyard. The reason he was at this blocked tunnel entrance was to peel the Manuscript Page off the foot well of the truck parked here. Back in the pickup, Wake drove back to the entrance gate, which was open, but the welcome wasn't exactly inviting. He drove up the dry, muddy switchback to the yard manager's garage on the apex of the corner **[Fig 6.41]**.

Wake knew that eerie glowing areas of forest and mountain were usually places he was to eventually reach, and he saw one in the distance. Wake was no more than two steps toward the nearer, brighter haze of the garage light, when his lantern beam skipped over a tiny perimeter shed with a daubed arrow on it. He also wanted to meet the yard manager, in case the Larsens lived up to their advertised reputation. Checking the shed, there was nothing of interest.

Departure. # 98/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Trail of the Dark Presence

The bottom of Cauldron Lake was a graveyard of things the lake had claimed in one way or another over the decades. The Dark Presence brought them up in its wake, scattering the rotten, waterlogged hull of an old boat here, the remains of a long-ago crashed airplane there. Trees shattered under the impacts. The earth groaned. It didn't even notice.



AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL BEFORE THE SCRAPYARD, BY THE RED TRUCK NEAR THE SAFE HAVEN LIGHT.

Bright Falls information signs # 24/25



Monday through Friday 8am to 6pm.

Trespassers will be prosecuted. Solicitors will be shot.

See yard manager when you enter!!!



[Fig 6.42]

"I had to get the gate open." Wake studied the locked gate and fence. He couldn't progress farther up the winding road, so he decided to check the perimeter of the building, the exterior

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first, and then inside, so he could follow the yellow arrows plastered to the side of the garage lean-to to their cache-based conclusion. He could just as easily have taken the left route, past a portable refuse crushing crane and mangling contraption, close to some exterior steps he couldn't quite reach. Circling around the right side of the structure, Wake moved into storage area at the back. As Wake approached a large section of particleboard leaning against a wooden fence, with a large torch symbol on it, something gurgled to his right. It appeared that the yard manager and his wrench-carrying brethren, now clad in darkness, had found their trespasser **[Fig 6.42]**. Wake weaved around the numerous obstacles, driving the duo back, and quashed their threats with shotgun fire. Satisfied he wasn't in any further danger, he grabbed flashbangs and flares from the Chest close by.



[Fig 6.43]

It was time to peer inside the garage properly. From the other, old-style pickup truck under the floodlight, Wake had two entrance options: via the door below the light, or the larger garage door to the right. Wake chose the garage, as there was a second, difficult-to-spot notice on the sliding door that he stopped to read. Wake was turning into a real **Bright Falls Aficionado** with all these signs he'd been reading. Wake half-expected a couple of Taken to ambush him as he entered the garage, and he was proved correct. Whipping around, he created a little bit of a mess by detonating one of the gas canisters with judicious use of his shotgun. This took one of them down, and he finished the other with a peppering of light-shining and shotgun fire **[Fig 6.43]**. This allowed him to take a breath, and check the garage for armaments.

Sure enough, he found a hunting rifle and ammunition, and took these, leaving his shotgun behind; it looked like the next part of his journey might involve tagging foes at a slightly longer range. Passing the white van, Wake sidled into the workshop part of the connecting garage, and found a Coffee Thermos moments after starting a search through the metal shelving. The pilfering continued as Wake collected some batteries too, before running up to the top of the steel stairs to the office on the top floor. A blinking control button, encased in thick, yellow plastic, was at the top of the steps, with a vantage window overlooking the gate and road below. Just in case opening the gate led to an enemy ambush, Wake refrained from hitting the button just yet, and instead investigated the office. Wake's search uncovered a couple of flashbangs on a shelf, and a flare gun on a small desk under the interior window. Also on this table was a small set of paper files, **but seeing through eyes clouded in a Nightmare vision, Wake uncovered a Manuscript Page, too. It was almost worth the extra difficulty to find.**

Departure. #105/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Sarah and Barry in the Well-Lit Room

In the end, Barry wasn't going to shoot Sarah, they both knew that. Once she had no chance of catching up to Wake, Barry gave up the gun and sat down on the floor, shielding his face from the merciless glare of the Well-Lit Room.

"I don't think I'm ever gonna see him again, he said in a weak voice.

Sarah didn't have it in her to be mad at him. Besides, he was probably right.



ON THE FOOT WELL OF A PARKED GREEN TRUCK, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BLOCKED TUNNEL, BELOW THE SCRAPYARD.

The Bright Falls Record — Page A2 / Friday August 7, 1970

BODY IN VEHICLE NOW CONFIRMED AS THAT OF BRITISH TOURIST

By Cynthia Weaver, Special to the Bright Falls Record.

The skeletal remains found in the abandoned pickup truck last Monday evening have been positively identified as those of Robert "Colonel" Hambleton. The British tourist and author was thought to have left the area, heading for Seattle or Portland after witnessing some apparently unexplained phenomena up on the southern ridge of Cauldron Lake. Authorities in the United Kingdom have been notified.

A spokesman for the Bright Falls County Sheriff Department held a press conference yesterday, but provided little in the way of an explanation for how the truck arrived at its location, deep inside the Elderwood National Park, and state of decomposition of the body. The hiker who found the body, on condition of anonymity, told this reporter that she was out hiking when she heard "an almighty crack," and saw something drop from the sky. "I didn't know what it was. I thought another plane had gone down at first, but there was no smoke. Nothing."



The remains of the tourist, found in this abandoned jalopy.

The hiker approached the scene, and recalled the following: "There was a pickup truck. Just sitting there. It looked wet. Dripping with water. It had struck one of the trees. The truck looked like it had been dropped from the sky." She didn't notice the body right away. "It was still slumped in the driver's seat. The flesh was all hanging off, and bloated. Mostly eaten away. God, it was horrible." The hiker was later admitted to the Cauldron Lake Lodge for evaluation.

MORE ON PAGE A3

Photolog: This newspaper report seems to indicate the first recorded examples of "thrown" vehicle. Where the pickup and passenger went for the ensuing month is still very much a mystery. The truck in question can still be found in the Elderwood National Park. Reprinted by kind permission of the Bright Falls Historical Society

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[Fig 6.44]

Wake moved up to the gate switch, and pressed it. Sure enough, the metal security gate clattered back on its casters, but Wake didn't stand around to watch this happen. He saw movement, ran halfway down the steps, and saw a Taken dashing up to meet him. As he retreated, a pick-axe was almost plunged into his chest by an attacking workman. He dodged the strike, and pushed the two attackers back to the top of the stairs **[Fig 6.44]**, where they shrieked from the focused light, and finally somersaulted into the ether, riddled with revolver bullets. Wake could have headed downstairs, and back to his vehicle at this point, but he hadn't finished checking the upper level yet; there was a balcony he tried reaching earlier. An office door led outside, to a small covered deck and the remains of a staircase down to the yellow, metal-crushing machine. On the wooden deck rail, Wake was surprised by another Can Pyramid. He took aim, and zinged a bullet into the cans before descending. That was it. There were no more barker games to practice his aiming on.



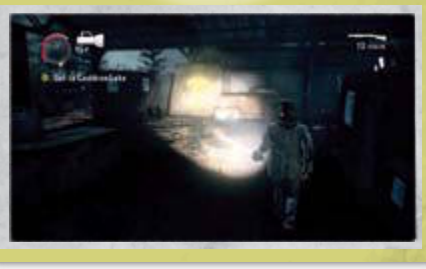
[Fig 6.45]

Dropping down from the stack of rotting pallets, Wake decided to appropriate the light-blue pickup from the light of the Safe Haven, because he hadn't struck any barriers or foreign objects with it. That would soon change. Accelerating out onto the switchback corner, Wake drove—with due care and attention—through the open gate, and into the scrapyard itself. The initial hill drive was punctuated by high-beam flicking, and accelerated strikes at two more Taken. After that, Wake had the opportunity to slow down and glance around the hill itself. Wake pulled over on the right side, where the scrap towers were more spread out and plentiful, and joined by a number of rusting appliances. A Taken eased its way out of the shadows, but was quickly dispatched. After minutes of carefully searching this small, sloping maze **[Fig 6.45]** of metal bundle stacks, heaps of cloth rags, and the obligatory barrel and spool collections, Wake found...nothing.

He could have simply accelerated up the hill, through the gap between the wooden fence, toward a rather rickety ramp that led to the main yard itself. He stopped just before the ramp, and emerged from the pickup again. He couldn't see the main yard properly yet, but there were small tire fires everywhere. The giant pincer crane was leisurely swinging a clamped car around in its drooping jaw. He'd investigate that area next. But something caught his eye over to the right. Parking up

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 27/30

The writer Alan Wake once said "There's light and there's darkness, cause and effect. There's guilt and there's atonement. But the scales always need to balance, everything has a price." I tip the scales in your favor: Under the roof of the wall-less barn, behind the scrapyard garage.



Bright Falls information signs # 25/25



ALL VISITORS MUST SEE THE YARD MANAGER!!!

You MUST sign liability waiver before entering the yard!

If you're looking for a specific part, ask for it first!

For "you-pull-it," you must bring your own tools.

Wear protective clothing!

WARNING: Junk piles may shift!

HAZARDOUS AREA!

DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 94/100



STUMBLED INSIDE THE YARD MANAGER'S GARAGE AND OFFICE, AND FOUND IT ON THE GROUND FLOOR METAL SHELVING. THEN I CHECKED THE MAP. NOT FAR NOW. UNTIL I'M DONE. MORE WEIRDNESS; TORRENCE CALLS. I ANSWER THE PHONE, AND HE CAN'T HEAR ME. I HEARD HIM ASK SOMEONE WHY THE NUMBER'S BEEN DISCONNECTED. CAN'T GET EMAIL, TEXT, OR PHONE MESSAGES NOW.

Departure. # 104/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Poet and the Muse Lyrics 3

The Poet and the Muse lyrics by Old Gods of Asgard.
The third verse:
In the dead of night she came to him with darkness in her eyes
Wearing a mourning gown, sweet words as her disguise
He took her in without a word
for he saw his grave mistake
And vowed them both to silence deep beneath the lake
Now, if it's real or just a dream
one mystery remains
For it is said, on moonless nights they may still haunt this place



ON THE SMALL TABLE BETWEEN TWO METAL SHELVES, IN THE UPPER OFFICE OF THE YARD MANAGER'S GARAGE.

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[Fig 6.46]

close to the oil tanker trailer, which he hoped wouldn't attack him, Wake leapt the low stone retaining wall into a rough patch of weeds and scrub **[Fig 6.46]**. There was a barn overhang beyond, devoid of walls, but with a roof and another large collection of rusting rubbish. Wake was more concerned with the Coffee Thermos sitting atop the pallet stack, just outside the overhang. Pocketing the prize, he returned to his pickup.

As Wake landed his ramp jump, slowing down immediately so as not to total his vehicle on



[Fig 6.47]

the scrap pile at the base of the crane, Wake slowly drove counterclockwise around the crane **[Fig 6.47]**, because his path to the left was blocked by a long flatbed from a dead big-rig. Every piece of scrap you could hope to imagine was lying in situ here: from keeled-over shopping carts, to the oldest of 1950s car shells. There was even a vicious, but currently dormant bulldozer with a pincer, parked in the far corner, sleeping.



[Fig 6.48]

Wake saw another restless dozer as he drove over the second ramp, and into the slightly lower, flat, arena-like open space of the main scrapyard itself. An amphitheater of crushed metal surrounded him as he stopped his vehicle, got out, and inspected a cargo container lift: a gigantic yellow-metal device designed to place containers in for loading **[Fig 6.48]**. One particularly heavy container was blocking Wake's path out of the scrapyard completely. Wake focused on it, thinking: **"There had to be a way to power up the container lift."** Looking to his right, and ignoring the creaking sounds, Wake had already spotted a light shining behind a small control tower. He ran around in front of it, and around the right side of the tower, past the scattered collection of metal pod cubes, and around the back.



[Fig 6.49]

Close to the cone of light was a ruined stove, with flares, revolver ammunition, and batteries sitting on it. Further inspection revealed a Manuscript Page, too. Grabbing these, Wake walked into the light, and toward the ladder bolted to the base of the control tower. Climbing up to the platform at the top **[Fig 6.49]**, Wake saw a flare, flashbang, and flare gun sitting on the side railing, and shoveled them into his inventory. The platform also contained a generator, of the kind Wake had encountered before. He started the motor with three quick and accurate cord pulls, and the engine sputtered into life, powering the switch to the container lift, but shorting out the light behind and below. Wake clambered back down to the ground. He was almost expected the bulldozer to come alive.

He was halfway around the front of the control tower before the dozer woke up, enshrouded in darkness. Wake knew he had seconds before it was upon him, and quickly Sprinted up to the container lift switch, stabbed the button, and started the elevation, which was finger-bitingly slow. He couldn't stand back and wait; the metal jaws of the dozer's digging appendage were bearing down on him. He quickly dodged around, out of the way of the beast, and loaded up his flare gun. Taken were flanking the dozer, and although he could beckon them into his light and gunfire, or blast nearby gas canisters, Wake did what had worked so well in the train depot: he coaxed the dozer into a charge, so it did the Taken-killing for him. He then dived behind a sizable junk pile in the center of the grounds, running around it so the dozer

A Can do Attitude # 12/12



Keeping the mind active. The cleverest of swerves. Hatred and pity. Powerful emotions. The cans helped with the aiming to no end. Last one was on the deck attached to the scrapyard garage. But no more games, now.

Damn Good Coffee # 95/100



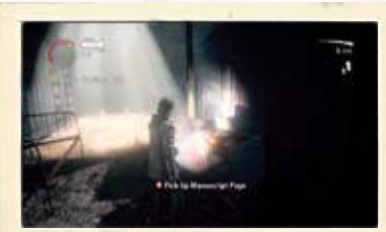
Scrambled up to the ramp near the scrapyard crane base. Found a Thermos on a pallet stack near the storage overhang. Woke up a few hours later. My hands tingled. Strange dream. I was flying up, away from my body. Into darkness. No vehicles, and head office has sent everyone over to Watery. It sucks to be me, currently.

Departure. # 99/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

Thomas Zane's Last Dive

Zane cut its heart out, but it didn't die. The thing that wore Barbara's face kept crooning sweet nothings, sugar laced with poison.
He put on the suit, untied the monster from the chair. The thing in his arms thrashed weakly, but he held fast. He stepped outside, off the pier, and into the dark water, a sinking pinprick of light, descending toward a bottom that never came.



On the rusting stove, at the foot of the small control tower near the container lift, in the scrapyard.

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[Fig 6.50]

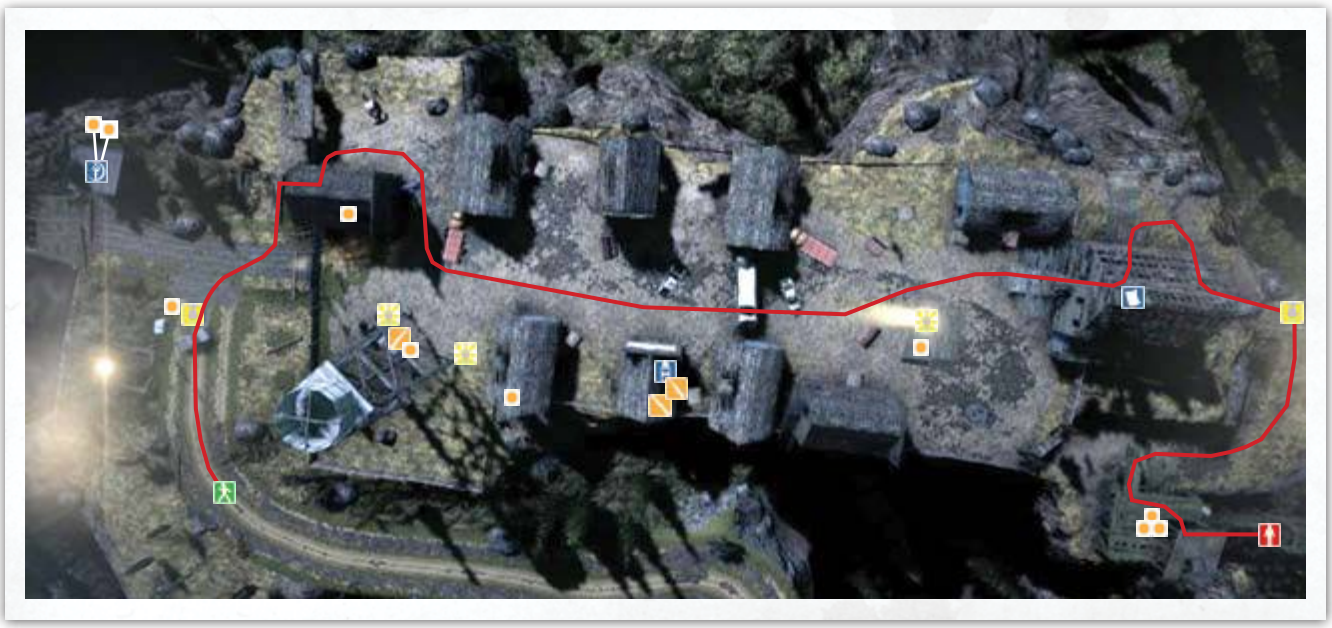
couldn't strike him. He fought back with targeted lantern boosts, and a well-aimed flare gun projectile **[Fig 6.50]**. After two flare gun shots—a preferred tactic, although flashbangs or exploding canisters were good alternatives—it was all over, bar the psychological scarring.

By now, the container lift had removed the giant, metal obstruction, but inky clouds dashed across the scrapyard like an acid-induced Rorschach test. Wake could stay and fight, or drive through the container lift opening, and into the light **[Fig 6.51]**. Wake chose the latter, and reached relative safety, out of the scrapyard perimeter. The trail light, flanked by green barrels, provided temporary relief. Wake picked a new pickup, one with the Light & Power logo on its doors, and began a long, winding uphill drive.



[Fig 6.51]

Part 5: Slaughter Along the Southeast Cliffs



Southeast Cliffs Ghost Town



[Fig 6.52]

Wake felt a general sense of foreboding as he drove his pickup slowly up the winding dirt road, rounded a long left curve, and looked across the crevasse at the glowing light. It lay below the ridgeline, but illuminated a series of strange, decaying structures on top of the hill. To the sides were sporadic lines of old wooden fencing, drops into terrifying fissures with death at the bottom, and inaccessible mine tunnels across the gorge. But Wake had been studying his map, and if his topographical knowledge was correct, the eerie, mist-filled shacks clawed into the flat part of the scar were part of an old mining hamlet. He was heading to the Southeast Cliffs Ghost Town **[Fig 6.52]**.

Wake closed in on the town's entrance gate and stopped at a floodlit Safe Haven (which Wake had spotted from the highway earlier). Wake moved to the base of the weathervane to gaze back at the scrapyard below, then edged back to the road, moving into the light, and opened an emergency box full of revolver ammunition.

The old silver mining town was dominated by a huge water tower; it was easily spotted behind the perimeter wall, and behind that, the true majesty of Mirror Peak was visible through the mist **[Fig 6.53]**. Wake moved to the faint



[Fig 6.53]

remains of a road junction, close to the town's entrance gate. Turning left, Wake saw a small shack, and a bridge, which was most definitely out. Inside the shack though, Wake uncovered the sign of the torch, which was odd, as there weren't any arrows prompting an investigation of this shed, with a Chest below. It contained a flashbang. There was flare gun ammunition on the nearby table.

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[Fig 6.54]

It seemed Ms. Weaver had used most of her remaining invisible paint to prompt Wake into following the steps up to the left of the ghost town's main gates. Wake reached the top and entered a small gatehouse **[Fig 6.54]**, completely devoid of internal decoration. Normally, Wake wouldn't drop down through a hole of indeterminate length, but the invisible paint told him to. He landed heavily, but safely, on the floor below. There was a shelf with bullets to take, but dominating the room was an old mine cart, a remnant of the long-ago silver rush.



[Fig 6.55]

The lack of exits to this gatehouse made Wake feel trapped—literally and metaphysically. Wake calmed himself as he realized the mine cart could be moved. He put his shoulder into it, and gradually shoe-horned the cart out of the way of an open gap in the exterior wall **[Fig 6.55]**. If this was some kind of "computer game" that his nephews played all the time, they'd be telling Wake this was—what did they call it?—"A context sensitive moment," complete with the hammering of an "A" button.



[Fig 6.56]

The place had been exposed to the elements for more than a century, and the beating wind and rain had taken its toll on the pig pen, old truck, and the main buildings along the central street of the ghost town. Some of the old stores were listing alarmingly, finally succumbing to carpenter ants and atmospheric inclemency. Wake passed a large red truck as he reached the interior side of the gate, and saw another one of Weaver's pickup trucks **[Fig 6.56]**, parked under the gigantic water tower. Running low on hunting rifle ammunition, Wake immediately took the pump-action shotgun and ammunition next to the vehicle. Two worklights guarded the shotgun, and although they worked, they weren't needed now. In fact, the entire town was devoid of beings, either human or otherwise—at least for now.



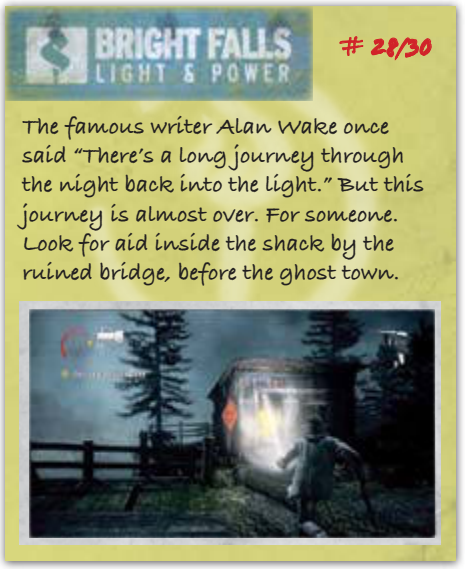
[Fig 6.57]

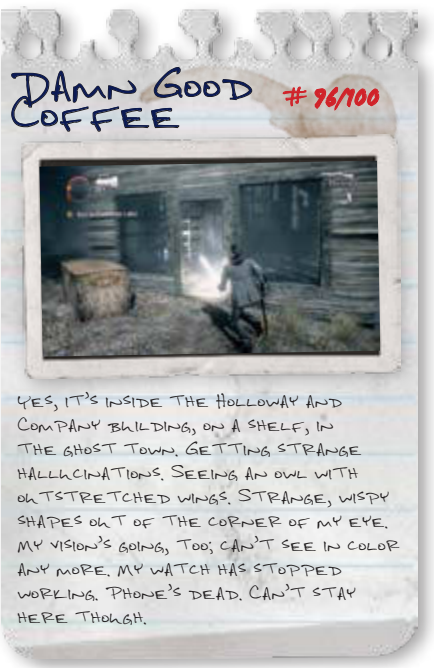
Wake started to conduct a shack-to-shack search of the ghost town, reasoning that clues or items were worth a possible building collapse. He jogged across to the first dwelling by the barrels and red truck, and found nothing. Returning outside, he gazed up at the row of wooden structures leading to the remains of a miner's chapel at the far end, when Wake stopped, clutching his head and rocking back wildly. **"I will never give her to you!"** The Scratching Hag was pulling Alice down. Her manifestation of torment duly arrived at the ghost town: a rampant Dark Tornado roared up from the scar from unknown depths, and sent debris flying into the water tower. The wooden water tank on top of the tower shattered, sending debris flying as the Tornado roared across the far end of the ghost town **[Fig 6.57]**, shorting the electrical lights and whipping more objects into its maelstrom. The situation looked grim.



[Fig 6.58]

The Tornado rolled down the left side of the scar he was standing on, and Wake valiantly boosted, then blasted a Taken appearing from around an upturned mine cart. His death was now a real possibility, and he needed more firepower. He found some as he zigzagged across to the first shack on the right side of the thoroughfare, to the left of the half-demolished water tower. There were bullets on the old chest inside. Heading back out, Wake ignored the patches of scrub between the buildings; there was little here but old crates.





He looked to the buildings along the right side of the scar; Holloway and Company's mining supplies was of particular interest **[Fig 6.58]**, as it appeared more intact than the others. He immediately entered the building, and was drawn to the two shelves along the left wall, scrambling to pack a Coffee Thermos into his inventory. There was a revolver, and a shotgun too, but the shotgun wasn't a wise weapon to swap; the pump-action model was far more potent. He'd only return here if he ran out of ammunition.

Stopping in the shelter of the store for a moment to check his complete inventory, he readied his flares, and reloaded all his weapons, preparing for a protracted battle. He moved through the remaining buildings, slowly ascending to the top of the road, until a large crashing sound caused him to spin round, and focus on the water tower. The remaining upright section collapsed, slamming

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[Fig 6.59]

into the ground, and completely blocking an escape route out of the ghost town. The fog condensed, and out of the clouds came the Taken. There were many, and they were coming from all sides. Stumbling backward over a raised wooden platform, Wake saw a searchlight next to a working generator.

Wake focused the powerful beam of darkness-shredding light on the Taken approaching from down the thoroughfare. The searchlight was far less useful at repelling attackers from the sides or rear, so he dropped two flares; one on either side of him to lengthen the time he could spend wrangling the searchlight. When the flares started to sputter out, he let go of the handles, quickly grabbed the three flares and flare gun ammunition on the low platform, and began to dodge the hail of projectiles. Quick shotgun blasts echoed down main street, and the Taken fell **[Fig 6.59]**. Others streaming in from the wishing well and chapel were next to feel Wake's wrath, as he forced them away with more flares. Wake made sure to save some shotgun shells, switching to revolver bullets and planting shot after shot into the shovel-wielding maniac that refused to die. The first wave of Taken had fallen, but Wake's longevity against the minions of the Dark Presence was to be tested like never before. **"All accidents could be prevented."** Two bulky giants crashed through the shack closest to the chapel, one of them overturning a mine cart like it was a child's toy. The roar of the chainsaw could be heard. Two roars.



[Fig 6.60]

This was bad. One chainsaw-wielding behemoth was bad enough, but a duo? Wake was thankful for small mercies; that the grounds of the scar the ghost town was sitting on were big enough for Wake to make wide, circling maneuvers, avoiding a one-sided and ultimately doomed melee combat. Wake could have run to the bottom of the thoroughfare, coaxing the chainsaw Taken to the fallen water tower, and then Sprinted back and turned the searchlight on them. But a quicker plan was to drop a flashbang, and burn the protection off them as quickly as possible. Dodging the vicious chainsaw swings, Wake did just that, knocking the monsters down, and using three flashbangs in the process. Still they came. He dropped a flare to beat them back with light, and to give him time to level his flare gun, and fire it into the torso of the nearer foe. Another successful strike, and the beast finally collapsed **[Fig 6.60]**. He finished the other with a deluge of revolver shots. A final takedown of a hooded foe with two armaments finished the fight.

Wake inspected the wishing well, and the last hovel, where the chainsaw Taken had attacked from, but found nothing. The Dark Tornado had retreated, out of Wake's field of vision, but not his mind. But he pressed on, shoving the heavy mine cart jammed into the remains of the chapel's front entrance **[Fig 6.61]**, and stepped inside the skeletal structure. Inside, Wake looked up at the sky through the numerous holes in the roof, then walked forward, to the remains of a fireplace (or an altar, the place was so decrepit, he couldn't decide which), and snagged a Manuscript Page.



[Fig 6.61]

From the window to the right of the stone pile, he could see his next Safe Haven; a trail light he couldn't reach. To exit the chapel, Wake saw and shoved another mine cart; this one filled with barrels and jammed at the side entrance to the building. As Wake let go, the mine cart rolled, then tumbled over the edge of the cliff the chapel was nestled on the ridge of **[Fig 6.62]**.

Departure. # 100/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Dark Place

The dark place I found myself in was unlike anything I could ever have imagined; it wasn't solid, it flowed. It was conceptual and subjective.
For someone else, an artist in another field, it would have been very different. I could sense the story of the manuscript all around me, the words and ideas floating in the air, poised to become real.



INSIDE THE DECREPIT CHAPEL, AT THE FAR END OF THE SOUTHEAST CLIFFS GHOST TOWN.



[Fig 6.62]

Not wishing to follow it, Wake turned right, stepping out of the chapel's shadow, and into a one-sided fight with a single Taken. The foe was turned and burned with ease; this instinctive violence worried Wake, as he finally stepped into the light. Resting for a moment before he was off again, Alan had only walked a few steps before his eyes focused on the path still ahead: **"I could see Mirror Peak in the distance. That's where Cauldron Lake was."** A massing of ravens covered the sky in pockmarks of black, an ever-present warning of the power of the Dark Presence.

Long ago, the miners had devised a raised mine cart track to carry rock and ore across the thin strip of land from the mountains to the ghost town. Wake was to travel in their footsteps. Following the cliff path around to the right, Wake clambered onto the mine platform, on a jutting rocky bluff overlooking chasms on both sides. Venturing

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up the remains of a ramp to an emergency box to claim the flare gun resting on top and ammunition scattered on the planks below, Wake scared off a couple of birds before opening the box and gathering more revolver bullets and batteries. Behind the box was a gap. Looking down, Wake saw a mine cart. Dropping carefully down, Wake landed in the cart. There was a brake release to pull. This plan was unsafe, and possibly suicidal, but it was the only one he had. He pulled the brake, and the cart began to move.



[Fig 6.63]

BRIGHT FALLS LIGHT & POWER # 29/30

I heard a voice. It came to me in a dream and told me; "It's not a lake. It's an ocean." Concentrate on the Cauldron. Find further help at the base of the ravine below the mine cart bridge.



DAMN GOOD COFFEE # 97/100



DID YOU SEE IT? NO, NOT THE THERMOS; THAT'S ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MINE CART BRIDGE, ON TOP OF A COVERED PLATFORM. I MEAN THE OWL. TERRIFYING. LOOKING AT ME NO MATTER WHERE I TURN. I SAW A MAN IN SOME KIND OF WEIRD SPACE SUIT, TOO. JUST FOR A SPLIT-SECOND. IN MY MIND'S EYE. I KNOW I'M NOT MAD, BUT MY EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS. WHOLE BODY IS TINGLING.

Moments later, Wake was trundling along a track with nothing to stop a deadly plummet except some weakened bridge construction that hadn't seen carts for decades. Wake looked ahead and saw a black mass forming. Taking out his flare gun, he quickly fired as the mass shrieked, and dozens of birds flew at the moving cart. He was lucky to strike the heart of the unkindness of ravens, and almost all the birds melted away. More were dislodged from their perches along the railroad bridge, which had sagged severely at one end. Wake braced for impact as the cart hit the end of a covered bridge, and he fell forward **[Fig 6.63]**, quickly scrambling up and onto the bridge with a jump. This occurred just in time, as the cart dropped away, falling into the chasm behind him. The bridge was a deathtrap.



[Fig 6.64]

The remaining birds were biding their time, waiting to strike. Wake had no choice but to continue along the covered bridge section, which opened into a small, overgrown clearing where the miners had stored barrels and carts. Wake ignored the ladder on his left as he emerged; he craved the safety of the Safe Haven ahead, bathing in the light next to the barrels **[Fig 6.64]**. Additional sections of bridge continued toward the rock face in the distance and a gnarled tree, behind which he spotted another hazy light. But in front of him was a steep slope, complete with scattered rocks and boulders, and the remains of the carts that used to ferry silver to and from the mines. To his left was another ladder riveted to the bridge.

Curiously, there was an empty railroad carriage dumped here, too, open at both ends. This would have been too heavy to be part of the mine workers' equipment. It had been dumped here by other, inhuman forces. To the left was a steep path around a central cluster of massive boulders, which proved to be a mine cart graveyard. Both routes ended at the base of the rocky cliff, under the supports of the platform high above that connected the bridge to the top of the bluff. Wake saw the flicker of a torch symbol dance off the rock wall, and secured flashbangs, flares, and flare gun ammunition from within the Chest. On the ground nearby was a pump-action shotgun and shells. Wake gladly took it all.



[Fig 6.65]

There was a choice of ladders back at the top of the slope, and Wake climbed the nearer one, across from the Safe Haven; there was less of the rickety bridge to traverse. As Wake stood unsteadily up, on top of the bridge once more, the caws of ravens sounded again. The unkindness emerged from behind the earlier section of bridge, and shrieked toward him. It was promptly dispatched with a calculated flare gun shot, timed to perfection **[Fig 6.65]**. Wake knew wasting any more time here could result in more pecking, so he ran as quickly as his nerves would allow along the remains of the bridge span, to a mine cart, directly in his path. The ravens were close, but not imminently attacking. Wake took this opportunity to push the cart.



[Fig 6.66]

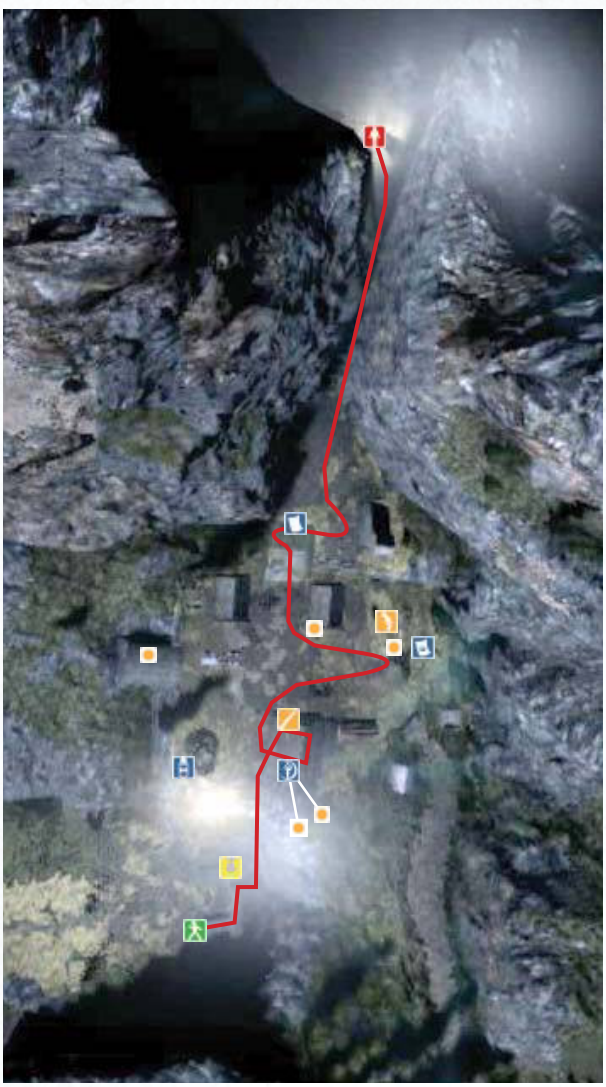
He heaved the mine cart, which was filled with a variety of weighty refuse, along the bridge until it tipped forward, away from his shoulder, falling through a gap in the bridge, and crashing down into the ravine below. Wake almost followed it, but steadied himself and took a few steps back, then ran and leapt across the gap. Two footfalls later, a mine cart from the edge of a tunnel across from Wake, where a bridge once stood, rolled off into the ravine to join its metal twin, and another unkindness of ravens flew out, targeting Wake. Turning left and aiming the flare gun in one quick, flowing motion, Wake tore the group of birds apart with this single strike, before running to the platform built adjacent to the rock wall and top of the cliffs. It was a relief to move into the covered part, and rescue a Coffee Thermos from its perch at the foot of a wooden roof column, by the edge of the gap in the platform. After testing his weight and mettle crossing a bridge to the cliff **[Fig 6.66]**, dodging the talons of another small unkindness of ravens and retaliating with another flare gun shot, he waited at the edge of the cliff, using his lantern's boosted beam to see off the remaining ravens until the chorus of caws receded.

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Part 6: Into the Maelstrom



Path from Mine Bridge to Encampment



Path from Encampment to Cauldron Lake Finger Promontory



[Fig 6.67]

Wake had made it to the opposite side of the scar ravine, but the trek was nowhere near complete. Even the short walk past the old wagon cart was fraught with danger, as the residue of the Dark Tornado had left puddles of stinking black liquid to clean up with his boosted lantern. Stepping into the dark mire was a quick way to a sudden death, so Wake methodically carried on, sweeping the darkness **[Fig 6.67]** as the black clouds mottled the landscape and played with the branches of the nearby trees. The scrub pathway was flanked on the right by a large rock wall, which continued around to the left, to a low structure with a pitched roof, half-hidden in the mist. Wake was burning more globules of darkness from the ground when an axe winged him. Taken were here. They had always been here.



[Fig 6.68]

Taken were about, moving across the flatter ground close to scattered clusters of equipment, crates and barrels, and a small outbuilding. A larger man with a shovel approached from near the lone tree in the vicinity. Wake used these obstacles as hiding places, boosting his flashlight and tackling the nearest one first, and saving a flare to push the big guy back, giving him time to take it down **[Fig 6.68].** Wake had found a small farmstead, and after slaying those who sought to stop him, passed the husk of a white car, and headed for the doorway into the wooden building. The place was derelict, but at least it had electricity. Wake stood in the light, realizing he could have just run here to safety, without all the previous ammunition expenditure.

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[Fig 6.69]

Wake moved into what had once been a bedroom. Now, it was a collection of rusting antiques, plus an emergency box to scavenge flare gun and revolver ammunition from. Wake exited the farmstead, and into a small back yard **[Fig 6.69]**. The outbuilding missing two of its four walls was the very definition of "tumbledown." Stepping under the roof, Wake found a revolver and ammunition, partially hidden by a large crate, part of a scattering of decaying materials in the immediate area. Next, Wake would brave the Taken in the dense, wild, and whispering woods.



[Fig 6.70]

This place seemed cursed, in perpetual fog and darkness. **Wake descended down the most faint of trails, passing obstacles of both stone and metal as he disappeared into the night. Wake kept the rock wall to his left, and was a few more paces into the forest when he let out an involuntary curse. A red dump truck fell from the sky, crushing a small tree about 20 feet in front of him. "Damn!"** The truck had been dropped from the sky, straight down. The Dark Presence had its fingerprints all over it; **black, oozing pustules of filth that Wake started to clean off the side of the vehicle until he was attacked by a vicious Taken [Fig 6.70]. When he turned to aim his lantern on the foe, it vanished in a blur. A Tele-flanker Taken was a challenge** that required patience and a steady aim.



[Fig 6.71]

Heading onward would simply give the Taken more of an opportunity to surround him, so he stayed at the truck until he'd finally worn the Tele-flanker down, and delivered a killing shot. Reloading, Wake switched to his revolver as he followed the low ground through the whistling trees, until two more Taken stepped from the wooded shadows, trying to outflank him. These were of little threat, and were dealt with multiple bullets to their gray hides. He reached a small red shed **[Fig 6.71]**, and quickly pulled the cord of a small portable generator until the vicinity flooded with light. A small rest and a reload were needed, as he gathered flare gun, shotgun, and rifle ammunition from a small weapons crate that had tipped over. There were batteries here as well.



[Fig 6.72]

Wake knew he was closing in on Cauldron Lake, but the power of the Dark Presence was becoming ever more potent. He left the red shed and headed up a grass and bracken-filled embankment, dotted with thin trees, and oddly, half-buried machine parts. Wake passed a large propeller, and some huge cogs close to the rocky abutment above, and was ascending with relative safety when something else fell from the sky. It was large, clad in rusty metal, and landed with a sickening crunch, splitting a tree in two. It was a large section of a ship, possible the prow, mangled beyond almost all recognition. As he closed, a Tele-flanker Taken whipped in from behind, with a knife stab **[Fig 6.72]**. He was soon joined by a large man with a frightening-looking hooking device, advancing on his position. He backed down the hill, waiting for the large Taken to reach the propeller, before detonating the gas canister with his shotgun. The Taken disappeared into shards of light, leaving another lengthy, but ultimately victorious battle with the Tele-flanker.



[Fig 6.73]

Wake spotted something through the trees. A single, large tree was on fire. Not a bellowing blaze, but an odd, torch-like flame atop the tree itself. Not questioning this any more than he had to, he was closing in on the torch tree when another sliver of boat came crashing down from above, missing him by mere feet. He took a deep breath, and continued, gazing up at the small fire, and the half-mangled cargo carriage that had already fallen and embedded itself into the earth **[Fig 6.73]**. Switching to his revolver, Wake saw Mirror Peak, and a bright light haze in the distance over the far rocks and behind the burning tree, and then movement on the ground below, close to him. Two weaker Taken had donned their overalls, and were brandishing their hooks. They succumbed to a boosted light and hail of bullets.



[Fig 6.74]

As Wake advanced along the right side of the marooned carriage, the defeated Taken were soon bolstered by two flitting forms, dashing across the thickets and betwixt the trees. A small, blue fishing boat came hurtling down from the heavens, crashing into the glade beyond. Wake was out-matched in this terrain, where the pair of Tele-flankers could tear into him before vanishing, so Wake ran to the open doorway in the middle of the carriage, and stepped inside, moving to the upper end so he could flee if overwhelmed, but not be attacked from behind. The Tele-flanker could only rush in one direction **[Fig 6.74]**. The plan worked; Wake tagged the gas canister under the opening, blowing the first Tele-flanker into smithereens. The second was forced back with a flare, flashlight, and finally gunfire. There was an extra incentive to step into the carriage too; Wake picked up two flashbangs and a Coffee Thermos inside.



[Fig 6.75]

The fishing boat was still intact, which was a miracle considering the force with which it had landed. Moving around the boat, Wake started to climb the hill toward the light, and then backed off as the gully he was ascending was rocked with a distant crashing. The smoldering remains of a motorhome dropped through the air, landing on the ridge

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[Fig 6.76]

above, close to a crane, which dropped its canister down to the path above where Wake was standing. To make matters worse, a trio of Taken were closing in; fast, encroaching foes, but lacking the ethereal qualities of their Tele-flanker cousins. The gas canister landed in a cluster of other gas canisters, and ignited **[Fig 6.75]**. Without thinking, Wake Sprinted around the rocky corner, and the massive canister cluster explosion caught a couple of the Taken in its rolling blasts. Wake stopped, spun round, and dealt with any stragglers promptly.

Farther up this ramped hill path, Wake spotted a small, portable generator. Quickly pulling the cord three times, he managed to fill his close surroundings with light, stopped to catch his breath and keep his sanity, and then checked a lean-to draped in camo-netting that was in real danger of becoming a leaned-over. An open box of flares, shotgun, and revolver ammunition was gladly picked clean as Wake passed the remains of a log-cutting machine and a fallen white pickup. The path continued, and Wake was about to check the area by the rusting red crane and recently deposited camper van, when he heard the screech of the Dark Presence. This time, it was a rail carriage, somersaulting through the air, thrown from the mountains above **[Fig 6.76]**. **"Oh, crap."** It crashed into the slope above, bounced and turned over again, and finally slammed into a rock and spun to its resting place by Wake's feet.



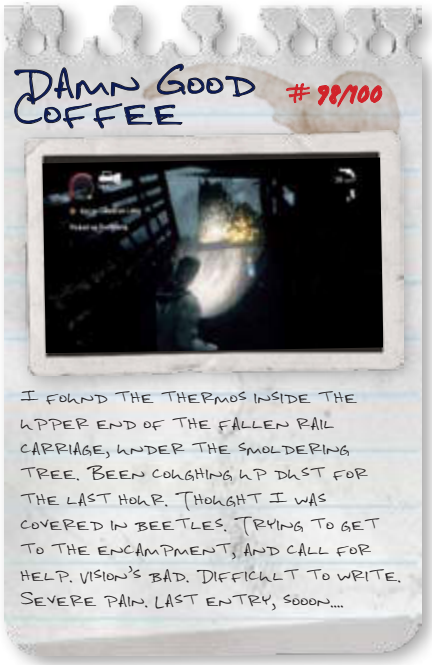
[Fig 6.77]



[Fig 6.78]

The Dark Presence was ever-present, and its attacks were increasingly more accurate, vicious, and frequent. But Wake had no choice except to scale the hill. Halfway up, a red truck planted itself into the ground above. A few more steps, and another blue boat plummeted into the rocks mere feet from Wake's shaken form. He moving to the flatter ridge, close to a rocky cliff path above, as the tantrum continued; a huge front section of an ocean-going trawler was unceremoniously dumped from the skies, like a plastic toy thrown from a petulant child's pram. It hit the ground with such force that nearby gas canisters ignited and exploded in the air, sending a mine cart rolling toward Wake **[Fig 6.77]**, slowly enough for him to easily sidestep it. But he pressed on. He had to, searching the area in vain, until he reached the bottom of the wooden steps leading up to the light.

Here, the by-product of these enraged landscape defilements was found; small pools of black slime, Dark Matter to be removed with light. He slowly worked his way up, cleansing the rickety wooden steps of this evil slime, and taking time and care not to step into the matter itself. After the small landing near the remains of a mine cart, Wake continued to climb the steps embedded into the rock face, to a trail light he could bathe in. Then he continued along the path to a final set of wooden deck steps. These led up to an odd sight; a flaming barrel emanating light, at the boundary of what appeared to be a miner's encampment **[Fig 6.78]**. Wake knew he wasn't safe, but didn't know when the attack would come. But for now, he peered over the fence at the dangling sparking electrical cord. Wake passed the remains of an old car, and entered the remains of an old building.







[Fig 6.79]

Inside, Wake's immediate attention was drawn to the small stack of large crates, upon which someone had written "DARKNESS WEARS HER FACE." Droplets of the same invisible paint coaxed Wake along the floor to a piece of particleboard concealing the fireplace, where the last torch of hope marked the final Chest. Wake gave thanks to his guardian for all her tremendous help, as he gathered the flashbangs and flares from the trunk. It

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seemed that after finding all 30 of Weaver's hidden caches, he'd searched **Every Nook and Cranny** in the state. Wake continued his search of the building by ascending the steps to the second floor, grabbing a pump-action shotgun and associated ammunition at the top. Weaver, or an unknown cohort, had written a final piece of advice on the fireplace: THE DARKNESS CONTROLS THE TAKEN. He concerned himself with leaving the building. He finally found an open gap in the corner above the stairwell, dropping down to a crate that lessened the impact of his fall **[Fig 6.79]**.



[Fig 6.80]

Before he fell to the crate, and down to the ground, he took a moment to survey the scene. Turning right, his main focus had been the crack between the two sides of the mountain range that he'd have to cut through. But closer to his current position, Wake saw tumbledown buildings surrounding a central earthen courtyard, with a parked big-rig truck to the left, dangled live wires in the central area with some kind of cargo lift behind, a red box just right of the sparking cords, and an old rusty tractor under a lone tree on the right, along with other heavy metal carts and another swaying cord, drooping from its leaning telegraph wire. Once on the ground, Wake readied himself for Taken incursions **[Fig 6.80]**. None came. This freaked him out almost as much as having to face them.



[Fig 6.81]

With an eerie silence descending onto the encampment, Wake decided to check everywhere he could in a long, clockwise search. The remains of what appeared to be either a silo or old windmill **[Fig 6.81]** were the first to be explored, as Wake passed an old wheelbarrow, and the flaming barrel (this time on the other side of the wooden fence). Wake chanced upon a Coffee Thermos in the weed-filled ground at the foot of the cylindrical structure. Grabbing it, he walked over to the big-rig truck cabin. There was a small, derelict shed in front of the truck, which contained nothing but a few stacked crates. He almost missed the flashbang sitting on the rear crate.



[Fig 6.82]

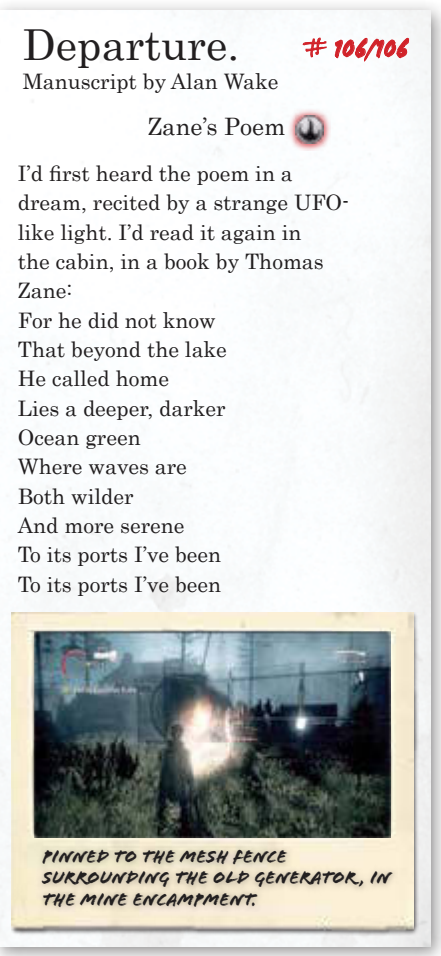
The storefront shell close to the swinging electrical cable told no tales, so he rounded the corner, avoiding the sparks, and inspected (but didn't touch) a cargo elevator, much like the one at the Anderson's harvester garage. It seemed to lack power. Back in the courtyard, the next dwelling was boarded-up tight, but had an emergency box to scavenge bullets and batteries from. Over on the far side of the grounds, Wake passed the overturned mine cart, and the oil tanks, and headed straight for an elderly generator, sitting on a low platform out of the wet ground, and currently devoid of power and fed by a large fuel cylinder **[Fig 6.82]**. **He was about to start it, when in his Nightmare haze, he glimpsed something on the mesh fence, and circled around. Sure enough, there was a Manuscript Page pinned here. He ripped it off, and read something. A poem he'd never read, but had certainly heard before.** Stepping onto the low platform, Wake scavenged more flashbangs, a flare gun, and ammunition, and then gave the generator three hearty yanks.



[Fig 6.83]

That did the trick. Not only was power restored to the cargo elevator, but the noise attracted a multitude of Taken, closing in on the low platform. Wake deemed fleeing the area to be a feasible but somewhat frightening plan, because he was sure the elevator would take time to arrive from its current position on a platform above the encampment. Instead, Wake waited at the low platform for as long as he could. He counted two large Taken, one armed—depressingly—with a chainsaw, and he thought he'd seen two Tele-flankers flitting between the real and ethereal worlds. He concentrated on the big guys first. Stripping away the dark protection and gunning them down with shotgun blasts was one option. A well-planted flare gun shot to the gut, which would hopefully and collaterally wound the Tele-flanker, was a second option. But for the chainsaw fiend, he had a special surprise, coaxing him forward, before dashing through the dangling wire, just missing it himself. The Taken strode after him, straight into the live wire, and exploded **[Fig 6.83]**. This method saved time, sanity, and ammunition.





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[Fig 6.84]

Moving into the center of the grounds, Wake was set upon by two more Taken. A flashbang saw them off, meaning he'd spend the next few moments tracking, wounding, and finally culling the Tele-flanker. After a satisfactory end to combat, Wake took no time at all to reach the blinking green button, and called the elevator **[Fig 6.84]**, which—as predicted—slowly descended. The gate swung open, and Wake stepped inside, pressing the second button once he was situated. The elevator slowly rose, up into the light, which flickered and finally shattered as he neared the top. Stepping onto the rudimentary wooden platform, Wake almost trod on a Manuscript Page. Had there really been 91 pages? Like his mother had always told him: **Picking Up After Yourself** makes you more of a man. Or in this case, an established author. He'd half a mind to search for Mott, string him up, and shove the papers in his face. **But with the additional 15 pages he'd written for a specifically difficult Nightmare, he'd rather keep the manuscript, binding it into a Collector's Edition, to remind him of his prowess. And madness.** And anyway, Mott was no more a kidnapping mastermind than Barry was a ballet dancer. The real power lay in the lake beyond. He was close now. Terrifyingly close.



[Fig 6.85]

There was a small pile of batteries, flare gun ammo, and a flare to find, as Wake walked off the platform, and onto the ground by a tall, thin mining structure. It was shut, forcing Wake to the foot of the fissure, and a collection of large, rotting and rusting obstacles. Wake had rounded the boulders and was stepping up to the remains of a car, when a blindness overwhelmed his synapses. **"Turn back now,"** warned Jagger. Alice screamed. Wake peered through a wracking headache, and saw impossibly heavy objects moving at impossibly fast speeds. A fishing boat slammed into the fissure crack, followed by the wrenched spool, crate, and car he'd been standing near. **"Do as you're told."** The dark voice scolded him, through his mind. He backed up as three barrels screamed at him, lifted up, and flew at his head. Using a deft dodge, and a hiding place behind the boulder and fence, Wake repelled the poltergeist forces with focused lantern light **[Fig 6.85]**.



[Fig 6.86]

"We get up with the sun at the farm," In slunk the growling Taken. He knew what to do, and the quickest method was a dropped flashbang, which also helped clear the possessed blockade. As the Taken fell away, Wake turned his attention to the remaining blockade obstacles **[Fig 6.86]**, dropping a couple of flares to shorten the burning time, then focusing his lantern. It took most of Wake's remaining flares to finally dispel the boat, which collapsed in on itself, exposing the fissure itself. Old mining supports pushed the cliff walls back and refused to yield. The Dark Presence furiously spat: **"Do as you are told!"** and forced a steel girder through the left cliff wall and across to pierce the right, accompanied by a cacophony of shrieks. Wake took a couple of steps back.

Departure. # 101/106

Manuscript by Alan Wake

The Way through the Dark Place

After Zane had gone, I stood alone in the shifting dream that was the dark place. I had to find a way to the cabin. I had written myself a way though this place in the manuscript.
I followed the idea of a path. I had written myself across the ocean that blocked my way, and with that, there was a bridge to the island beyond. The idea of the cabin flickered in the underwater darkness. I willed the cabin to be real.
And it was.



ON THE WOODEN ELEVATOR PLATFORM ABOVE THE MINE ENCAMPMENT, BEFORE THE FISSURE.



[Fig 6.87]

Then he pressed forward, under the first girder, and stumbled to a stop as a second girder skewered the narrow path in front of him. This metal spike was possessed, and required cleansing from his lantern before he could progress any farther, just to be sure. The third girder that ripped across the fissure was more problematic still, stopping his journey and blocking his path. The howl of the darkness succumbing to Wake's light was almost overtaken by a tremendous, whipping wind Wake was hearing at the far end of the fissure. Reaching the opening, Wake sidestepped a collection of old carts and junked mechanical parts, and became transfixed. The true power of the Dark Presence had coalesced on a jutting promontory above the lake **[Fig 6.87]**.

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Part 7: The Heart of Darkness

Activity Log

Destroy the Tornado

Activity: Destroy the Tornado



[Fig 6.88]

What Wake saw was both unbearable and hopeless. A black maelstrom shook the wooden platform Wake was on, and offered only words of woe: **"Alice never loved you!"** Wake summoned his composure and remaining sanity, and stared out at the jutting rocks, high above Cauldron Lake: **"The Dark Presence blocked my way to the lake. It wasn't going to let me pass. I'd have to fight it to get through."** He counted his flare gun ammunition, loaded the weapon, and edged forward. He gasped as Alice's outreached hands were enveloped by the dark mire. Gasping for breath, Wake fell, rather than slid, through the gap in the platform, rocked back as the remains of a car slammed into the supports in front of him **[Fig 6.88]**.



[Fig 6.89]

He dropped down, onto the arm of the promontory, and looked ahead. An impossible whirlwind of black, writhing smoke, and countless vehicles were spinning around a central vortex. Wake watched, staying in the middle of the undulating stone pathway, as two mine carts were spat out, tumbling toward him. They missed him on either side, by inches. Wake continued forward, as a truck tumbled through the skies, crashing into the path. Wake yelled, dodging to the left to avoid a crushing death **[Fig 6.89]**. More tonnage was propelled into Wake's path. A white pickup danced over the rocks and burst into light.

Still Wake pressed on, to the small wooden platform projected over the lower promontory finger. As Wake was staggered back by more inhuman screams, a light bulb went off in his head. **"I had to get light into its heart to hurt it."**



[Fig 6.90]

Wake clicked a flare into his gun, and aimed it. In the distance, a concentric circle of metallic flotsam flowed through the sky, surrounding and protecting the vortex of the Dark Tornado. He fired the gun. **"The flare gun was the only way to get light into the heart of the Dark Presence."** It struck one of the rusting guardians, and did no harm. Wake would need to venture farther into the heart of darkness. He dropped from the wooden vantage point, down to the final promontory finger, and was set upon by a floating mine cart. It was sheer luck that he hadn't been crushed, or buffeted off the cliff edge. Wake quickly scrambled to hide behind the platform supports, which offered some protection as the cart hovered and flew at him again **[Fig 6.90]**. When it landed, Wake's last flashbang ended the cart's days. The Dark Tornado was throwing everything but the kitchen sink at Wake, although it came close; as a rusting refrigerator crashed into the wooden support. Wake burned it away with his lantern.

"You can't win!" the voice screamed, as Wake continued into the eye of the storm. Ahead was a gap in the promontory, designed to end Wake's life. This was the first circle of floating debris, and Wake needed extreme caution as he stepped to the edge, waited for the wreckage of a camper van to pass him by, and then jumped before the next huge section of jetsam could knock him off his perch, and into the screaming chasm. He could see the heart of the Dark Tornado now; a complete absence of light in the middle of



[Fig 6.91]

the cacophony of wind, cries, spools, boats, cars, ships, and damned souls. Although he could hit the Tornado from here, the flare would need to miss three protective circles of junk. Wake looked at the small open crate to his right **[Fig 6.91]**. It was full of flare gun ammunition. He loaded up with all the ammunition he could carry, waited for the spinning mine carts to pass him by, and leapt to the final island in the storm.

"I had to hit its heart with as many flares as possible to stop it." As if to answer, the words **"You will fail!"** bounced off the inside of his mind. The Dark Tornado had created a tight cordon of rotating school buses, pickups, and other protective metal. Wake fired, and the ground shook. The Tornado roared with pain. Again Wake struck. And again. An unkindness of ravens arrived from their summoning place, but were set ablaze with a well-aimed flare gun round, using Wake's tried and tested flick of the flashlight to aim. Wake seized his opportunity, and fired a final flare into the very center of the Dark Presence **[Fig 6.92]**. The screams of the dying maelstrom continued to pound Wake's brain. If he survived, he could add "**Tornado Wrangler**" to his list of Achievements. Wake watched, agog, as the Tornado's force receded. He dropped his flare gun, and ran to the very edge of the promontory. Hundreds of feet below, the dark waters of Cauldron Lake beckoned to him. He closed his eyes, raised his arms, and took a short step off a long promontory.



[Fig 6.92]

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Chapter 6B: The Dark Place

Part 8: Mind Over Dark Matter

Activity Log

Find the Clicker



[Fig 6.93]

Wake took some gulps of air, as if he were drowning in a dream. But he was awake. He looked up and saw Alice smiling and comforting him. **"Alan. Shhh baby, you were having a bad dream."** Wake's breathing was more shallow now, as he gazed into Alice's eyes. Her dreamy, unblinking eyes. **"It was just another nightmare,"** she added with a smile. Wake scrambled back, away from this strange vision. **"No!"** he said, in a startled fright. Alice tried to comfort him: **"Everything's fine. You're home."** Alice moved toward him. Wake backed away again: **"It wasn't a dream!"** Alice looked at him, smiling the same painted smile. **"Everything's fine."** It said. Wake fell off the bed, scrambled to his feet, and pressed himself against the wall. **"Turn the lights on,"** he yelled. **"Turn the lights on!"**

Alice looked most becoming in her white vest and panties. She stood on the far side of the bed, as black shapes danced across their apartment window **[Fig 6.93]**. **"Shhh, baby. The power's out, there's no light. Come back to bed and I'll make you forget all about your fear of the dark."** This was a low move. It smacked of desperation. But Wake was still confused by his wife's words. **"My fear? It's your fear! Why aren't you afraid?"** Blood was seeping from Wake's temple as he shouted; **"You're not Alice! Turn the lights on now! Where's the Clicker? What did you do with it?"** It tried to reason with him: **"Alan, honey, you're still one foot in a dream. You're not making any sense. Come back to bed."**

Activity: Find the Clicker



[Fig 6.94]

Wake ignored her. He left the bedroom, as the wailing wind grew ever louder. He pushed open the door to the hallway, and Alice was already there, at the archway to the living room **[Fig 6.94]**. Grotesque black shapes continued to flicker and twist behind her. **"Alan, you're scaring me now. Come back to bed. Have you taken your pills? Do you want me to call Doctor Hartman?"** Wake flinched at the name. But these were mere tricks to addle his mind. It continued to speak using Alice's voice and form: **"I read your manuscript. It's brilliant. *Departure* is your best work yet. You're a genius. I'm so proud of you. Come back to bed. We'll talk more about it in the morning."**



[Fig 6.95]

Wake sidestepped the succubus, and walked into the kitchen, and then into the living room. Alice was waiting for him in front of the television **[Fig 6.95]**. **"Come back to bed, Alan,"** it pleaded. Wake wanted this more than anything. But he wanted his wife, and not this dark shade. The flashlight burned off Alice's form as he shone it on her. On the table was the Clicker. Wake had willed it to be there. It bore the markings of the author, but needed to be real. **"Come back to bed, Tom."** The shade hissed as the vision collapsed under the weight of his focused light, and he was thrust forward, burning an encasement of matter off the Clicker until it turned from typeface to intrinsic reality. He bent down at the table, and picked the Clicker up. He was ready to write the ending of his novel.



[Fig 6.96]

The man in the diving suit floated down through the remains of his apartment window. Wake was in his mind's eye, listening to his mentor. As it spoke, he was reminded of his first nightmare: **"You must find your way to the cabin. It stands in your way. It won't let you pass. It has no heart. It's filled with darkness. You must fill its heart with light."** Wake continued to watch Zane as he explained Wake's predicament. Slowly turning to the left (and the right), Wake caught sight of himself. A smiling man looked back **[Fig 6.96]**. The diving man explained, as he faded into the writhing darkness: **"Don't mind him, he's Mr. Scratch. Your friends will meet him when you're gone."** Wake's forehead flickered with a small wave of concern, as he reached out to touch the smiling man. Wasn't Mr. Scratch an old New England folk name for...? **"Use the Clicker."** Zane told him, before everything went black.

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Part 9: To Its Ports I've Been, To Its Ports I've Been.



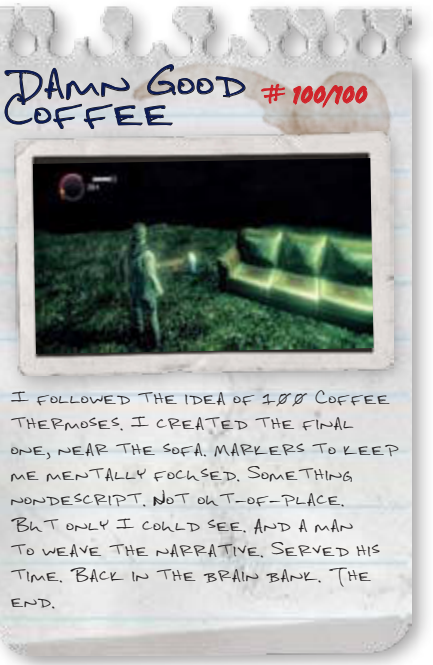
I followed the idea of a Map



[Fig 6.97]

Wake was hard at work, adding the final edits to his manuscript. He loved the Courier font. He'd set out the typeface, and was formulating his final, conclusive chapter. He stood by the old sofa, looking out at his thought processes. These were simple ideas. Unconnected. Blind. Ignorant. Through prose, he'd give them a bit of life. He walked around the dark garden of his mind, plucking items and willing them to be real. "Bird." He shone his flashlight on the idea, and it sprouted wings and flew away. "Thermos." A Coffee Thermos was born. He picked it up. Was he **Hypercaffeinated** now that he had gathered all 100 of the Thermoses he thought he'd placed within his dream? No, he was the storyteller, and this was his concluding work. "Barrel," "Phone," "Bird." "Shopping Cart," "Crate," "Telephone pole." Wake was typing, furiously, in control for the first time. The phone rang, and he answered it. It was Alan Wake, the famous writer, at the other end of the line. **"I followed the idea of a path."** He told him. "Path." And so he did **[Fig 6.97]**.

The gravel path meandered onward, pushing away the darkness. Ahead, more ideas strained to be contained in the flurry of his mind's activity. But then other, less savory ideas began to formulate, encased in the disgusting, black Courier font. **"I'm leaving you, Alan. I met someone. I'm in love with someone else,"** said Alice. Wake stopped, tormented. These conversations were getting in the way of him finishing his magnificent bestseller **[Fig 6.98]**. **"Alice? No, what are you saying? You can't—"** Alice's voice interrupted him:







[Fig 6.98]



[Fig 6.99]

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"You don't love me. How could you, when you don't even love yourself? All you do is torture yourself with work you can't do anymore." This wasn't true! **"No. I love you more than anything in the world. You're—you're my muse." "I'm not."** the voice responded. **"Who are you?"** Wake called out: **"What have you done with my Alice?"** Wake heard Alice cry out for help: **"Alan! What're you doing? Put the light back on. What are you doing, Alan? Stop! Put the light back on!"** He was putting the finishing touches to the final pages of his masterpiece.

"Nothing like that had ever happened," Wake told himself, as the tiniest scintilla of doubt crept into his mind. He followed the path to its illogical conclusion: "Shoebox," "Shopping cart," "Barrel," "Telephone pole," "Phone," "Bridge." Once ethereal ideas, floating about in Wake's mind, were now solid, malleable objects that added a layer of believability to his prose. He answered the phone, which had been ringing for a while now. **"I had written myself across the ocean."** The bridge was a particularly fine creation; it featured a suitably rustic sign, with a gnarled cross-beam and limestone columned base. He was proud of that, and the way it looked. Or more importantly, the way it read. "Bird." Wake started to cross the bridge **[Fig 6.99]**.

"You're not my Barbara." Doubt crept into his mind, as the conversation played like an old record inside his head.

"Tom, let me go. I promise to be good. Please, untie me, you naughty boy. I will help you write your masterpiece. I will love you forever."

"No. You're not Barbara Jagger. I made a terrible mistake. I should have never written you back. You came back wrong. Your heart is filled with darkness."

"Put that knife away, Thomas. Put it down."

"Your heart is filled with darkness. I'll cut it out. And then I'll take you back to the depths you came from."

"Tom! Tom! No!"



Photolog: The Missing Man. Reports of his death have been greatly exaggerated. But a man looking like Wake, is still unaccounted for.



[Fig 6.100]

Was that Alan and Alice speaking? Or Tom and Barbara? Or Tom's mind willing Wake to know the truth? Or a mentally incapacitated headcase, lying in a coma somewhere? **"Filled with darkness."** Wake murmured. The currents were all around, threatening him. He fought to keep his mind from collapsing. He looked at the clearing ahead: "Bird," "Crate," "Barrel," "Phone," "Telephone pole." Could someone answer the phone?

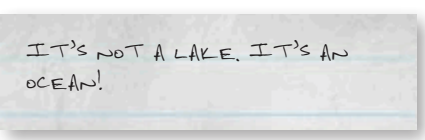
"I willed the cabin to be real." Yes, that was the idea! Wake had perfectly described a small, wooden cabin, nestled on the island, complete with two porches, dormer windows, and river-rock chimney. And an evil black curse.

Wake ran forward. "Bird." He approached the front porch **[Fig 6.100]**, and heard Alice arguing fiercely: **"Get away from me, you hag. Where am I? Let me go."** Wake immediately yelled back: **"Alice? Alice! I'm coming!"** The hag replied: **"Your husband refused to do as he was told. All he had to do was write what I wanted him to write. Now it's too late."** But was it? It was turning into a bright, sunny day at the cabin that was once on Cauldron Lake. Wake stepped onto the creaking porch deck, and opened the cabin door.

Wake walked slowly, but purposefully, into the cabin. Past the rocking horse. Toward the Scratching Hag. Baba Yaga. With her head bowed, and the darkness flowing through the deep currents behind her. **"Now you will never get her back."** It mocked him, still. **"I'm much older that you. Older than your first work of art. I will find a new face to wear. Someone else to dream me free."** Wake was gripping something in his right hand. He couldn't let go of it even if he tried. He took the final few steps, and embraced the infinite. It was time to end this: For **Alan** to **Wake up**. The author raised his hand, and thrust forward, jabbing his arm into

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—Peter Martell, Publishing Director, Roundabout Press.



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Appendices

Further Notes

Barry Wheeler, a friend and work colleague of the author, has requested that the publishers of this guide convey the many Achievements Alan Wake was awarded during his time in and around Bright Falls. These are presented in the hope that others might understand just what a mammoth adventure Wake undertook, and what necessary sacrifices had to be made.



Photolog: Alan Wake was a troubled soul, but his Achievements live on. Photograph courtesy of Alice Wake.

Lost File. #5/5

Manuscript by Alan Wake

1,000 Points of Light

For Wake, the adventure was over. He was content to re-read his Manuscript Pages, and double-check any loose ends, or plot discrepancies. Two days later, he had finished. Another literary triumph, and one he could now share with the many fans who descended on the small Pacific Northwest town, hoping to follow in his footsteps.
He had achieved so much. But he had sacrificed more.

Appendix I: Achievements

For those keeping tally, Wake's tasks often resulted in a modicum of pride when completely successfully. Others have attempted to award an arbitrary "score" system for these Achievements, which is shown below:

Got it?	Icon	#	Gamer Score	Title	How to Obtain
Part A: Adventure Progression					
✔		1	10	Follow the Light	Finish the Tutorial with the UFO light.
✔		2	10	Nordic Walking	You have killed Stucky
✔		3	20	Bright Falls' Finest	You completed Episode 1.
✔		4	5	Boob Tube	You turned the TV on in the Cauldron Lake Lodge and watched the adverts.
✔		5	10	Under a Thin Layer of Skin	Kill the ranger to accept this reward.
✔		6	15	Park Ranger	You completed Episode 2.
✔		7	10	Heavy Metal	Defeat the Bulldozer in the Train Depot.
✔		8	10	Iron Horse	Destroy all parts of the possessed locomotive at the far end of the Gray Gorge Peak Ghost Town.
✔		9	20	Wheels Within Wheels	You completed Episode 3.
✔		10	10	Medical Opinions	These are in the Cauldron Lake Lodge, on the reel-to-reel, with the paintings.
✔		11	10	Child of the Elder God	Make sure your health doesn't go below 50 percent.
✔		12	20	Perchance to Dream	You completed Episode 4.

Got it?	Icon	#	Gamer Score	Title	How to Obtain
Part A: Adventure Progression (continued)					
✔		13	10	Drink 'Em Bot' Up	Play this tune twice; once during Episode 1, and the other during Episode 5, inside the Oh Deer Diner.
✔		14	10	Gatekeeper	Simply solve the puzzle.
✔		15	20	The Lady of the Light	You completed Episode 5.
✔		16	20	Tornado Wrangler	You defeated the Dark Tornado over Cauldron Lake in Episode 6.
✔		17	40	Departure	Awarded during the end credits.
	Subtotal:	**250**			
Part B: Difficulty					
✔		18	40	Hardboiled Writer	Awarded during the end credits.
✔		19	50	Alan, Wake Up	Awarded during the end credits. Complete on Normal or Hard first.
	Subtotal:	**90**			
Part C: Taking Down the Taken					
✔		20	20	If It Flies, It Burns	Use flares, flare gun, and kill single birds with your flashlight.
✔		21	20	They're Heeeeeere!	Stand your ground and slay every one you come across.

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Got it?	Icon	#	Gamer Score	Title	How to Obtain
Part C: Taking Down the Taken (continued)					
✔		22	20	The Six-Gun Scribe	Use this weapon until the Achievement is awarded. Keep track in your Statistics menu.
✔		23	20	Taken Season	Use this weapon until the Achievement is awarded. Keep track in your Statistics menu.
✔		24	20	It's Not Just a Typewriter Brand	Use this weapon until the Achievement is awarded. Keep track in your Statistics menu.
✔		25	20	What Light Through Yonder Window	Use this weapon, and fire one shot so it hits multiple foes. Keep track in your Statistics menu.
✔		26	20	Thunder and Lightning	When defeating them, coax up to five together in a cluster to minimize grenade expenditure.
✔		27	20	Collateral Carnage	Push them off cliffs with your flashlight. Go to areas where Takens respawn. Use the dangling electrical cables. Use the explosive gas canisters.
✔		28	10	Come One, Come All	Fire the flare gun after coaxing the Taken together in a line or cluster.
✔		29	10	Sound and Fury	Drop the grenade after coaxing the Taken together in a cluster.
✔		30	10	Two for the Price of One	Have both Taken adjacent to each other, at extreme close quarters.
Subtotal:		**190**			
Part D: Skillful Prowess					
✔		31	10	Back! Back, I Say!	Light the flare when your health is low, your vision is "black and white," and a foe is at extremely close range, about to attack.
✔		32	15	Float Like a Butterfly	The dodge is successful only when time "slows down."
✔		33	25	Missed by a Mile	Complete the "slow down time" dodge as often as you can, during attacks (especially to dodge thrown attacks).
✔		34	10	Energized!	Don't save batteries as often as you usually might.
✔		35	10	Let There Be Light	Easily achieved at the Cabin on Cauldron Lake.
✔		36	10	Carny	Fire at the cans with a revolver to save ammunition. Locations are shown in this chapter, and throughout the guide.

Got it?	Icon	#	Gamer Score	Title	How to Obtain
Part D: Skillful Prowess (continued)					
✔		37	30	Meet the Deadline	The timer begins when you start driving in the pickup, to the end of Episode 3. Flee from enemies, Sprinting as much as you can.
✔		38	30	An Idyllic Small Town	Don't die, and finish the first part of Episode 5, from the start to the helicopter take-off.
✔		39	30	Gunless Wonder	Choose a lower difficulty; use your flashlight, flares, flare gun, and flashbangs; the challenge starts at Episode 6, and finishes after defeating the Tornado.
✔		40	10	Right of Way	Prowl the areas in a vehicle, hitting as many as you can.
Subtotal:		**180**			
Part E: Thorough Exploration					
✔		41	20	Finders Keepers	Consult this guide for all 30 locations.
✔		42	30	Every Nook and Cranny	Consult this guide for all 30 locations.
✔		43	20	Paging Mr. Wake	Consult this guide for all 106 locations.
✔		44	30	Picking Up After Yourself	Consult this guide for all 91 locations.
✔		45	50	Collector's Edition	Consult this guide for all 106 locations.
✔		46	20	Damn Good Cup of Coffee	Consult this guide for all 100 locations.
✔		47	30	Hypercaffeinated	Consult this guide for all 100 locations.
✔		48	30	KBF-FM	Consult this guide for all 11 locations. One is at the radio station (without a radio). The radio in the warehouse in Episode 5 (near transformer yard) doesn't count.
✔		49	30	Couch Potato	Consult this guide for all 14 locations. The TV on the way out of Cauldron Lake Lodge (that you watch adverts on) isn't part of this Achievement.
✔		50	30	Bright Falls Aficionado	Consult this guide for all 25 locations.
Subtotal:		**290**			
Achievement Grand Total: 1,000					

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Appendix II: Digital Bar Code Easter Eggs

Wake saw three, odd square-shaped posters consisting of black and white dots, during his travels. He really wished he'd taken a picture of them, but his cell phone didn't have a camera.

Found	Episode	Location
1	One: Nightmare	On the noticeboard with the diver picture, just before you execute your first jump.
2	Two: Taken	In the corner, on the wall of Wake's office in his New York apartment.
3	Four: The Truth	On the wall in the sitting area of the upper mezzanine level, in the Cauldron Lake Lodge.

Appendix III: Manuscript Pages

Departure is arguably Alan Wake's magnum opus; a collection of riveting narrative pieces, joined loosely, and said to be found during his adventure. Charges of a ghostwriter named Thomas are hotly disputed, but this much is certain; particular pages are only found during particularly Difficult Nightmares. Unlike all the other collectibles, Manuscript Pages are not found in chronological order, but are meant to be read in such a way.

Got it?	#	Episode #	Page Name	Nightmare Difficulty	Location
✔	1	One: Nightmare	The Title Page of the Manuscript	—	On the ground, after witnessing the white light.
✔	2	One: Nightmare	Wake Attacked by a Shadowy Murderer	—	On the ground, after witnessing the white light.
✔	3	One: Nightmare	Wake Fights a Taken with Light	—	At the base of a pallet pile, near the dip inside the Biltmore logging camp.
✔	4	One: Nightmare	The Dark Presence Wakes Up		On one of the flat boulders crossing the natural rock bridge, close to the second logging camp.
✔	5	One: Nightmare	Wake Attacked by Birds	—	Inside the logging hut, close to the generator in the second logging camp.
✔	6	One: Nightmare	Wake Finds Pages	—	At the top of the hill, after the Safe Haven, on the far side of the second logging camp.
✔	7	One: Nightmare	TV in the Gas Station	—	In the grass by the barrels, at the far end of the wild woods between the second and third logging camps.
✔	8	One: Nightmare	Wake Lies to the Sheriff	—	On the ground in front of the main gate to the third logging camp.
✔	9	One: Nightmare	Stucky Taken	—	On the garage forecourt, behind the parade float.
✔	10	One: Nightmare	Rose Daydreams About Wake	—	Pinned to an interior wall in the ramshackle shed with the rusty tractor, just outside the first logging camp.
✔	11	One: Nightmare	Barry's Arrival	—	Stuck to a silver metal cabinet on the edge of the waterfall rapids.
✔	12	One: Nightmare	Toby the Dog		Rear of the garage building, pinned to the left of the ladies' restroom door (locked).
✔	13	One: Nightmare	Rose Is a Fan		On a dead log, just outside the perimeter of the first Biltmore logging camp.
✔	14	Two: Taken	*The Sudden Stop* 1	—	On top of the pile of manuscript pages, in Wake's New York apartment office.
✔	15	Two: Taken	*The Sudden Stop* 2	—	On top of the pile of manuscript pages, in Wake's New York apartment office.
✔	16	Two: Taken	The Dark Presence in the Diner	—	On the cell bench; cell closest to door to the rear parking lot of Bright Falls' Sheriff Station.
✔	17	Two: Taken	Wake at Lovers' Peak	—	On a small rock, close to the warehouse lever, in the overgrown patch behind the Sheriff Station.
✔	18	Two: Taken	Alice Sees a Shadow	—	On the carpet, in the break/radio room of Bright Falls' Sheriff Station.
✔	19	Two: Taken	Barry Doubts Wake's Sanity	—	On the turn-in, at the foot of the entrance steps to Rusty's hilltop cabin, by Barry's rented SUV.
✔	20	Two: Taken	Rusty Dying	—	On the trunk space interior of a parked off-roader, halfway down the road from the hilltop cabin.
✔	21	Two: Taken	Rusty Attacked by the Dark Presence	—	On the corner of the low stone wall, by the entrance steps to the Ranger Office.
✔	22	Two: Taken	Wake Reaches a Safe Haven of Light	—	Inside the ranger's office, at the end of the corridor, at the foot of the locked door.
✔	23	Two: Taken	Rusty's Final Thoughts	—	On the log picnic table near the six-pack of beer, near the wooden lookout platform and waterfall.

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Got it?	#	Episode #	Page Name	Nightmare Difficulty	Location
✔	24	Two: Taken	Wake Sees the Torch Symbol	—	On the trail, at the foot of the Lovers' Peak sign, near the old wagon cart.
✔	25	Two: Taken	Nightingale's Arrival	—	On a rocky outcrop, just after the Tree Ring and barricaded gate
✔	26	Two: Taken	Alice's Fear of the Dark	—	Clinging to a rocky promontory, just after the drop from the Lovers' Peak lookout platform.
✔	27	Two: Taken	Wake Hears a Chainsaw	—	Inside the second derelict hut, on the forest trail close to the aircraft crash site.
✔	28	Two: Taken	Barry in Elderwood	—	On the pile of cloth sacks, just after leaping across the old elevator inside the old mill.
✔	29	Two: Taken	Nightingale Fires at Wake	—	Next to the trash can, by the "closed for renovation" sign, at the women's restroom entrance in the campground.
✔	30	Two: Taken	Wake at the Dark Presence's Mercy		On the trail back up to Rusty's hillside cabin, after the phone call from Mott.
✔	31	Two: Taken	Rose and Rusty	—	On the wooden floor of the lookout point, halfway down the trail from Rusty's hilltop cabin.
✔	32	Two: Taken	Barry Meets Rose	—	On the ground, near the picnic table by the waterfall vista after the slight detour.
✔	33	Two: Taken	Sarah Thinks About Wake	—	On the sliver of rock below the perimeter logs, at the vista overlooking the old mill.
✔	34	Two: Taken	Deputies at the Logging Site	—	On the tiny, partially enclosed balcony, outside and halfway up the old water mill.
✔	35	Two: Taken	Wake Feels the Dark Presence	—	On the closed chest behind the large crates in the storage barn above the old mill.
✔	36	Two: Taken	Wake's Despair	—	In the blocked tunnel, at the foot of the jackknifed big-rig, en route back to the visitor center.
✔	37	Three: Ransom	Randolph Calls the Police	—	At the threshold of Rose Marigold's trailer grounds, after leaving.
✔	38	Three: Ransom	The Dark Presence Sleeps	—	On a log at the start of the trail, after leaving the law enforcement and dry river bed.
✔	39	Three: Ransom	Nightingale in the Radio Station	—	Further down the path from the Train Depot vista, pinned to a fence.
✔	40	Three: Ransom	Sarah Distrusts Nightingale	—	On a small boulder, along the wooded path before the view of the railroad tracks and river valley.
✔	41	Three: Ransom	Wake Attacked by a Possessed Object	—	On a tree stump at the trail junction overlooking the rail bridge.
✔	42	Three: Ransom	Wake and the Dark Presence in the Lodge	—	Lying near a pile of rusting girders, close to the ladder up to the water tower foundation.
✔	43	Three: Ransom	Wake Attacked by the Dark Presence	—	On the banister post at the top of the depot warehouse deck steps.
✔	44	Three: Ransom	Rose Visited by the Dark Presence	—	By the fallen trees, at the upper end of the road where the somersaulting cop car tumbled from.
✔	45	Three: Ransom	Rose Touched by the Dark Presence	—	On the flat cliffs above the small river gorge, just after the ruined building, but before the Radio Station.
✔	46	Three: Ransom	Walter Fights Danny	—	On the concrete pad of the radio mast, at the summit above the Radio Station.
✔	47	Three: Ransom	Wake Attacked by a Bulldozer	—	Pinned to the perimeter gate, at the dead-end trail just after the derelict barn ambush.
✔	48	Three: Ransom	Wake and Night Springs		Stuck to a tree stump, on the far right edge of the bluff under the water tower.
✔	49	Three: Ransom	Sarah in the Radio Station	—	On the wooden walkway, near the rusting tractor, by the coal mine museum entrance.
✔	50	Three: Ransom	Thomas Zane in Love with Barbara Jagger	—	On the gravel, prior to entering the maze of train yard carriages.
✔	51	Three: Ransom	Wake Touched by the Dark Presence	—	Top floor of the main depot building, on the corner of a tarp-covered timber pile near the exit.
✔	52	Three: Ransom	Wake and Barry in the Cell	—	On a small rock, in a forest glade path, on the way to the mine tunnel and sinkhole.
✔	53	Three: Ransom	Wake and Casey	—	On the edge of the bridge, near the first telegraph pole, resting on a sleeper in the Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town.
✔	54	Three: Ransom	Nightingale in the Majestic	—	By a blocked tunnel, in the circular junction chamber, inside the silver mine.
✔	55	Three: Ransom	Mott at Cauldron Lake	—	On a narrow cliff path, across from the small, broken wooden bridge.
✔	56	Three: Ransom	Wake Wakes Up in the Lodge	—	Halfway down the weatherbeaten wooden deck stairs, on the path descent.

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Got it?	#	Episode #	Page Name	Nightmare Difficulty	Location
✔	57	Three: Ransom	Mott on the Ferry	—	On an old trunk, at the top of the first mine tower structure, before the mine entrance.
✔	58	Three: Ransom	Hunters Taken	—	At the very bottom of the cave tunnel descent, near the waterlogged mine shaft.
✔	59	Three: Ransom	Doc Examines Barry and Rose		In the small shack on the left side of the track, in the Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town.
✔	60	Three: Ransom	Wake Reads a Page		Placed on the rockfall debris at the entrance behind the Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town.
✔	61	Three: Ransom	Tor Hits Nurse Sinclair	—	On top of the cube-shaped vista platform, on top of the mine mountain.
✔	62	Four: The Truth	Thomas Zane's Writing and Assistant	—	Handed to Wake by Odin Anderson, during their recreation room conversation in the Cauldron Lake Lodge.
✔	63	Four: The Truth	Barry in the Lodge	—	At the top of the stairs, on the mezzanine level, found once the commotion starts in the Cauldron Lake Lodge.
✔	64	Four: The Truth	Hartman Watches Wake Fall	—	On top of the stack of manuscript pages inside Hartman's office, in the Cauldron Lake Lodge.
✔	65	Four: The Truth	Hartman's Mission	—	In the small withdrawing room, near the television, accessible only during the escape from the Cauldron Lake Lodge.
✔	66	Four: The Truth	Wake Sees the Old Gods Stage	—	At the base of the tree in the square-shaped flagstone patio area of the garden hedge maze.
✔	67	Four: The Truth	Barry Attacked by a Taken	—	On the stone walkway, by the Can Pyramid, just after heading under the pergola bridge.
✔	68	Four: The Truth	Mott in Charge	—	Inside the potting shed on a cloth sack, just before entering the walled garden.
✔	69	Four: The Truth	Mott Fails Hartman	—	Found on a table in Hartman's interview room, where Lane's painting are stored, in the Cauldron Lake Lodge.
✔	70	Four: The Truth	Hartman and the Power Failure	—	On a bench in the middle of the garden hedge maze.
✔	71	Four: The Truth	Hartman Sedates Wake	—	On the pergola bridge overlook, on the far wall, in the formal walled garden.
✔	72	Four: The Truth	Nightingale Arrests Wake	—	On the wooden platform near the generator, close to the possessed gates.
✔	73	Four: The Truth	The Patients Escape the Lodge	—	On the ground in front of the ruin, in the woods just before Walter's cabin.
✔	74	Four: The Truth	The Dark Presence at Large	—	On the stone protrusion near a tree trunk, after the possessed gate and a talking to by the light omnipresence.
✔	75	Four: The Truth	The Anderson Brothers in the 70s	—	Stuck to a small Viking stone, on the upper floor of the Anderson barn.
✔	76	Four: The Truth	The Mystery of the Missing Week	—	Found on the upstairs landing, inside the Andersons' farmhouse.
✔	77	Four: The Truth	Walter at the Anderson Farm	—	At the end of the dead-end tunnel, inside the hillside by the overgrown mine yard
✔	78	Four: The Truth	Hartman During the Missing Week		Pinned to the outhouse, in the back field near the small barn and windmill.
✔	79	Four: The Truth	Hartman Considers Mott and Wake	—	On the porch rug of Walter's cabin.
✔	80	Four: The Truth	Mulligan Questions Nightingale's Orders	—	Stuck to one of the electrical breakers, on the right side of the Gods of Asgard stage.
✔	81	Four: The Truth	Nightingale Finds the Manuscript	—	On a wagon cart, in the far corner of the side field, close to the big barn.
✔	82	Five: The Clicker	Nightingale Reads the Manuscript	—	On the floor of the cell corridor, dropped by Agent Nightingale.
✔	83	Five: The Clicker	Nightingale Attacked by the Dark Presence	—	On the floor of the cell corridor, dropped by Agent Nightingale.
✔	84	Five: The Clicker	The Dark Presence Set Back	—	On the corner of the stage, in the debriefing room of Bright Falls Town Hall.
✔	85	Five: The Clicker	Cynthia's Work	—	On the corner of the counter at the back of Bright Falls bookshop.
✔	86	Five: The Clicker	The Dark Presence Hunts Wake	—	Sitting on the wooden pulpit, inside Bright Falls church.
✔	87	Five: The Clicker	Alice Trapped in the Dark	—	On the corner of the picnic bench, sitting on the wooden lookout platform near the top of the hill.
✔	88	Five: The Clicker	Barry in the Sheriff's Station	—	Pinned to the wall at the far left end of the dark corridor, inside the Oh Deer Diner.
✔	89	Five: The Clicker	Barry in the General Store	—	On the floor of the yellow haul truck container on Church Street.
✔	90	Five: The Clicker	Wake's Plan	—	On the red wingback chair, set atop the metal cargo container, and the edge of the transformer yard.

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Got it?	#	Episode #	Page Name	Nightmare Difficulty	Location
✔	91	Five: The Clicker	The Falling Helicopter	—	On the rocky track below the giant water pipe, en route from the pipe to the helicopter.
✔	92	Five: The Clicker	Zane's Shoebox	—	On a rock, in the curved trail behind the three large spools, close to the dam summit.
✔	93	Five: The Clicker	Cynthia on Her Way to the Dam	—	On the ground, behind the first electrified transformer cables, in the yard.
✔	94	Five: The Clicker	The Poet and the Muse Lyrics 4		Sitting on a small rocky outcrop, behind a mesh fence near the power plant security hut.
✔	95	Five: The Clicker	Children of the Elder God Lyrics 1		On the road by the side of the crashed bus, close to the swing bridge.
✔	96	Five: The Clicker	Children of the Elder God Lyrics 2		On the middle part of the fallen tree trunk, spanning the gorge fissure between the water pipe and helicopter.
✔	97	Six: Departure	The Dark Presence Wants to Stop Wake	—	On the highway road, close to the light, just after day turns to night in the tunnel.
✔	98	Six: Departure	The Trail of the Dark Presence	—	At the far end of the tunnel before the scrapyard, by the red truck near the Safe Haven light.
✔	99	Six: Departure	Thomas Zane's Last Dive	—	On the rusting stove, at the foot of the small control tower near the container lift, in the scrapyard.
✔	100	Six: Departure	The Dark Place	—	Inside the decrepit chapel, at the far end of the Southeast Cliffs Ghost Town.
✔	101	Six: Departure	The Way through the Dark Place	—	On the wooden elevator platform above the mine encampment before the fissure.
✔	102	Six: Departure	The Poet and the Muse Lyrics 1		Inside the Majestic Motel reception room, on the green couch, right of the entrance.
✔	103	Six: Departure	The Poet and the Muse Lyrics 2		On a shelf at the far end of the garage barn's upper loft, after the monster truck.
✔	104	Six: Departure	The Poet and the Muse Lyrics 3		On the small table between two metal shelves, in the upper office of the yard manager's garage.
✔	105	Six: Departure	Sarah and Barry in the Well-Lit Room	—	On the foot well of a parked green truck, at the entrance to the blocked tunnel, below the scrapyard.
✔	106	Six: Departure	Zane's Poem		Pinned to the mesh fence surrounding the old generator, in the mine encampment.
					Manuscript Total Collected: 91
					Manuscript (Nightmare) Total Collected: 15
					Manuscript Grand Total: 106

Appendix IV: Coffee Thermoses

The finest coffee in the Pacific Northwest is brewed in the Oh Deer Diner in Bright Falls. This fact is only arguable until the naysayer in question drinks the brew and is forced to agree that it is, indeed, "damn good coffee." Whether the 100 Coffee Thermoses dotted around the countryside are placed by locals, part of a strange advertising campaign by the Diner, part of Deerfest, or even recognizable objects Wake has planted in his memory to stop him going mad, one fact is for sure: this chart lists where every one of them resides.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	1	One: Nightmare	Next to the hole, by the ruined covered bridge.
✔	2	One: Nightmare	The old military bunker by the base of Rain Cove Point trail has one.
✔	3	One: Nightmare	On a log bench, on the Rain Cove Point Lighthouse promontory.
✔	4	One: Nightmare	On top of a kitchen trolley, between the kitchen and the restroom corridor, in the Oh Deer Diner.
✔	5	One: Nightmare	The Vista view by the hired SUV, overlooking Cauldron Lake.
✔	6	One: Nightmare	Resting on the side counter inside the kitchen of the Bird Leg Cabin on Diver's Isle.
✔	7	One: Nightmare	On the ground, by the pickup truck, in the log maze of the first logging camp.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	8	One: Nightmare	The end of a small boulder island, in the middle of the rushing river.
✔	9	One: Nightmare	The far corner of the second timber yard, on a small boulder.
✔	10	One: Nightmare	Resting on the outcrop overlooking the third logging camp, just over the ridge.
✔	11	One: Nightmare	Behind the rocks on the promontory in the woods between the second and third logging camps.
✔	12	One: Nightmare	Sitting on the caterpillar tracks of the rusting yellow crane in Biltmore's logging yard.
✔	13	One: Nightmare	On the concrete base of Stucky's Gas Station sign.

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Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	14	One: Nightmare	By the jackknifed truck at the tunnel entrance, beyond Stucky's Gas Station.
✔	15	Two: Taken	In Alice's office in their Manhattan apartment.
✔	16	Two: Taken	On the table in the radio room at the Sheriff Station.
✔	17	Two: Taken	On the exterior loading dock behind the Sheriff Station parking lot.
✔	18	Two: Taken	On the kitchen pass-through in the visitor center.
✔	19	Two: Taken	On the kitchen counter inside Rusty's hilltop cabin.
✔	20	Two: Taken	On the steps of the hot-tub, on the deck of Rusty's hilltop cabin.
✔	21	Two: Taken	Inside the storage shed close to the visitor center and ranger office.
✔	22	Two: Taken	At the foot of a tree behind the ranger office.
✔	23	Two: Taken	Sitting on a rock shelf overlooking the Tree Ring, near the vandalized phone booth.
✔	24	Two: Taken	Next to the Tree Ring, on the picnic table.
✔	25	Two: Taken	Behind the information sign by Lovers' Peak.
✔	26	Two: Taken	In one of the remote trapper huts close to the crashed plane.
✔	27	Two: Taken	Up on the narrow rocky promontory overlooking the water mill deathtrap, off the forest path.
✔	28	Two: Taken	On a small table, on the raised area at the back of the room, middle floor of the inside the Old Mill.
✔	29	Two: Taken	On the picnic table in the campground.
✔	30	Two: Taken	On the blocked road, right of the campground, by the jackknifed big-rig.
✔	31	Two: Taken	On the picnic table, in the small grassy area, near the tunnel, below the visitor center.
✔	32	Three: Ransom	Placed on the picnic table near the fallen yacht in the trailer park.
✔	33	Three: Ransom	On the kitchen work surface inside Rose's trailer.
✔	34	Three: Ransom	On the stove, inside the first ranger station.
✔	35	Three: Ransom	Out on a boulder on the hilltop plateau across from the ranger station.
✔	36	Three: Ransom	On the concrete footing of the radio station sign.
✔	37	Three: Ransom	Up on the cliff edge above the radio station, close to the mast.
✔	38	Three: Ransom	Inside the small shed, on the rough woodland path near the old barn.
✔	39	Three: Ransom	On top of the pallets in the train depot storage yard.
✔	40	Three: Ransom	Stuck between the grain silo's foundation and footing; train depot exit.
✔	41	Three: Ransom	Set on the wingback chair, on the cliff vista, by the destroyed bridge.
✔	42	Three: Ransom	At the blocked mine entrance, near the exhibits and parking lot.
✔	43	Three: Ransom	Sitting on a metal shelf in the mine storage warehouse.
✔	44	Three: Ransom	Set on the wingback chair, top floor of the second mine warehouse.
✔	45	Three: Ransom	On the end of the partially collapsed bridge, just before the river.
✔	46	Three: Ransom	Inside the red barn near the sinkhole.
✔	47	Three: Ransom	On a railway sleeper inside the barn building, at the ghost town.
✔	48	Three: Ransom	Behind the lean-to shack by the rusting windmills, by the possessed train.
✔	49	Three: Ransom	In narrow alcove passage, before the elevator puzzle, inside the mine.
✔	50	Three: Ransom	On the flat rock jutting out, just left after the rope bridge.
✔	51	Three: Ransom	By the gate in the overgrown garden, at the foot of the ruined building.
✔	52	Four: The Truth	In Cauldron Lake Lodge, on the front reception desk.
✔	53	Four: The Truth	In Cauldron Lake Lodge, on the mezzanine balcony rail.
✔	54	Four: The Truth	In Cauldron Lake Lodge, storeroom windowsill, next to Hartman's office.
✔	55	Four: The Truth	Lodge gardens, on the stone walkway by the main driveway.
✔	56	Four: The Truth	Lodge gardens, inside Birch's gazebo.
✔	57	Four: The Truth	Lodge gardens, on the stone wall of the raised middle of the garden.
✔	58	Four: The Truth	Around a small crate atop the cart platform.
✔	59	Four: The Truth	At the abandoned campground, near the tents.
✔	60	Four: The Truth	On the window frame of the ruin, near Walter's cabin.
✔	61	Four: The Truth	By the kitchen sink, inside Walter's cabin.
✔	62	Four: The Truth	By the rusting tractor, along the trail road to the farm compound.
✔	63	Four: The Truth	Next to a rusting tractor on Anderson's heath, by the trail road junction.
✔	64	Four: The Truth	On top of the control panel, near the Old Gods stage.
✔	65	Four: The Truth	On one of the bleachers, near the Old Gods stage.
✔	66	Four: The Truth	On the table by the rusting car in the big barn.
✔	67	Four: The Truth	On a shelf two floors up in the silo barn/garage.
✔	68	Four: The Truth	In the downstairs restroom, in the Anderson's farmhouse.
✔	69	Four: The Truth	In the kitchen, in the Anderson's farmhouse.
✔	70	Five: The Clicker	In the station, close to Deputy Grant's desk, on a filing cabinet.
✔	71	Five: The Clicker	Sitting on the corner of the information kiosk, on the wharf.
✔	72	Five: The Clicker	The Oh Deer Diner serving area, in the middle of the floor.
✔	73	Five: The Clicker	Near the chemical toilet and dump truck at the end of Harbor Street.
✔	74	Five: The Clicker	On the table close to the rusty grill behind the auto shop and town hall.
✔	75	Five: The Clicker	In the small kitchenette off the mayor's office.
✔	76	Five: The Clicker	In the bookshop window, near the potted plants.

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Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	77	Five: The Clicker	By the kiddie sandbox in the park, close to the seesaw.
✔	78	Five: The Clicker	In the corner of the church crypt, opposite the entrance steps.
✔	79	Five: The Clicker	Edge of the parking space at the foot of the fire station training tower.
✔	80	Five: The Clicker	On the concrete barrier in the grass, right of the warehouse entrance.
✔	81	Five: The Clicker	Sitting on a stack of concrete pipes near the exit to the warehouse.
✔	82	Five: The Clicker	By the mesh fence, on the pallet in the transformer yard.
✔	83	Five: The Clicker	In the grass by first bridge control booth.
✔	84	Five: The Clicker	On the sofa inside the second bridge control booth.
✔	85	Five: The Clicker	Power plant exterior entrance, by the security hut, over in the corner.
✔	86	Five: The Clicker	Tucked away near a low bookcase, inside Weaver's room.
✔	87	Five: The Clicker	Inside the giant concrete tube by the dam elevator.
✔	88	Five: The Clicker	On the edge of the cliff, right of the dam elevator exit.
✔	89	Five: The Clicker	Inside the dam fortification, on a shelf at the bottom of the spiral stairs.
✔	90	Six: Departure	On the picnic table at the scenic vista area.
✔	91	Six: Departure	By the crate, at the corner of the barn in the pasture, close to the tunnel.
✔	92	Six: Departure	The reception restroom of the Majestic Motel.
✔	93	Six: Departure	The top field farmer's cottage, on the porch steps, after the garage barn.
✔	94	Six: Departure	Inside the yard manager's garage, on the ground floor metal shelving.
✔	95	Six: Departure	Scrapyard; right of the ramp, on a pallet near the storage overhang.
✔	96	Six: Departure	Inside the Holloway and Company building, on a shelf, in the ghost town.
✔	97	Six: Departure	Far side of the mine cart bridge, on top of a covered platform.
✔	98	Six: Departure	Inside the upper end of the fallen rail carriage, under the burning tree.
✔	99	Six: Departure	At the base of the windmill, on the grass at the front of the encampment.
✔	100	Six: Departure	Following the idea of a Coffee Thermos, it was created, near the sofa.
			Coffee Thermos Grand Total: 100

Appendix V: Beer Can Pyramids

Wake's thirst for collectibles isn't quite quenched yet, as somebody—possibly a cohort of Doctor Emil Hartman—has left "presents" consisting of small Can Pyramids dotted around. These appear much more infrequently, and some are devilishly difficult to find.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	1	One: Nightmare	They're on the fence near the ammo dump, along the trail.
✔	2	One: Nightmare	By the second lumber yard, on the table near the broken stairs.
✔	3	Two: Taken	On the old barrel by the mill vista, along the black river.
✔	4	Two: Taken	On the picnic table over in the corner pasture, down from the visitor center.
✔	5	Three: Ransom	On the old truck in the open shed, near the barn with the fallen tree on it.
✔	6	Three: Ransom	Up on the cable car platform, after emerging from the silver mine.
✔	7	Four: The Truth	Positioned on the perimeter wall, on the long pergola of the formal gardens.
✔	8	Four: The Truth	On the spool at the base of the silo, in the barn backlot, just before the harvester.
✔	9	Five: The Clicker	Stacked on the roof of the hotdog trailer near the Auto Supplies store on Harbor Street.
✔	10	Five: The Clicker	Sitting on the power plant concrete perimeter wall near the kill switch.
✔	11	Six: Departure	On the low wall, in the Majestic Motel parking lot.
✔	12	Six: Departure	On the deck attached to the scrapyard garage and office, by the front gate.
			Pyramid Cans Grand Total: 12

Appendix VI: Hidden Cache Chests

The light of the torch is also the insignia of the Bright Falls Light & Power electricity plant, and home to Cynthia Weaver. Apparently, she has had the time and fortitude to place a total of 30 caches around and about, all marked with strange torch signs and indicating dots and arrows. However, this may be myth, as no one can see this special "paint."

Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	1	One: Nightmare	Behind the storage bay at Biltmore's first logging camp.
✔	2	One: Nightmare	Stowed away in the shack above the second timber yard.
✔	3	One: Nightmare	Close to the rusty jalopy, close to Biltmore's second timber yard.
✔	4	One: Nightmare	Near the track, in the half-circle of boulders, near the third timber yard.
✔	5	Two: Taken	The raised alcove at the back of Moonshine Cave
✔	6	Two: Taken	The chest in the waterfall grotto, below the Lovers' Peak lookout platform.

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Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	7	Two: Taken	On the upper rocks, by the wing of the crashed plane.
✔	8	Two: Taken	In the small shed, in the grassy dell on the road to back the visitor center.
✔	9	Two: Taken	Behind the wishing well, in the back garden of Rusty's cabin.
✔	10	Three: Ransom	The cave along the right side rock walls, close to the radio station.
✔	11	Three: Ransom	The remains of the small cottage, just before the rail bridge.
✔	12	Three: Ransom	Inside the mine tunnel, after exiting the coal mine museum.
✔	13	Three: Ransom	By the rock and mist-filled vista, above Gray Gorge Peak Ghost Town.
✔	14	Three: Ransom	Close to the rock wall, just after the rope bridge.
✔	15	Four: The Truth	In the shaded stone alcove of Hartman's upper garden.
✔	16	Four: The Truth	The root cellar underneath Walter Snyder's cabin.
✔	17	Four: The Truth	Inside the empty cabin, on the road to the ranger station.
✔	18	Four: The Truth	Anderson farm near the stage; in the small barn near the rusty tractor.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	19	Five: The Clicker	Below the pallet on the broken pier; far end of Harbor Street.
✔	20	Five: The Clicker	At the top of the shoreline cannery building steps.
✔	21	Five: The Clicker	Tucked away in the rafters of the town hall's attic storage room.
✔	22	Five: The Clicker	Inside the potting shed, in the parking lot of the book shop.
✔	23	Five: The Clicker	Behind the spool, at the entrance to the transformer yard.
✔	24	Five: The Clicker	By the base of the power plant, near the water's edge.
✔	25	Five: The Clicker	In the rocky alcove above the shack on the trail to the dam elevator.
✔	26	Six: Departure	Inside the derelict hut, at the bottom of the hill, by the logging yard.
✔	27	Six: Departure	Under the roof of the wall-less barn, behind the scrapyard garage.
✔	28	Six: Departure	Inside the shack by the ruined bridge, before the ghost town.
✔	29	Six: Departure	The base of the ravine below the mine cart bridge.
✔	30	Six: Departure	Ground floor of the first building in the old miners' encampment.
			Hidden Cache Chest Grand Total: 30

Appendix VII: Radio Shows

Disc jockey Pat Maine, the "Night Owl" of Bright Falls, has a dedicated fan base, many of whom listen to his shows in a variety of out-of-the-way locales. These are indicated below:

Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	1	One: Nightmare	Out on the back porch of the cabin on Cauldron Lake.
✔	2	One: Nightmare	Up at the hut, on the far side of the second logging camp.
✔	3	Two: Taken	Back of the Wahlberg warehouse loading dock, behind the Sheriff Station.
✔	4	Two: Taken	Inside Rusty's second cabin from the hilltop summit, above the visitor center.
✔	5	Three: Ransom	On the back porch of the trailer near the gate, in the trailer park.
✔	6	Three: Ransom	At the remains of the old stone building, near the small bridge.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Location
✔	7	Three: Ransom	At the radio station (listen, as there isn't a physical radio to find).
✔	8	Three: Ransom	The logger's hut close to the wingback chair lookout, after the broken bridge.
✔	9	Three: Ransom	Ranger station interior, above the old coal mine, overlooking the grand vista.
✔	10	Four: The Truth	Ranger station interior, on the road from Walter's cabin to the Anderson farmstead.
✔	11	Four: The Truth	Top of the "distillery tower" grain storage silo, over at the Anderson farm.
			Radio Shows Grand Total: 11

Appendix VIII: TV Shows

There seems to be a lack of variety in the television shows on offer to Mr. Wake. According to the evidence, only 14 programs are available to watch; part of an old drama series called *Night Springs*, or more alarmingly; a ranting single-camera show starring the author himself. There is another television, en route out of Cauldron Lake Lodge. This particular set plays adverts, nets you a specific Achievement, but isn't part of the TV shows that need to be watched.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Show Name	Location
✔	1	One: Nightmare	Night Springs Episode 1: the Quantam Suicide	On a table, near the gate switch, inside a small shed outside timber yard number three.
✔	2	One: Nightmare	Writer in the Cabin	Inside Stucky's Garage, on a work bench.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Show Name	Location
✔	3	Two: Taken	Writer in the Cabin	In the Sheriff Station cell area, on the television mounted to the corner wall, above the door.
✔	4	Two: Taken	Night Springs Episode 2: The Man in the Mirror	Inside Rusty's third cabin, in Elderwood National Park, just uphill from the visitor center.

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Got It?	#	Episode #	Show Name	Location
✔	5	Two: Taken	Writer in the Cabin	Elderwood National Park campground, men's restroom.
✔	6	Three: Ransom	Writer in the Cabin	Rose Marigold's trailer, in her bedroom.
✔	7	Three: Ransom	Night Springs Episode 3: A Family Occasion	Inside the train depot warehouse.
✔	8	Three: Ransom	Writer in the Cabin	In the miner's shack, at the far end of Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town.
✔	9	Four: The Truth	Writer in the Cabin	On the mezzanine floor of the Cauldron Lake Lodge.
✔	10	Four: The Truth	Writer in the Cabin	In Walter's cabin, spare bedroom, before the road trail.
✔	11	Four: The Truth	Night Springs Episode 4: The Dream of Dreams	On a ground floor shelf, inside the large barn on the Anderson property.
✔	12	Five: The Clicker	Night Springs Episode 5: Taken in His Prime	Bright Falls' Town Hall upstairs records room.
✔	13	Five: The Clicker	Night Springs Episode 6: An Absence of Creativity	Inside the second bridge control booth, close to a power plant.
✔	14	Six: Departure	The Harry Garrett Show	In the living room, Alan Wake's apartment, Upper East Side, New York City.
				TV Shows Grand Total: 14

Appendix IX: Signs

Wake toured a number of interesting places during his excursions, and many of them had various posters, plaques, or notices providing interesting or useful information. Reading them is key to a broader understanding of the local area.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Sign Title	Location
✔	1	One: Nightmare	The 68th Annual Deerfest	In the back of the shop, inside Stucky's Garage.
✔	2	Two: Taken	Have You Seen This Man?	On the wall of the corridor to Sheriff Breaker's office, inside the Sheriff Station.
✔	3	Two: Taken	The skeleton of a Columbian Mammoth (Mammuthus columbi)	Inside the Elderwood Park Visitor Center.
✔	4	Two: Taken	Moonshine Cave	Grotto of Moonshine Cave, in the Elderwood National Park.
✔	5	Two: Taken	The Great Old One	Base of tree, in the Elderwood National Park.
✔	6	Two: Taken	Tree Ring	Small picnic area near cable car, in the Elderwood National Park.
✔	7A	Three: Ransom	Founding of the Mining Company	By the display cabinet, at the Bright Falls Mining Company entrance.
✔	7B	Three: Ransom	Decline of the Mining Company	After the display cabinet, at the Bright Falls Mining Company entrance.
✔	7C	Three: Ransom	Closure of the Mining Company	On the wall, corner of the museum building, at the Bright Falls Mining Company entrance.
✔	8	Three: Ransom	Gray Peak Gorge	Just after the bridge, in the middle of Gray Peak Gorge Ghost Town.
✔	9	Three: Ransom	Cauldron Lake	Mirror Peak Lookout, overlooking Cauldron Lake, just before the rope bridge.
✔	10	Four: The Truth	Sundial Inscription	The foot of the large, metal sundial, stone platform next to Cauldron Lake Lodge.
✔	11	Four: The Truth	The Creator's Dilemma	Book cover poster, in the Cauldron Lake Lodge reception area.
✔	12	Four: The Truth	Tenets of the Lodge	Framed poster, on the wildcat corridor wall, near the recreation room.
✔	13	Four: The Truth	"Suspended"	Front driveway, at the base of the sculpture, on the plaque.
✔	14	Four: The Truth	The 1975 Ragnarock Tour	Old Gods of Asgard poster, upper floor of the large barn.
✔	15	Five: The Clicker	History of Bright Falls	Historic plaque at the foot of the statue, in the Bright Falls park.
✔	16	Five: The Clicker	Alan Wake book advert	Sheet of paper on the wall, inside the Bright Falls book shop.
✔	17	Five: The Clicker	Church Events, Fall Schedule	Noticeboard, at the front of Bright Falls church.
✔	18	Five: The Clicker	Lt. William T.G. Randall Memorial Bridge	Road sign, right side of the road, just before the swing bridge.
✔	19	Five: The Clicker	Warning Sign	Wall of the power plant, just right of the entrance.
✔	20	Five: The Clicker	Floodgate Controls	Left of the switches controlling the three small dam bridges leading to the kill switch.
✔	21	Five: The Clicker	Decommissioned Notice	By the switch, at the entrance to the dam.
✔	22	Six: Departure	Majestic Motel Advert	Large billboard road sign at the second vista lookout.
✔	23	Six: Departure	Majestic Motel Regulations	Inside the reception room of the Majestic Motel, on the wall by the restroom.
✔	24	Six: Departure	Scrapyard Warning Sign	Near the Larsen's sign, by the open gate, at the entrance to the scrapyard.
✔	25	Six: Departure	Scrapyard Visitors Sign	On the wall of the yard manager's garage, adjacent to the entrances.
				Signs Grand Total: 25

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Appendix X: Songs

Pat Maine and KBF-FM have a number of pop and rock classics in heavy rotation, and these can be listened to as soon as they are heard the first time. When the station chooses to play them is detailed in the following, and final chart.

Got It?	#	Episode #	Artist and Title	How Unlocked
✔	1	One: Nightmare	Harry Nilsson: Coconut	Once it is played for Odin Anderson, inside the Oh Deer Diner.
✔	2	One: Nightmare	Roy Orbison: In Dreams	After the first arrival at Diver's Isle, on Cauldron Lake.
✔	3	One: Nightmare	Violet Indiana: Air Kissing	After listening to Radio Show #1, on the back porch of the cabin on Diver's Isle.
✔	4	One: Nightmare	Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds: Up Jumped the Devil	After listening to Radio Show #2, up at the hut, on the far side of the second logging camp.
✔	5	Two: Taken	Among the Oak & Ash: Shady Grove	After listening to Radio Show #3, back of the Wahlberg warehouse loading dock, behind the Sheriff Station.
✔	6	Two: Taken	Barry Adamson: The Beaten Side of Town	After listening to Radio Show #4, Inside Rusty's second cabin from the hilltop summit, above the visitor center.
✔	7	Two: Taken	Poe: Haunted	Once the episode is over.
✔	8	Three: Ransom	Anomie Belle: How Can I Be Sure	After listening to Radio Show #5, on the back porch of the trailer near the gate, in the trailer park.
✔	9	Three: Ransom	Dead Combo: Electrica Cadente	After listening to Radio Show #6, at the remains of the old stone building, near the small bridge.
✔	10	Three: Ransom	Charles Brown: Black Night	After listening to Radio Show #8, the logger's hut close to the wingback chair lookout, after the broken bridge.
✔	11	Four: The Truth	The Rumble Strips: Back Bone	After listening to Radio Show #10, ranger station interior, on the road from Walter's cabin to the Anderson farmstead.
✔	12	Four: The Truth	Old Gods of Asgard: Children of the Elder God	Once the Anderson farm stage is defended, before entering the big barn.
✔	13	Four: The Truth	Black Angels: Young Men Dead	After listening to Radio Show #11, top of the "distillery tower" grain storage silo, over at the Anderson farm.
✔	14	Four: The Truth	Old Gods of Asgard: The Poet and the Muse	Once the episode is over.
✔	15	Five: The Clicker	Poets of the Fall: War	After switching on the radio in the warehouse, before the transformer yard.
✔	16	Six: Departure	David Bowie: Space Oddity	Once the adventure is over (any difficulty).
				Songs Grand Total: 16



Photolog: A farewell from Bright Falls. This postcard reached Sheriff Sarah Breaker, and contained the following hand-written message: "I enjoyed my stay. I think I'll stick around for a little while. Some of us are here for longer than others."

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